

60¢

Feb. 1

VOGUE

AMERICA STARTS A NEW FASHION

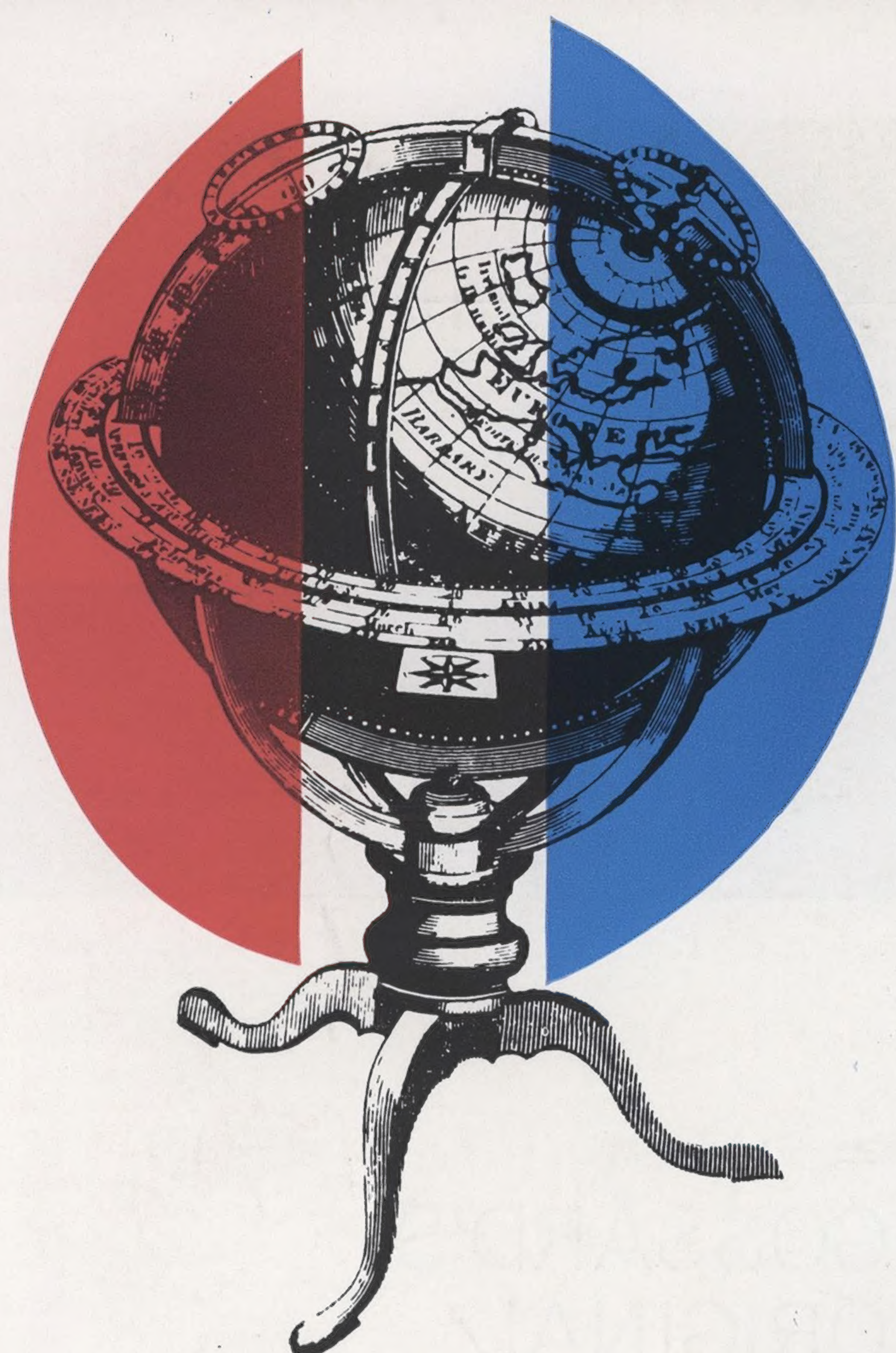
new shape, new dash

- The suit American women won't give up
- "Taking America for Granted": republished by request
- "Self-appointed Arbiter of Everything" by John Mason Brown
- A people-map of the 50 states
- Santa Fe marvel: modern architecture sixteen centuries old
- "That's Entertainment?" Joe Carter on current parties

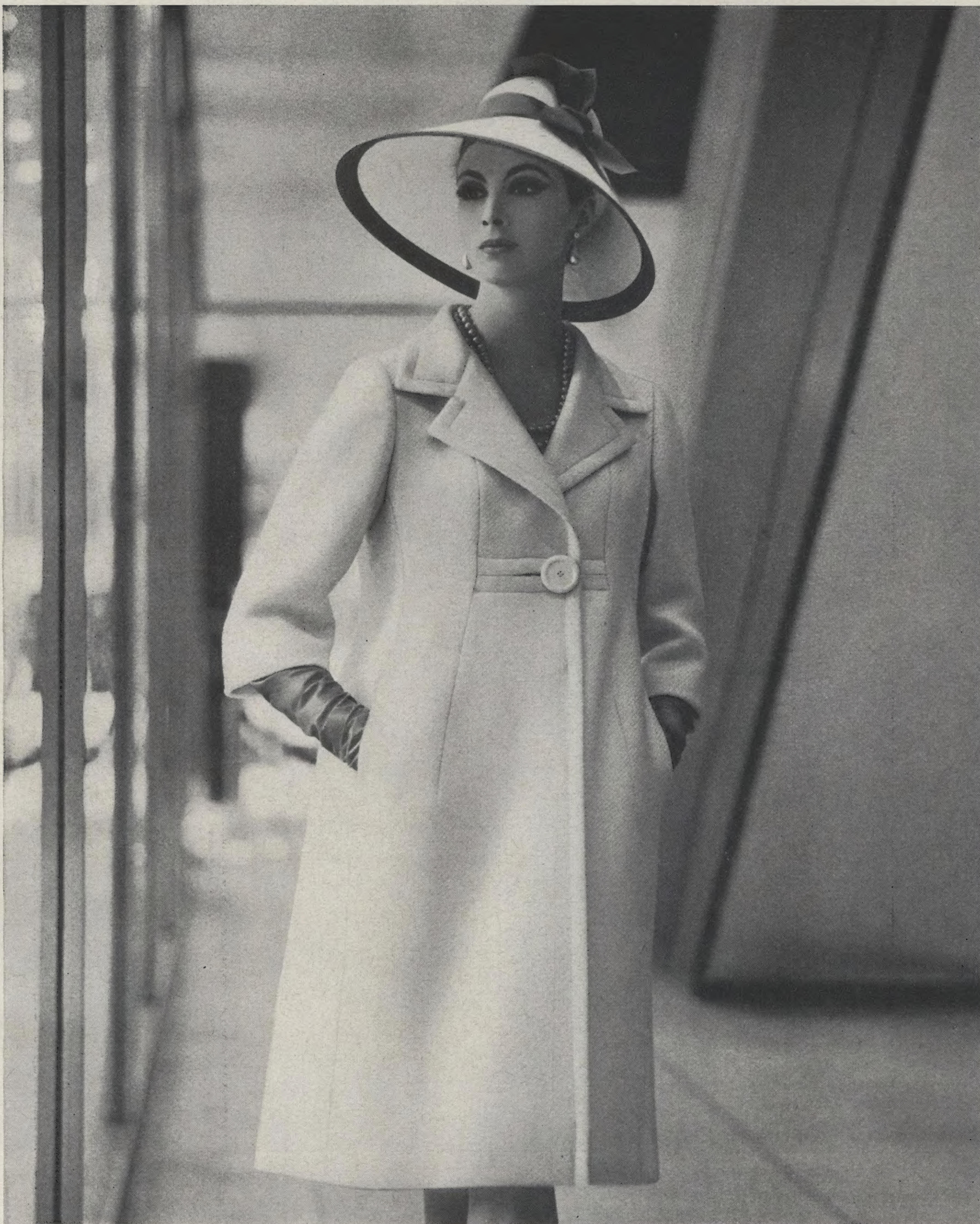
1962

AMERICANA
ISSUE





*An Original
American Design
Internationally
Guaranteed*



YNOCENCIO

'62 Uprising: The Curve \$225

...giving a gentle lift to the waistline, a limber look to the shape. Ben Zuckerman puts this thinking into magnificent form for Spring—a figure-skimming coat of diagonal-weave French wool, very newsy in white, also in red or black.

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NYLON

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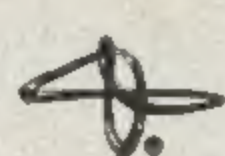
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*Amer. Enka trademark for new nylon yarn with modified cross-section.



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VOGUE IS PUBLISHED BY THE
CONDE NAST PUBLICATIONS INC.
Editorial and Advertising Offices
420 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.
Telephone — MUrray Hill 9-5900

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VOGUE

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

There are four Vogues: American, French, British, Australian I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH Publisher

FEBRUARY 1, 1962

COVER

The suit that's four ways new: it's blue (no colour looks newer now); it has a longer, shapelier jacket; it has a stole; and the stole is knotted cowboy-fashion—slung about the shoulders, the ends flipped forward and back. This is a most-months-of-the-year suit, to launch now under a coat—perhaps layered this way: stole over coat over suit. The up-to-the-minute hat: Emme's awning-striped beret. Suit by George Carmel, of Stroock American worsted tweed; about \$235. Gloves by Hansen. Both at Lord & Taylor. Suit, also at Hutzler's; Gus Mayer; Famous-Barr; Frederick & Nelson. Lipstick tuned to the new blues: Pink Rubies, by John Robert Powers.



KAREN RADKAI

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Shape 1962: the high-rising princess coat costume. By Bill Blass of Maurice Rentner. In the Crystal Room.

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FEBRUARY 1, 1962



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TONY FRISSELL

IN NEW YORK AT DE PINNA



VOGUE'S



25TH

AMERICANA ISSUE

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of grey flannel with the
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surprise for spring '62.
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VERY MUCH IN FIRST PLACE
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Jane Andre
starts off Spring with a bow!

The jacket takes a big bow. The dress skirts a little one. Not a button in sight. Two-piece costume in a nubby Spring blend of rayon and silk, bloused in pure silk shantung. Sizes 5 to 15 in beige, black or white. \$45. At fine stores listed or write to Jane Andre, 1130 Howard Street, San Francisco 3, California or 498 Seventh Avenue, New York 18. Lord & Taylor, New York and branches; Wm. Filene, Boston; Wm. Hengerer, Buffalo; Hutzler Bros., Baltimore; Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh; Marshall Field and Company, Chicago; Bullocks, all stores; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco.



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• ANOTHER FINE KAYSER-ROTH PRODUCT

CORNWALL CALLING

Advance notice for late spring holidays—
where to go, where to stay, and for how much

BY ROSAMUND FROST NEALE

Gorse against granite, solitary headlands, sands that an eighteen-foot tide leaves shiny as a ballroom floor, the sea all around and never more than twenty miles away—these are some of the basic ingredients that nature gave to Cornwall. The Celtic race added rough stone buildings now lichen as old boulders, wayside crosses, a talent for singing, a tradition of smuggling, and legends ranging from King Arthur to a mermaid who lured the squire's son to his watery death. Cornwall is, in fact, where the pixies (local small people) originated. An English magazine recently called it "the nearest you'll find to 'abroad' in Britain," putting Land's End-land in an almost colonial relationship. Yet since 1337 this often-recalcitrant duchy has been an appendage of the British throne, the male heir being born Duke of Cornwall before he is created Prince of Wales.

From London, Cornwall is an easy overnight drive. You want it that way because there is so much to look at; also the left-hand traffic and narrow, winding roads do not promote speed for its own sake. Once past Guildford, the show begins as, folded hill upon hill, you drop down to the Salisbury Plain. Any thought of England as a small isle is dispelled by these vast interlocking sweeps of land where the skies recall Constable and the veiled distances the early English watercolourists.

"SMALL BUT REMARKABLE INNS"

The Lamb at Hindon, west of Salisbury and 97 miles from London, was the first of a series of small but remarkable inns to which we were directed. Survivor of an eighteenth-century fire which

reduced a thriving market town to village size, it still holds with assurance the corner where all roads meet. Flowers grow thickly by the door, espaliered fruit trees on the side wall, and opposite is the ubiquitous English rock garden in self-sufficient bloom.

Our attic bedroom had a vase of perfectly arranged tiny flowers on its old-fashioned dresser and similar bouquets were on each table of the little cosy dining room where roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, and apple tart with Jersey cream were the order of the evening.

Inns of this type have still to learn about private bathrooms. But one learns to live with the general one down the hall because it is impeccably clean and apparently is rarely occupied (Americans and British obviously keep different hours). At whatever time, the latter take their bathing seriously with masses of hot water, innumerable racks for the disposal of sponges, nailbrushes, and the like, and hot pipes over which to lay the enormous towel carried over the arm. The tub itself is uncommonly long, a sort of canal section in which a six-foot man can recline with room to spare and an ordinary-size woman must anchor herself precariously by one toe.

Our total bill at The Lamb, including cocktails, Burgundy by the glass, dinner, and a traditional English breakfast, was £2 for two persons, or about \$5.60. Before moving on there was time to stroll around Hindon and observe its "lock-up coach houses" and the stone prison with carved Gothic door reveals. From here, Exeter is the logical lunch stop, worthwhile for the interior of its cathedral whose immensely long nave is borne on a wonderfully simple and

vigorous canopy of stone ribs.

"DON'T FEED THE ANIMALS, PLEASE"

For the Dartmoor stretch we recommend a secondary road cutting high across the moors. Narrower than usual, it soon featured signs about watching out for animals and not feeding them, please. First we saw sheep with horned black faces and long straight hair like llamas. Then appeared the Dartmoor wild ponies, some far away like craggy outcroppings of the land, others actually on the roadside waiting for a handout. Though their conformation has a primitive look, they have charming little heads (one actually pushing through the car window) with neat little muzzles and friendly eyes. Behind them the moors rise wild and very satisfactorily black to great stone tors on the summits and tarns surrounded by thick green springy moss growing in fairylike patterns. This is the nature-lover's beat. Deep in Burberries, they can be observed turning over rocks for lichen specimens or peering at the animal life through spyglasses. On the highest point some hardy cyclists had pitched a small tent, dwarfed by the enormous sweep of the moors.

"GOOSEBERRY TARTS WITH CORNISH CREAM"

The Cornish Riviera is the southern fringe of this peninsula which faces the coast of Brittany across the Channel. Its sea is correspondingly placid and in summer can be as blue as the Bay of Naples. Headlands and deep river estuaries are as characteristic here (Continued on page 56)



John Wanamaker
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hasn't missed the Veiled Prophet Ball since her debut...serves five afternoons weekly with the local Red Cross. But, fashion devotee that she is, some of her happiest hours are spent clothes hunting. Here in America's heartland, you'll find her most often at

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PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE UNION CARBIDE BUILDING

CORNWALL CALLING

(Continued from page 50)

as surf-eroded rocks are of the west and north Cornish coasts. The Nare Hotel at Veryan has a typical view across a circular bay toward the great Nare headland, now National Trust land which happily can never be "developed." Its beach of finest rippled sand goes all gleaming and opalescent when the tide goes out: ideal for children who can get into no possible trouble investigating marine life in the rock pools. The Nare Hotel is in the luxury class if only for its three large and well-developed bathrooms side by side in the upper hall. Also, the Falstaffian proprietor was for many years Controller of the House of Lords Catering Department. The rolled fillets of Channel sole broiled with Cheddar, the roast pork with "cracklings," and the individual gooseberry tarts with Cornish cream (the local version of Devonshire) would be a credit anywhere.

Driving Cornish backroads is an education, for what you have previously considered narrow now seems generous in retrospect. They are walled in by enormous banks on both sides which the car occasionally brushes, giving a far-too-intimate close-up of ferns, mosses, and grasses starred with tiny flowers. Were it not for the occasional lay-by (turnout to you) there would simply be no passing. To honk is considered crude and impolite, a bad habit of Continentals and Americans. We trailed one bus which literally scraped both sides of the road looking like a cork disappearing down the neck of a bottle. Though the banks generally cut the view, they add a lot to it when you get to an opening. Each field is a picture in a frame tilted to the very edge of the cliffs and at times right down to the sea.

"IN THE SNUGGY"

Portloe is a made-to-order smugglers' cove and did a smart business in this locally-honoured profession in the seventeenth century. Its weatherworn stone houses climb the rocky walls of the inlet and its lookout over the cove, now as then, is an excellent inn. The Lugger is an appealing jumble of Turkey carpets, brass and copper warming pans, provincial antiques, old sailing prints, and tiny bouquets of flowers. The

bar (called The Snuggy) and the dining room overhang the water and the lobster boats drawn up on the rock below, which supply the main delicacy of the inn. Failing lobster, the alternate is an admirable Wiener Schnitzel. Portloe fishermen are famous for their singing and were once exported to London to sound out over the BBC. Given the right summer night and the proper dosage of ale, they will perform out on the rocks to the enthrallment of inn guests. Portloe, too, is the place to take your first cliff walk, a romantic experience which you can repeat in many parts of Cornwall, strolling among clouds of sea gulls, over carpets of tiny wildflowers. The outlook inspires dreams of the fated ship in the first act of *Tristan* which bore Isolde to this very coast.

"AVOID THE LIZARD"

Experienced English friends advised us to avoid the Lizard and also Land's End both of which, despite their appealing names, have become trippery and full of souvenir shops and ice cream stands. The alternative takes you past the fascinating little harbour of St. Mawes, across the deep, still estuary of the Fal River by chain-pulled ferry and onto the coast road and St. Michael's Mount, the English counterpart (and once sister abbey) of Mont St. Michel. Now owned by members of the St. Aubyn family, its eighteenth-century rooms can be visited three days of the week. At low tide, the walk across the 400-yard causeway toward this great mediaeval bulk is impressive. At high tide it is negotiated by boat, so Lord and Lady St. Levan have to time their expeditions to *terra firma* and then dash it in a Land Rover. As there is a steep ascent from the tidal flats to the village of Marazion, elderly or infirm guests must resort to being hauled up in an antique coal shoot. These are things that happen if you have a National Trust castle.

A couple of miles further is Penzance. Here again, life depends upon the enormous tide. As one passed through, craft were all aground and a huge scrawl reading "Taff" was yere" high on the harbour wall testified to its prowess. (Continued on page 66)

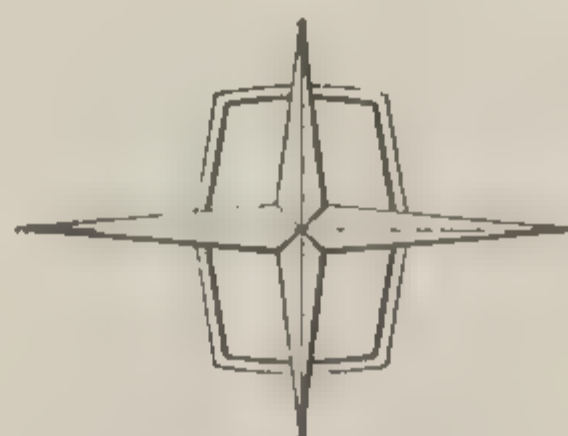


COUNT THE DOORS

Four doors mean you walk into the rear seat compartment of a Lincoln Continental Convertible instead of climbing around the front seat. Please notice, too, how the rear doors open—from the center—to provide you with a wider entrance. This is one of the reasons the Lincoln Continental may be called the only luxury convertible in America.

Interior spaciousness is another reason. On the Lincoln Continental the convertible top disappears beneath the rear deck without stealing a single inch of seating room. This, therefore, is the one convertible that has a rear seat large enough for three large passengers...with seven to ten inches more hip room than comparable convertibles.

*This is the Continental concept: to achieve as perfect a luxury automobile as possible. But luxury is only one of many qualities you find in this great motorcar—others are: timeless, classic styling, and unsurpassed quality of manufacture. As a matter of fact, special gages and test equipment had to be developed to meet the exacting quality standards. The result is America's finest automobile. It is your wisest investment in tomorrow, warranted for twice as long as any other American car (two full years or 24,000 miles).**



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Lord & Taylor, N.Y. & all stores; Rich's, Atlanta; Filene's, Boston; Carson-Pirie-Scott & Company, Chicago; The J.L. Hudson Co., Detroit; Bullock's Downtown, Los Angeles; Famous-Barr Co., St. Louis; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle.

*Zeffran is The Dow Chemical Company's trademark for products including fibers, yarns, fabrics.

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WHILE YOU SLEEP...
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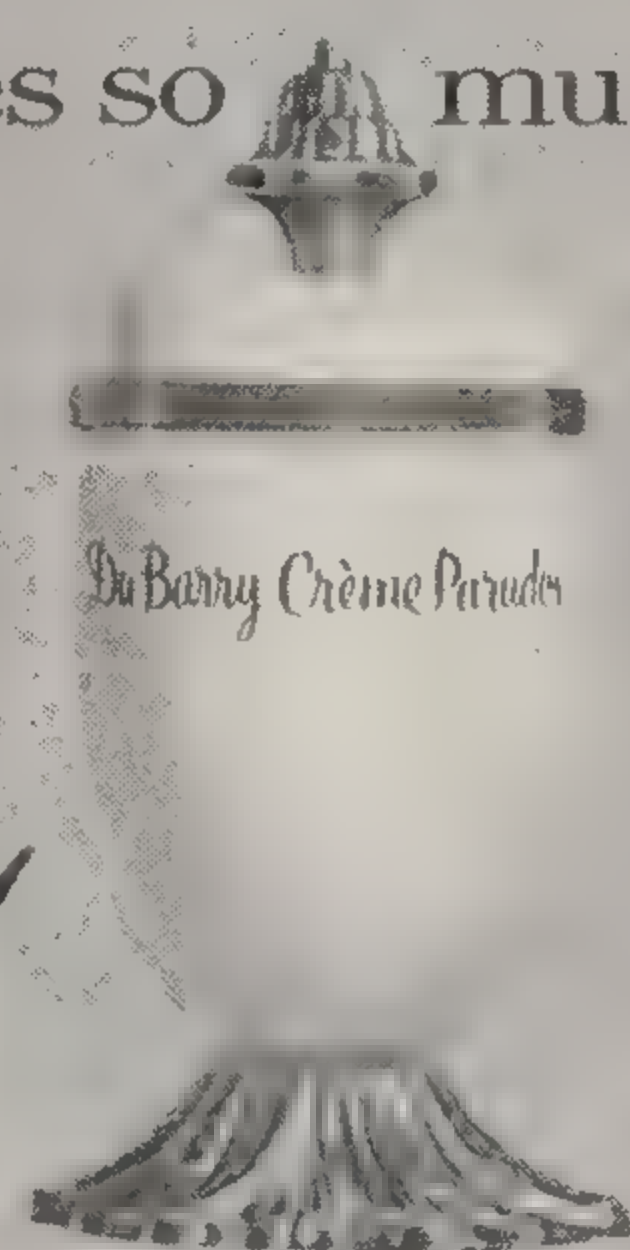
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by
Betty
Carol

MAM' SELLE

The Little Jacket over fit 'n flair dress. Pure silk linen. Green mist and sand, navy and white. 5-15. \$69.95. At Lord & Taylor, all stores; Bramson's, Chicago; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco; Gus Mayer, all stores; Neusteter's, Denver; Hengerer's, Buffalo and Amherst.



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♥ **Twosome.** It's one of those quiet evenings alone with *him*. Help make the most of it with Stancraft's *American Beauty*. (And see to it that he wins.)



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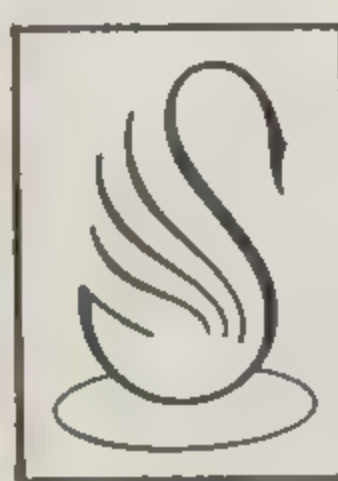


♠ **Club Party.** They're talking about you at the next table. About your attention to little things. Like these exquisite cards. *Hokada* by Stancraft.

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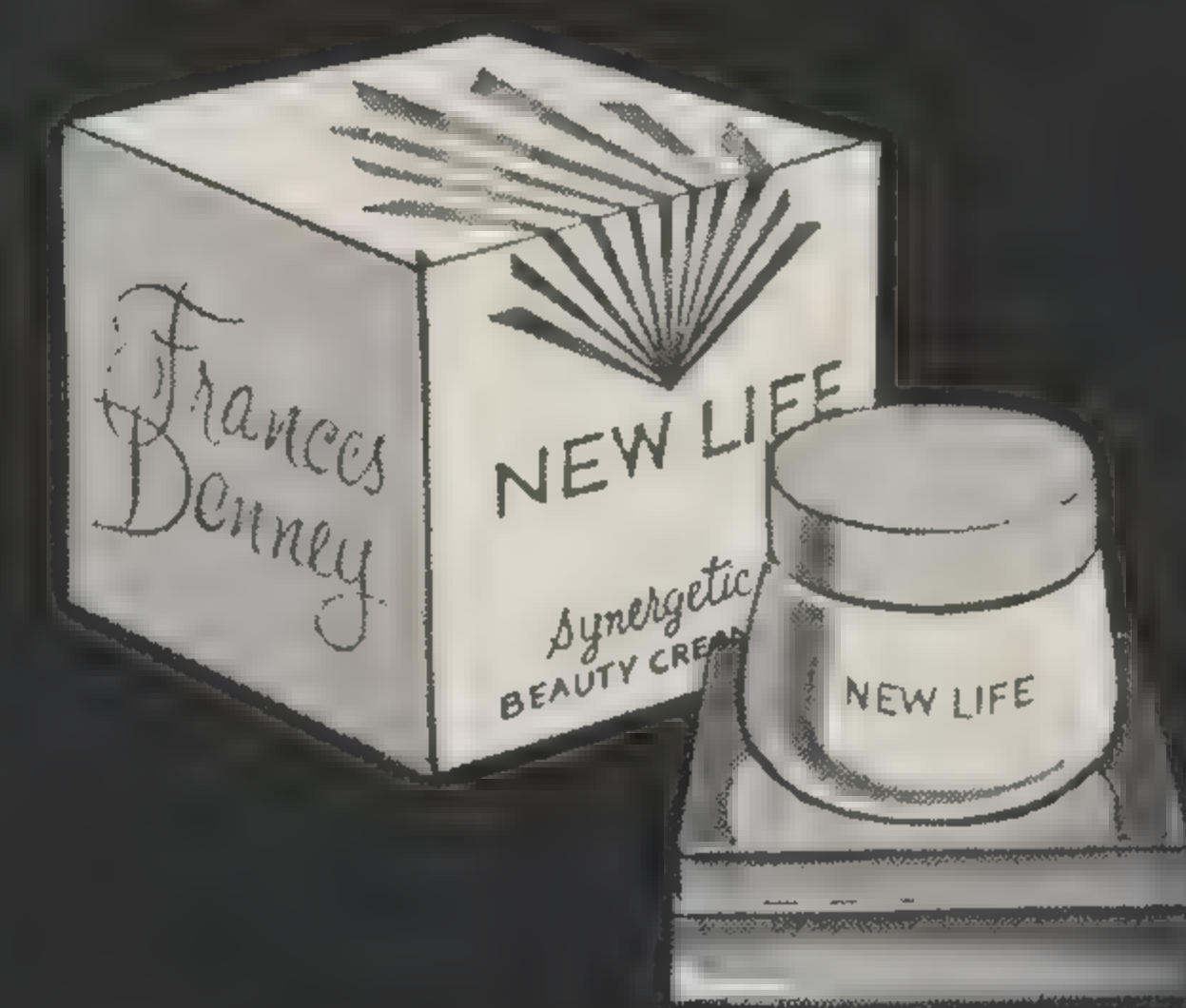
So light, it can even be used under your foundation.

So rich, a fingertip-full is enough to smooth over face and neck.

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10.00, 17.50, 30.00.

New Life Bath Oil, 5.00, 8.50.

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About six dollars (seven dollars with long sleeves)
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"Cherries Jubilee" Shift, layered nylon brightened by cherry appliques: crimson on white, rose-red on pink, blue on blue, and lime on lime. S. M. L. about \$5.95. The "A" Dress, snowy rayon-linen, ribbon-banded with rose strewn embroidery. 3-6x, about \$8.00. At fine stores everywhere. Yolande, 16 E. 34 St., N.Y.

Yolande

CORNWALL CALLING

(Continued from page 56)

ess, to say nothing of Taff's, when full. There is an Edwardian sea-front promenade, a casino of sorts, and amusing shops to poke into. Far from the Gilbert and Sullivan pirates, the town is really sea-going.

"PRONOUNCED MUZZLE, NOT MOUSEHOLE"

Next is Mousehole, dear to any American for the fact that it is pronounced Muzzle. This is Penzance in miniature. The drained harbour reminds one of a mediaeval jousting court only instead of knights riding through the apertures of its enormous walls, it is the tide that comes boiling in. Here one lunched at another of those personality inns, The Lobster Pot, hanging over the water, only this one is chintzier, more brass-and-coppery, with a cunninger little bar and with flower arrangements worthy of Constance Spry. Lobster is clearly the specialty. The bedrooms are incredibly miniature but get away with it. Through the open doors of Mousehole pubs float samples of Cornish singing, very fine indeed.

The suggestion now is to cut across the Land's End peninsula and catch the north-western coast roads. Now you meet the real Atlantic clawing at the rock fingers which make the substance of most Cornish travel posters. Yet between these rocks there are ideal picnic places steeped in afternoon sun. No swimming places, though: those deep coves have dangerous currents and you must choose between a fast dip in them or surf bathing on the west coast's broad beaches most of which have unfortunately been developed into resorts.

St. Ives raises the question as to whether the nursery rhyme about the man with seven wives and the cats and the multiple kits came first and populated the place or whether it was inspired by an existing feline majority. After counting nine extremely large and self-possessed cats in the first nine minutes, we became convinced that St. Ives and cats have always been synonymous. Aside from this eccentricity, it has a very picturesque harbour, a fine beach, and an artist colony which makes it

the Provincetown of Cornwall. In narrow streets all converging toward the point, signs everywhere beg you to visit a studio only one flight up. The artists themselves seem far less beatnik than their American counterparts and their work has a relaxing objective quality. Frequently, perhaps in desperation, they paint cats.

"DEBUSSY, ALL OVER AGAIN"

Shifting sands of Cornwall's west coast contribute to a picturesque fact-legend: that of sands which engulf sinful people and their churches. This is *La Cathédrale Engloutie* all over again and establishes still another link with Brittany's folklore. In fact, in 1835 shifting sands north of Perranporth revealed the Oratory of Saint Piran, called the oldest church in England. There is also the lost city of Langorroc, overwhelmed by sand for its vice and actually today a site from which thousands of human bones have been recovered. At the inn in Pendoggett, a charming elderly woman spoke of her local church at St. Kew as having been just uncovered from the sands.

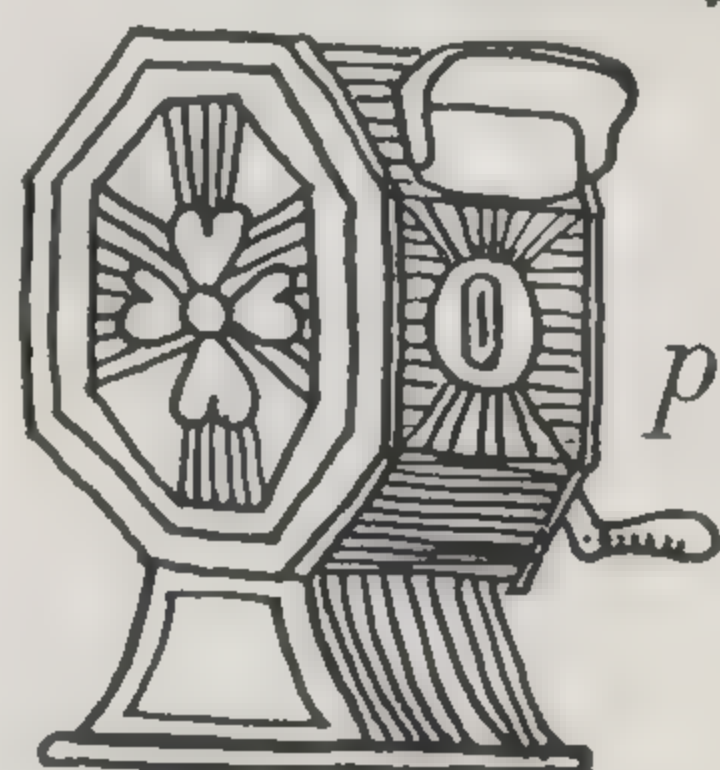
This brings us to the Cornish Arms in the last-mentioned village which is the least-mentioned in road signs, findable as if by chance following upon a soul-searching study of map and road numbers. We remarked upon the scarcity of Pendoggett pointers to the manager who replied rather proudly, "Indeed, Madam, there aren't any!" The world has nevertheless beaten a path to it and the Cornish Arms' door. Saturday night, what with the charming little bar with tiny eighteenth-century sitting room adjoining, the dining room, and the pub, things were going great guns till all hours.

Next morning was our last view of Cornwall. The choice is past Tintagel (King Arthur's reputed castle, now a collection of stones on a high wild cliff) into Devon with still more coast scenery or inland via Bodmin Moor under its highest tor, Brown Willy of 1,375 feet. Either way, you work out of legend and pixie-land back to solid British farms. The consolation is the tremendous lure of London which lies ahead.

shows are



puppet,

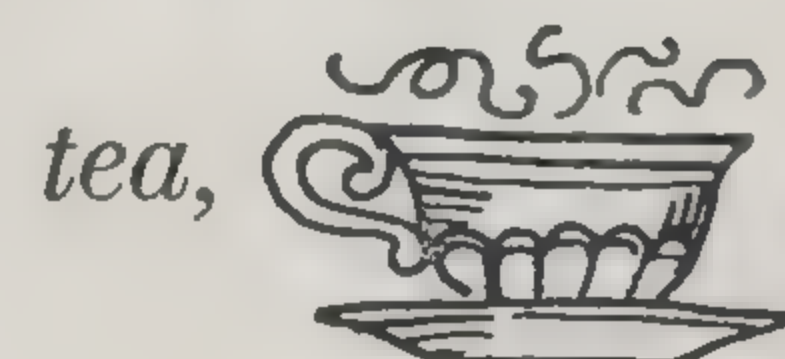


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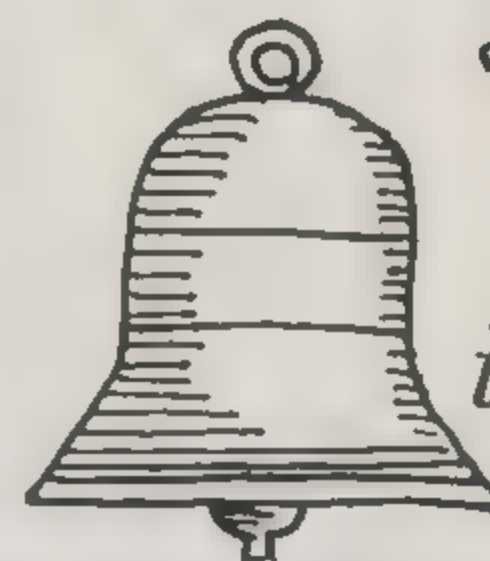
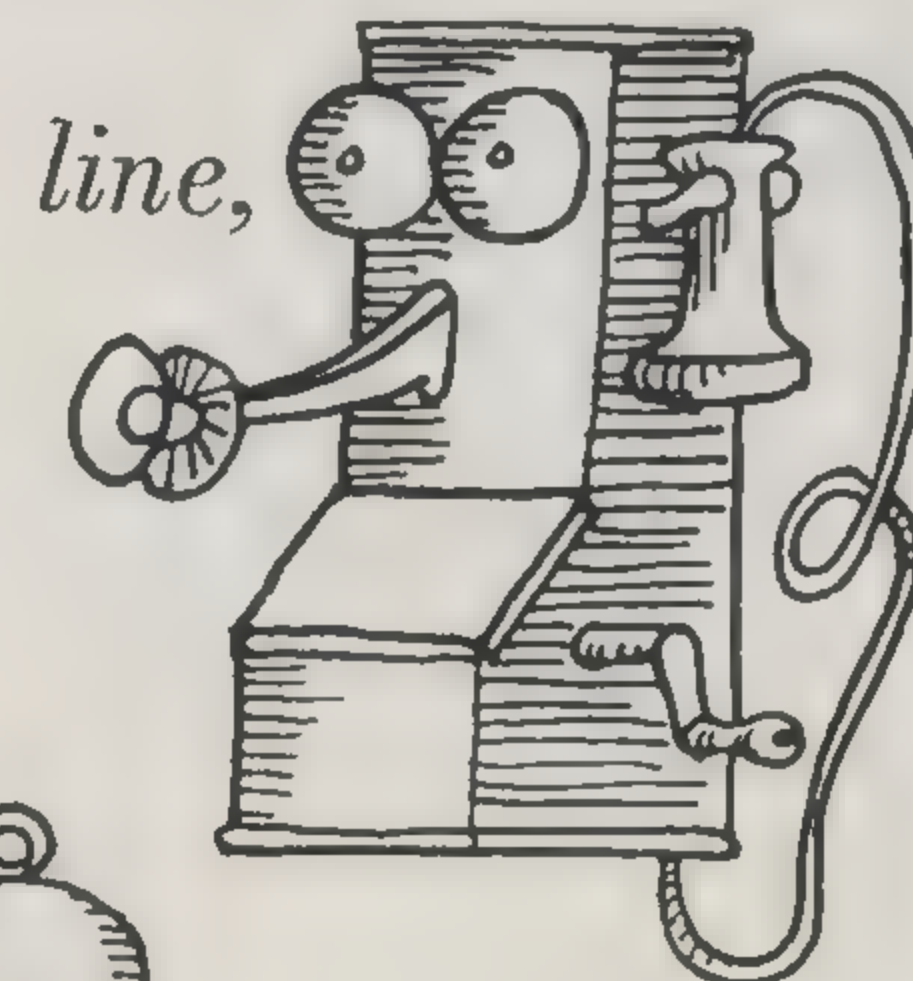
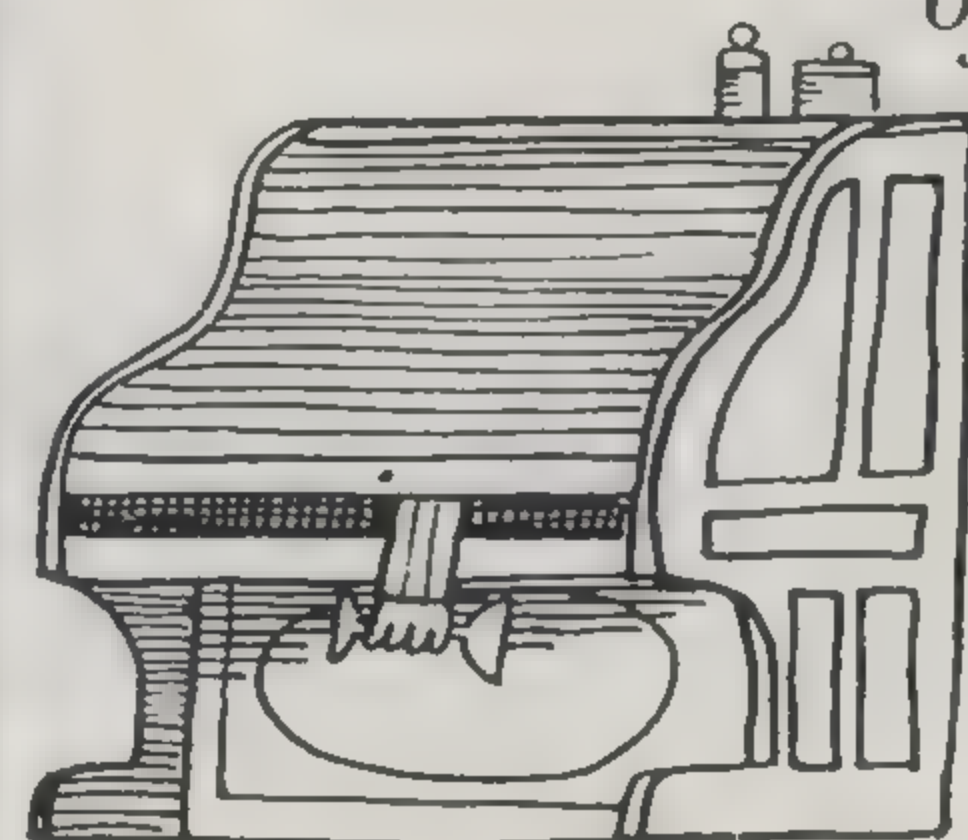


picture

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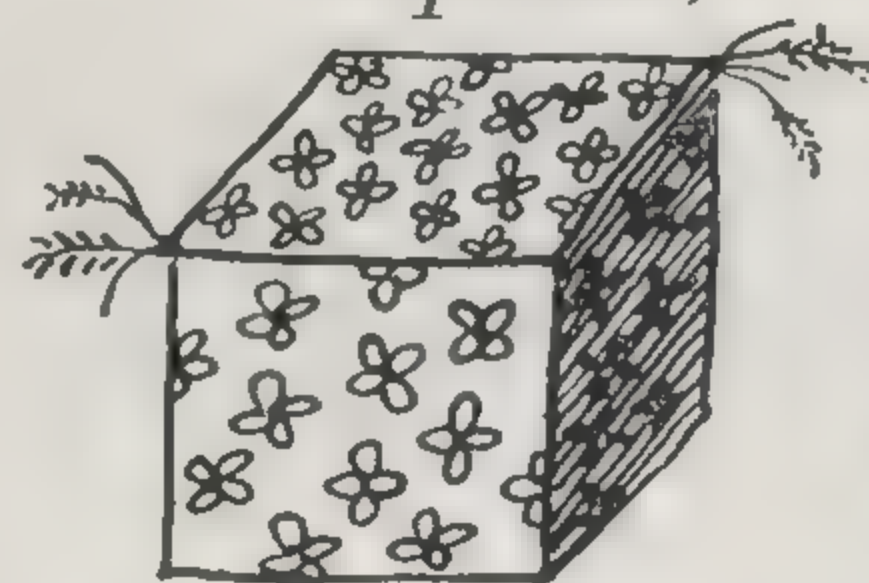
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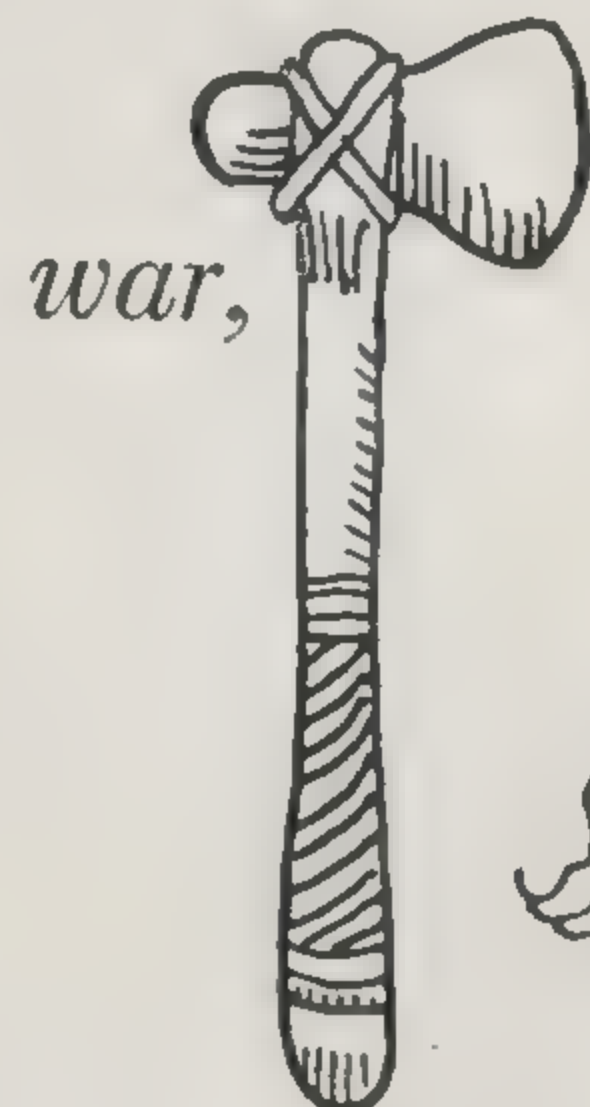
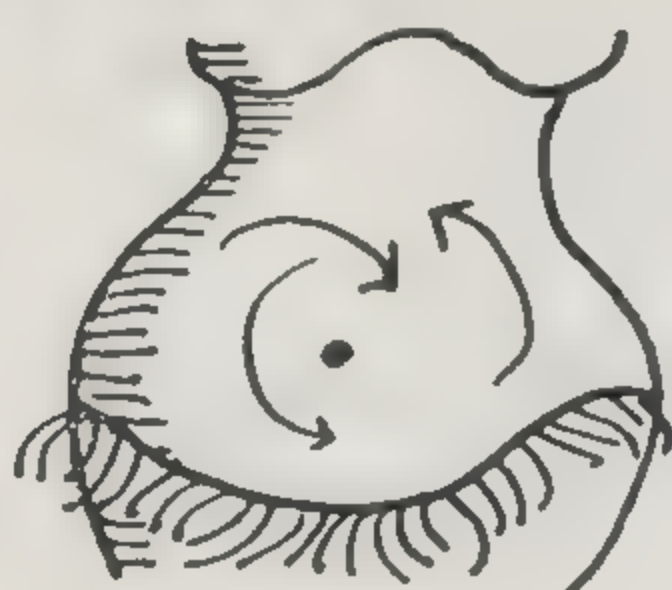
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by LAWRENCE



sorbent are all set to take soft colors under-wing in Dove Grey and other Spring tones. Sizes 8 to 18. Shirt-shift dress, about \$30 Costume, about \$50 Cross-country coat, about \$50 Jacquard dress, about \$35 Double button suit, about \$45. LAWRENCE KNITWEAR COMPANY, 1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK/LOFTIES KNITTING MILLS, INC. Prices slightly higher in the west

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HA! HA! HA! HA! OUCH!

BY E. J. KAHN, JR.

For years, I've been reading in the society pages about this or that fashionable supper dance for charitable purposes at this or that fashionable hotel, and my main reaction has been to wonder how the participants ever manage to get up and go to work the next day. Usually the accounts of these affairs are pretty much limited to a description of the décor and a listing of the sponsors, but every now and then somebody goes beyond that. Not long ago, Doris Lilly's column in the *New York Post*, "In Town and Out," was entirely devoted to some aspects of this topic, and as an out-of-town resident who's often in town, I happened to read the piece on the train going home.

"Is the charity ball really social?" asked Miss Lilly, and she went on to discuss newcomers to what she called "CB society," who, she said, frequently corral the ringside tables at these galas and then complain because they never get to rub elbows with anybody except other grabby tyros. Miss Lilly didn't give a flat answer to her own question, and she concluded, in an evasive non sequitur, "Maybe it doesn't matter if the charity ball is social or not; maybe people just want to have a good time and don't give a hang about the 'big names' any more. As the saying goes, the biggest laugh is always on yourself."

I read this observation with special interest, and with a great big laugh, although, as Miss Lilly had shrewdly pointed out, it was the guffaw of a man who has just given himself a hotfoot. The sequence of events that provoked my masochistic cackling began last spring, when my wife and I went to a neighbour's home for dinner. I found myself seated alongside an attractive lady who, when my small talk began to ebb, murmured that I really ought to help out a philanthropic cause dear to her heart—a home for blind foundlings or some worthy such—

and that she just happened to have a book of raffle tickets in her purse. I got the impression that she might stop batting her eyelashes and burst into tears unless I capitulated, so I did.

A moment later, as she gratefully pressed my palm under the table, at the same time deftly extracting from it the twenty dollars I had placed there as an eleemosynary offering, she reminded me that my contribution was tax-deductible, and I was further cheered by the realization that for all either of us knew my wife might some day have a raffle of raffles to unload on her husband—in the unlikely event, that was, that we ever met again.

I gave such little thought to my beneficence that I even neglected to report it to my wife. She was therefore understandably surprised, a couple of months later, when she took a phone call for me, but she quickly recovered. "Congratulations! You won five hundred dollars in some lottery!" she exclaimed when I turned up. "Here's the number to call for all the details. Gee, I hope we don't have to pay tax on it." I hoped not myself, but calculated that even if we did we'd probably have enough left to treat another couple and ourselves to a bang-up dinner and a musical, and maybe even to buy me a new pair of dress shoes. I had lent mine to a strolling musician, who had strolled off in them and clear out of the country.

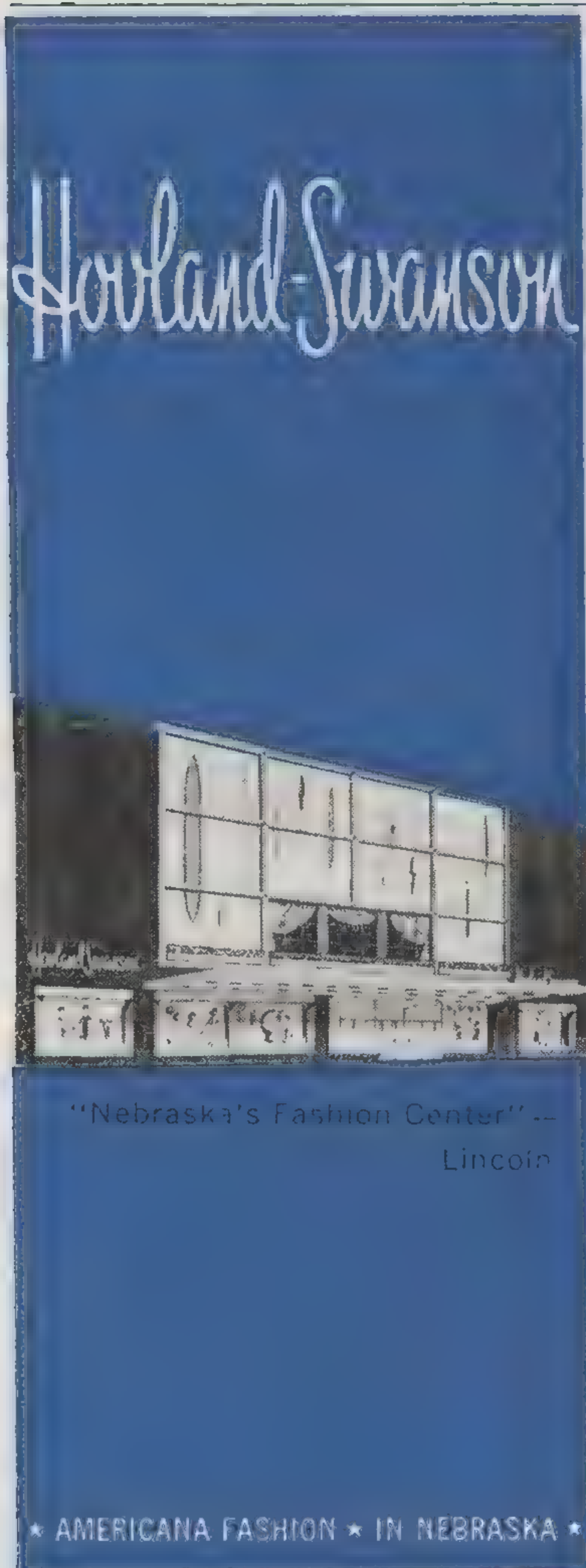
The following day, I called the number. "Congratulations!" cooed a feminine voice. "You won first prize!" I asked when I could expect a check, and was a mite taken aback to learn that my loot was not all that negotiable. It consisted, instead, of a free table for ten at a fifty-dollar-a-plate, black-tie, supper dance to be held in a New York hotel ballroom some six months later. Unlike Doris Lilly, I'd had no first-hand acquaintance with such charity fêtes

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and was apprehensive about how to carry on from there, but my wife, though herself an amateur, said gaily she'd attend to everything, and before the day was out she had invited four other couples to share our largesse and had graciously accepted their fervent congratulations on what by nightfall she had begun to view as *her* good fortune.

As the date drew near, I was too busy with chores to pay more than passing notice to my wife's preparations, although at her insistence I did buy some dress shoes. How they'd gone up in price since my last pair! I did learn, also, that at the instigation and in emulation of one of our guest couples, Al and Martha Benson, my wife had reserved a hotel room for us in town on the night of the ball. "We won't want to be bothered driving home," she said. "Why, the dance doesn't *begin* till eleven."

"But it isn't New Year's Eve," I protested. "It's an ordinary Tuesday."

"All the more reason you shouldn't tire yourself unnecessarily," she rejoined. "By the way, do you know where your studs are?"

I searched the house. No studs. My wife said not to worry, she'd cope with that, too. A few days afterward, a small parcel bearing a jeweller's escutcheon arrived in the mails, addressed to her. I unwrapped it, and was astonished to find a bracelet and some earrings.

When I showed these to my wife, she said, "You have no business opening other people's mail, and besides, now you've gone and seen your Christmas present."

I let that one ride. "I thought it was my studs," I said.

"Oh, those," she said. "I decided that if you're going to be careless about your things, you'll be better off with a dress shirt that has ordinary buttons, so I ordered you one. Now don't you open *anything* more."

The afternoon of the ball. I went to the hotel the Bensons and we were staying at to register and await my wife. There was a message for me at the desk, instructing me to call her.

"Martha's lost their tickets to the party," my wife said when I reached her.

"But I mailed them to Al," I said. "How did *she* come to lose them?"

"She always opens his mail," said my wife. "What can you do about straightening things out?"

"I can't do anything and I wish Martha'd keep her hands off my private communications to her husband," I said.

"What's so bad about a wife's opening her husband's mail?" asked my wife. "I've got to hang up now. United Parcel's in the driveway."

Having thus been reminded of the gown, shoes, purse, and other indispensables that the United Parcel Service had lately and lavishly been showering upon my household, I'm afraid I wasn't in very good spirits when Al Benson walked into the lobby. I couldn't help perking up somewhat, though, when I discovered that he, too, had a message waiting—rather, a package, containing a new stole Martha had told her furrier to deliver to the hotel. While Al was eyeing this frippery distastefully, I told him his tickets were lost. He laughed.

"A hundred bucks' worth of tickets is no laughing matter," I said.

"Don't sweat it," he said. "I've been to a lot of these jamborees, and they'll have a formal seating list and everything. We'll just go to the table and tell the waiter who we are and he can check off our names."

I asked if, in view of his extensive charity-ball background, he happened to know just what the fifty dollars a head covered.

"Food," he said.

"No drinks?" I asked. "No tips?"

He laughed again.

"Of course not," he said. "You're expected to buy a few bottles, and they'll provide setups. And while you don't *have* to tip, well. . . . Come on, I'll buy you a drink."

An hour or so later, our wives, freshly coiffed, scented, and manicured, tripped in, and their exclamations about each other's appearance drowned out their husbands' incipient whimpers. I must say they both looked resplendent, and I resolved not to becloud the serenity of the occasion with petty remonstrances, particularly in view of the way both women turned on Al when he made what struck me as a highly witty remark about how he hoped Martha's stole was a steal.

(Continued on page 72)

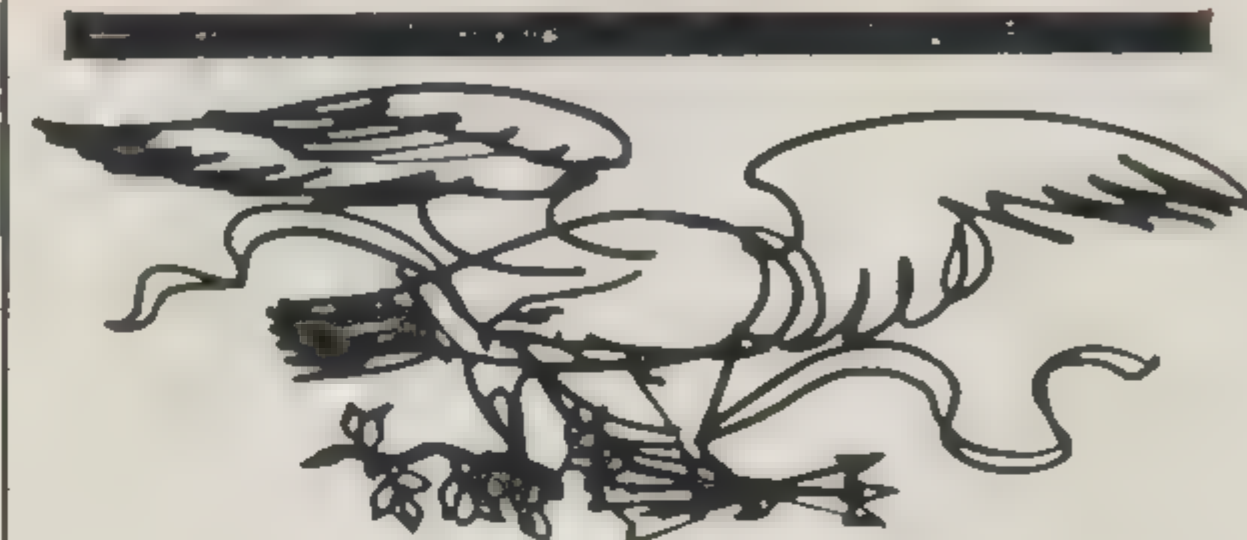


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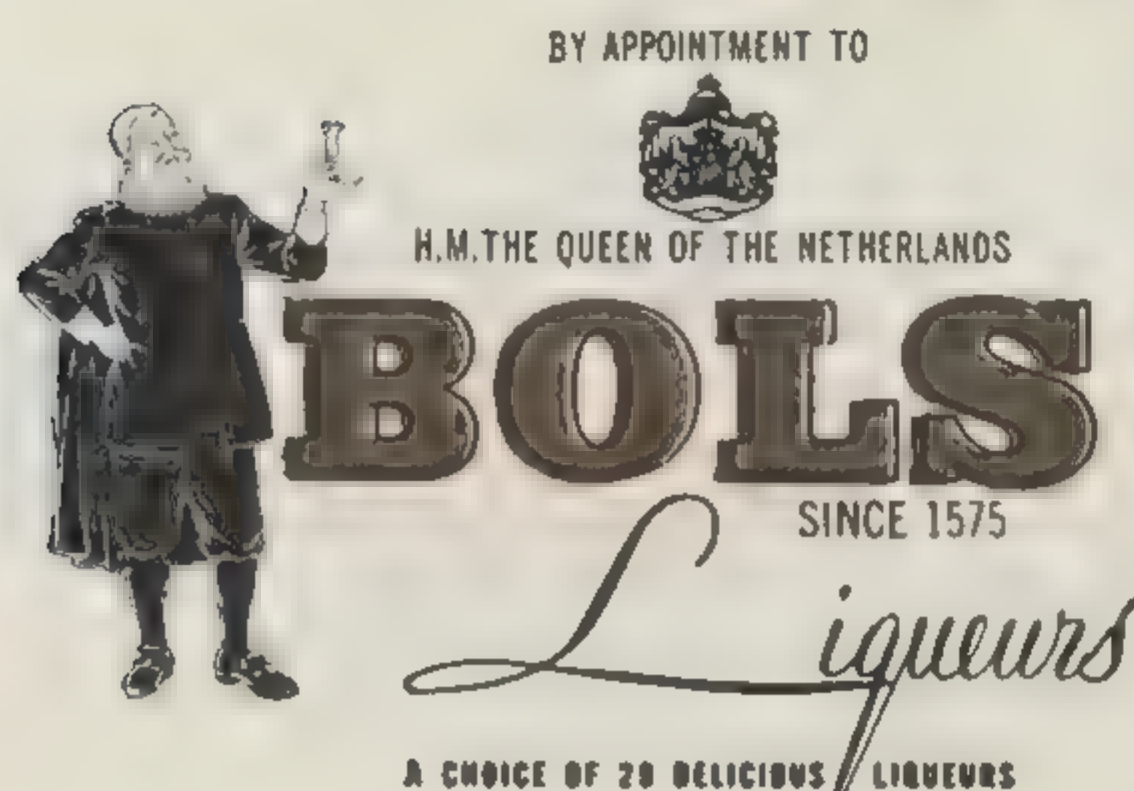
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HA! HA! HA! HA! OUCH!

(Continued from page 71)

Toward eight o'clock, I was getting hungry, but I was deterred from doing anything about this when it was pointed out to me how foolish it would be—not to mention extravagant—to march into a fifty-dollar-a-plate banquet on a full stomach. We filled the gap before feedbag time at a movie, and arrived at the scene of the shindig a few minutes after eleven.

The table assigned to our party—the rest of which, equally famished and ominously thirsty, had already assembled—was spunk on the edge of the dance floor. Recalling what Miss Lilly had said about locations, I was mortified at thus being tagged as *nouveau riche*, or perhaps *nouveau plein de bonheur*. I felt better on perceiving that the lady who'd got me involved in all this was also at a ringside table. I nodded to her, and she waved me a congratulatory wave.

Conversation wasn't easy, because while our table was ringside, it was also bandside. I was about to attack a fruit cup that stood invitingly before me when my wife cupped her hands and called across the table, "Dance." I at once went around to her chair, but she whispered that it was *de rigueur* for me to dance at least once with each of our lady guests. "I'll wait my turn," she said.

Dutifully, I went back to my place, glanced wistfully at the fruit cup, and asked the woman at my right to join me in a spin around the floor. "Congratulations!" she purred in my ear. "It's shaping up like a marvellous party." By the time I'd steered her back to our post, my fruit cup was gone, and a mouth-watering entrée of breast of chicken had supplanted it. Before I could come to grips with this, though, Martha Benson was on her feet, her arms prettily outstretched. As we waltzed away, a waiter put two fifths of whiskey on our table.

"You forgot to order drinks, you silly greenhorn," Martha said laughingly, "but Al did it for you. He thought that much would probably be enough, to begin with."

Circling the floor, during what seemed to me, in my new shoes, an excessively long dance set, I ran in turn into two other couples from our table, and each

time I swapped partners. When the music finally stopped, I noticed that my untouched chicken had been replaced by a spectacular concoction with an ice cream base. As I began to dip into it, two waiters enveloped me, demanding meal tickets.

"Your group's two short," said one of the waiters.

"Oh, one of these couples lost theirs," I said, "but it's all right. They're on the list. Mr. and Mrs. Benson. Al Benson. Maybe you remember him from the Allied Relief Ball."

"Look, mister," said the other waiter, "we got to turn in ten meal tickets from this table, and up to now we got just eight."

My wife was dancing with Benson, their eyes dreamily closed, or at any rate not meeting mine. I arose and limped over to the table of the lottery-peddler. As I arrived, the music started up, and so did she.

"How sweet of you!" she said, beginning to dance, although I'd always thought it was up to the man to lead. She seemed miffed on hearing that what I particularly wanted of her was another pair of tickets. "But I know we sent you ten," she said. "You only won ten. I mean, *really*." She loosened herself frigidly from my grip, led me over to a non-ringside table presided over by an executive-type woman, explained in clipped tones what she said was my predicament—I continued mulishly to think of it as the Bensons'—and withdrew. The woman handed me two tickets and dismissed me with a remark I didn't altogether catch but that appeared to be something like "You think you can get all the way back to your own table without losing these?"

I made it all right, and as one of the still hovering waiters relieved me of the tickets, he also relieved me of my dessert, in the course of his manoeuvre leaving a gob of it on my sleeve. His confrere, meanwhile, was handing Al Benson a fresh bottle of whiskey. "Hey, you're falling behind us!" cried Al, chuckling. "Sit down and catch up!"

"I haven't danced with my wife yet," I said.

But just then a floor show got under way, and by the time it

(Continued on page 87)



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See the I. Doctor advertisement on page 82



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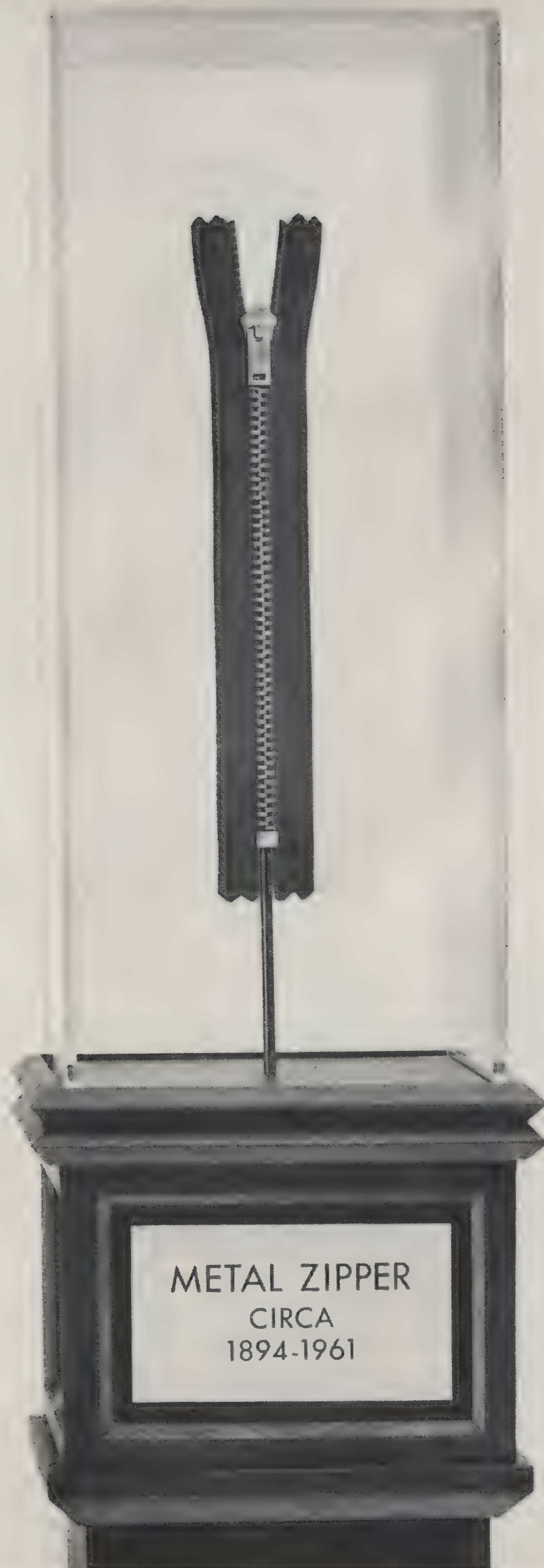
BEAUTY-MAKERS—NEW AND SPACE-MINDED

Two ideas here that go in the handbag, and go in more easily because there's no excess size to make way for. Above, the new pint-size lipstick, smaller on the outside but regular-size on the inside, that reaches no more than matchbox height. The lipstick itself has wonderful slip-coverage, comes in sixteen colours, four of which are: Delicious (pink); Poker Chip (bluish red)—this shade, mentioned again on page 164; Continental Red (clear, bright); and Champagne (soft coral). The works, refillable, comes in a red leather case. By Scandia; \$2 plus tax.

Below, a marvellous idea for toting liquid foundation neatly, safely, compactly. It's a lipstick-shaped *flacon* with roll-on top, to fill (roll-on top screws off for this) with one's own foundation. Once filled, a few roll-ons at cheeks, forehead, nose, and the business of a fresh face is well under way. This, called Rollarama Make-up Dispenser; \$4 plus tax at Lord & Taylor.

JOHN STEWART





This year, the smartest women's fashions will have a remarkable nylon zipper called TALON ZEPHYR.* But hold on to your metal zippers...you can donate them to your favorite museum!



Vogue's Travelog

A DIRECTORY OF FINE HOTELS AND RESORTS

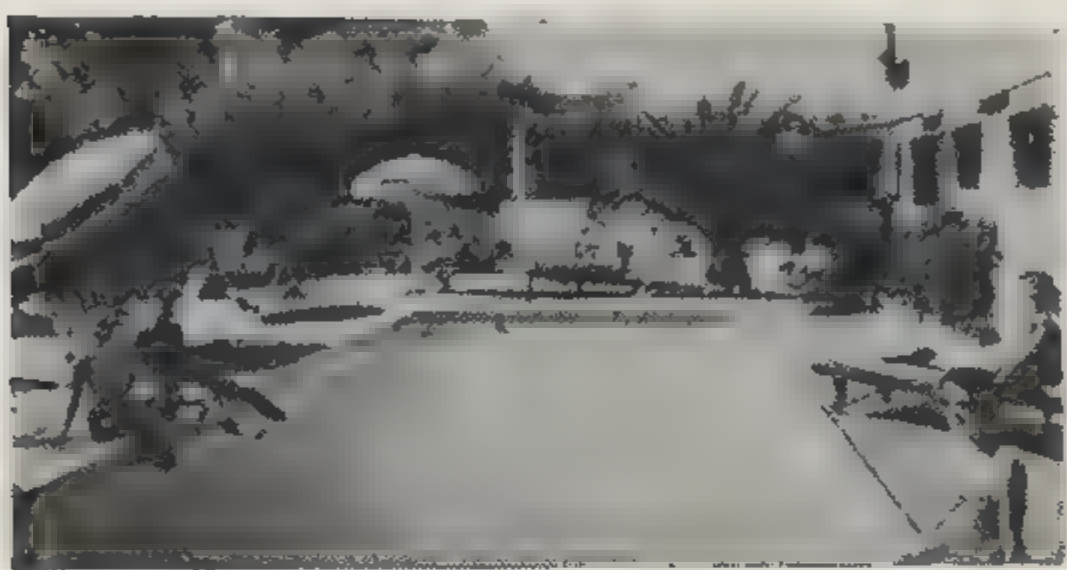
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"THE ONLY ACCURATE WITNESS"

BY MARCEL ROUFF

EDITOR'S NOTE: Marcel Rouff, co-author of *La France Gastronomique*, created *Dodin-Bouffant*, retired French magistrate, "the Napoleon of gourmets, the Beethoven of cooking, the Shakespeare of the table." *Dodin-Bouffant stalks hungrily through the pages of The Passionate Epicure, to be published here by Dutton this month in a translation from the French by Claude.*

In the preface to that book, Claude's husband, the novelist Lawrence Durrell, creator of *The Alexandria Quartet*, suggests the resemblance between the fictional *Dodin-Bouffant* and *Brillat-Savarin*, author of *The Physiology of Taste*. "The Brillat-Savarins came of heroic stock and all died at the dinner-table, fork in hand. Brillat's great-aunt, for example, died at the age of 93 while sipping a glass of old Virieu, while Pierrette, his sister, two months before her hundredth birthday, uttered (at table) the following last words which are forever enshrined in the memory of good Frenchmen: 'Vite,' she cried, 'apportez-moi le dessert—je sens que je vais passer!'"

In this excerpt from *The Passionate Epicure*, *Dodin-Bouffant* and his wife *Adèle*, the indomitable cook whose hand he took in marriage to keep that hand in his kitchen, have just returned from a diet-cure tour of Germany.

On 2 October, the young Bressane peasant-girl appointed to look after the *Dodin-Bouffant* household during the couple's absence received a letter in which they announced their return on the 17th of that month. She was instructed—instructions accompanied by three pages of detailed recipes and prescriptions—to prepare for that day a broth made from old fowls, tongue, and a skirt of beef, from parsnips, turnips, carrots, and celery; to have on hand well-concentrated beef glaze, extract of fresh mushrooms, a fine veal kidney—the colour, weight, and right quantity of fat were exactly described—to remove the white meat from a turkey, blanch twelve chicken livers, obtain six dozen fine prawns, and

finally to write to Lavanchy at Bulle for a good fat piece of authentic Gruyère to be delivered at the right time. In addition, she was to place three bottles of Château-Châlon on ice not later than six o'clock in the morning, and bring as many flasks of Vergelesses to room temperature.

"As for the rest," added Adèle Pidou, "don't worry about anything: I shall officiate in person."

An hour after the arrival of this missive the whole little town had learned of the Master's impending return. Emotions immediately rose to a peak in cafés, bourgeois homes, the club, the market, the staging-inn. It had so greatly been feared that the voyage might be fatal to the great man—that only his corpse would be brought back to be laid beside that of Eugénie Chatagne. A mood of relaxed joyousness swept over the city when the good news was spread by the little maidservant who was proud to be the bearer of glad tidings.

Ah! how long the time seemed to *Dodin-Bouffant's* compatriots until the day their hero had elected to return to them!

Magot, Beaubois, Rabaz, and Trifouille met daily to anticipate the joy of that blessed hour when the stagecoach would appear at the top of the hill and enter the town. They would first reassure each other that none of them had received any bad news or learned of an accident or a contretemps since their last meeting, and then give themselves up once again to their proud pleasure, their glory, in being the intimate friends of the expert gourmet: had they not the right to be more affected than anyone by the return of the great man which stirred the whole city?

At last 17 October dawned. It was an exceptionally brilliant and warm day, a day to gladden the heart. You would have thought it the King's birthday, there was so much gay loitering and unaccustomed strolling about in autumnal sunshine. Some lads sent out as scouts watched for the carriage in the direction of the Tui-

leries at the mouth of the valley. All who had been able to leave their office, workshop, or store, drifted to the city gates, or sat on the grass or in the inns, waiting....

Towards two o'clock, at last, the scouts arrived running, followed quite soon by the muffled sound of regular hoofbeats.

"Here they come, here they come!" they cried breathlessly tired, dusty, and sweating like Marathon runners.

In a flash the crowd was lined up on either side of the road. Brief snatches of talk mingled with others: "In what state will they be, *mon Dieu!* . . . What a lucky escape! . . . Poor Dodin, poor Adèle! . . . What will the Barbarians have done with them?" . . .

The carriage appeared and passed on at a measured pace, as if the *gastronome's* placid and thoughtful soul had affected even the demeanour of the horses. It moved on in the midst of murmured respect and affection, hats dropping before it like corn before the sickle. At that moment Dodin-Bouffant, miraculously returning safe and sound from far-away, fabulous lands, re-entered his home town like those legendary heroes of whose worth, works, or exploits nothing is known any longer, but in whom a whole population enshrines its instinct for glory. The great man was back! From the upholstered depths of the vehicle, relishing the unexpected homage of his compatriots, he began to forget his recent trials. Beside him, Adèle, puffed out like a pouter-pigeon, tried hard to arrange her emaciated features, emerging from a tangled organdie collar and a Paisley shawl, into a suitable expression of dignity.

The disciples awaited them on the porch of the little house. The young Bressane stood with them, incapable of expressing her emotion save by thumping her stomach and her thighs and wiping away her tears.

The members of the little circle, who had noticeably put on weight while the Master faced the perils we have described, received him with open arms. At the first glance at their paunches Dodin noted, not without mortification, the advantages of not rushing about the world's highways; it did not escape their notice, either, that the waistcoat of their master no longer exactly moulded his powerful belly. His legs seemed unsteady and his face looked worn and furrowed by fatigue. . . . But a joyous light, full of promise, shone in his

eyes as they wandered in relieved enchantment over his home and his old friends. He embraced them all, choked by a holy emotion.

As for Adèle, she minced down the carriage steps, shaking out the folds and frills of her pigeons' wing silk dress, like a lady traveller who has escaped from great dangers and contemplated what vulgar eyes will never see. Then she disappeared. The five friends only found, in Dodin's study which she had passed through like a draught, her vanity bag, her mittens, and her overnight case. But from the neighbouring kitchen they heard her imperious, vigorous voice and those thousand precise, assured noises which accompany the activity of a diligent and competent cook.

"The good soul!" murmured Dodin-Bouffant. "Without even taking a few minutes to go up to her room she has started on my evening meal! She wants our first dinner on our return to wipe out the memory of that abominable cure!"

The friends settled down comfortably in the good old familiar armchairs. Dodin sent for the three bottles of an authentic Madeira which, forty years before, a friend who alas had since died, brought back to him in one of his company's ships. He was surprised to see the venerable flasks on a japanned tray dominating a whole landscape of kirsch flans which Adèle had hastily concocted for their collation. The afternoon seemed delicious to the epicure emerging from his Germanic Gehenna. His soul settled into its accustomed place among his old books, his old friends, his old furniture; and his legs, tired of ceremonial wear, slid into the familiar folds of shapeless trousers with relief.

The book he had been handling before setting out—*l'Almanach des Gourmands* by the Comte de Périgord—was still there upon his table. How many painful adventures, how many bitter moments, how many sinister experiences he had had since last he turned its pages!

He minutely questioned his disciples about the events in the town since his departure. But whenever one or the other of them tried to interrogate him about his voyage, he closed his eyes as if he could not endure the horrid visions that sprang up before them. He brought the conversation back to the town, *their* town, insisting upon detailed descriptions of their

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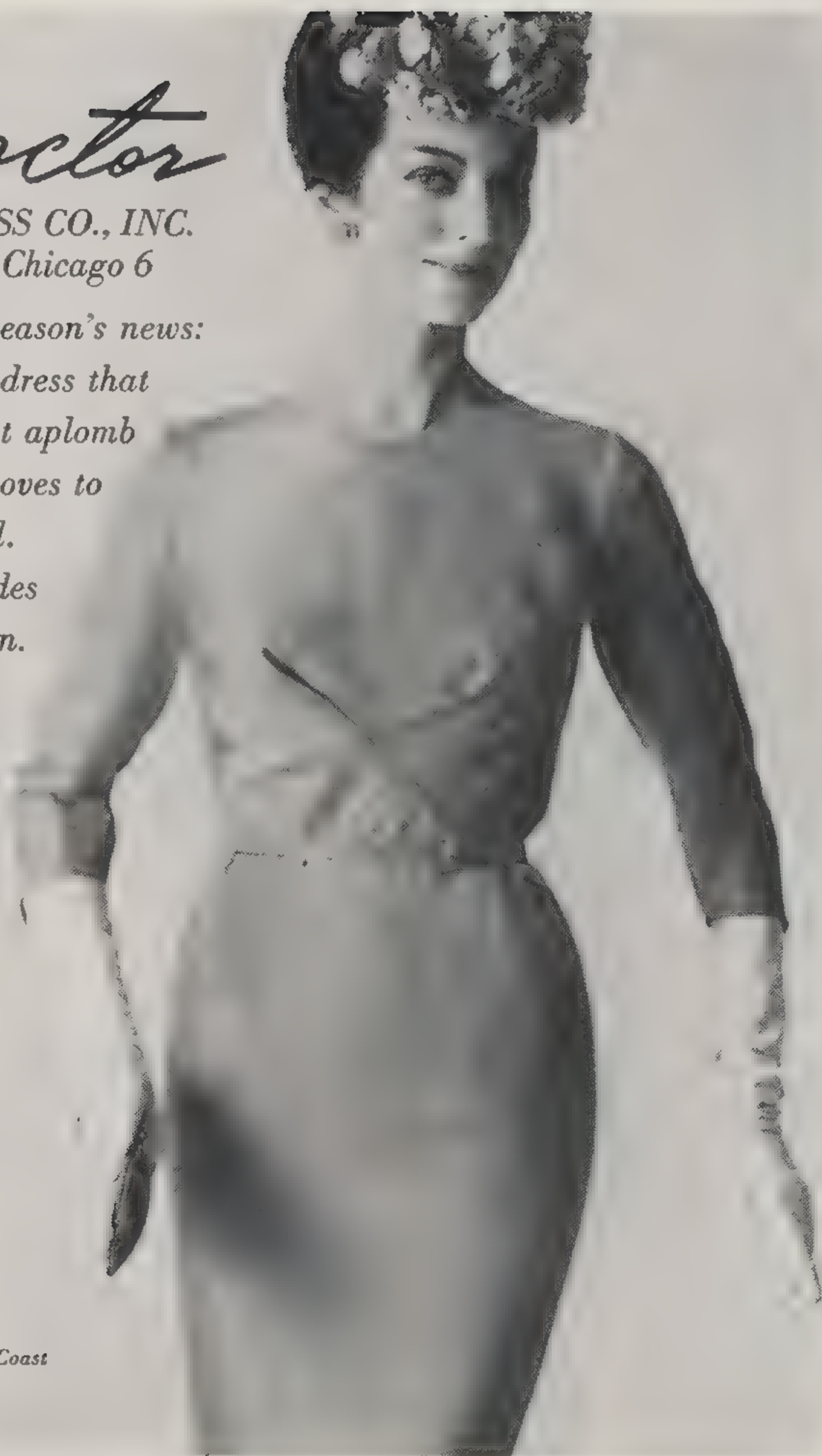
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menus, flavours of dishes which interested him, a dinner the landlady of the Café de Saxe had prepared for them, a supper at the Deputy Prefect's. . . . Visibly, he shunned the terrifying memory of the weeks he had just lived through. His friends quickly understood that they must not inflict upon him the suffering of evoking them.

Then, with the close of day, the last flans and the ultimate drops of Madeira, words grew quieter, sentences more muffled, and at nightfall the voices ceased altogether.

The maid brought in the gentle lamps. Set down in the places they had occupied for forty years they immediately and faithfully poured into the comfortable study their patterns of light and shade which Dodin's eyes greeted with delighted recognition as the customary and well-regulated lighting of his life's décor. They underlined the grave and prosperous intimacy of the old family house, sending their message of warmth and safety far out into the mystery of the treacherous night.

Then Dodin-Bouffant, as if concluding aloud a lengthy discussion with himself, said: "There is no doubt about it: the cuisine of a people is the only accurate witness to its civilization." And the divine, subtle, light, graceful, and delicious hints of what Adèle was simmering, occasionally whispering through an open kitchen door, conferred upon his positive axiom an especial authority.

When Dodin heard the sound of china, and concluded that the table was being laid, he excused himself to his disciples:

"I can not keep you to supper, dear friends. After that infernal Germany, that long voyage, Adèle and I are somewhat weary. . . . But we shall resume our customary Tuesdays. . . ."

In fact, he felt an imperious need to savour alone with his wife the sweetness of everything that was restored to him, and to concentrate severely, having nearly lost them forever, upon the glorious moments his diligent spouse was preparing for him.

The announcement that supper was served seemed suddenly to tauten and smooth his sagging flesh. He took leave of his friends and settled down opposite Adèle in one of those famous armchairs. The good woman, radiant

and magnificently rejuvenated, displayed the most reassuring expression on her face. Before their Calvary, whenever she had achieved a masterpiece her nose would turn up and defy all the world's cooks, or her eyes light up with an intermittent flickering, like alternating lighthouse beams, or again her mouth would disappear between puffed-out lips. This evening all these signs of joy spread over her features, and Dodin read into them the happiest of auguries.

He could not help briefly evoking the watery cabbages, the sour cream, the infamous hashballs of Teutonic soups as he raised to his greedy lips a spoonful of exquisite broth skillfully married to a cream of lettuce and green beans. And a honeyed Maréchal of the best year dismissed by its scent an atrocious regurgitation of heavy beers. The calf's kidney lay in its handsome rotundity and transparent fat upon a grand bed of fried bread, under the sacred veil of a smooth sauce of simple and yet variegated scents, like the colours of a rainbow. He lifted up his soul to the twin gods of the hearth and of French cookery.

But when he came to the tart of golden Bresse chicken livers in shrimp gravy, he jumped for joy: life, that is to say the delight of enjoying knowledgeably and to the full the glory of nature developed by man's genius, the security of the next day's meal, and that of the following day, and forever, the comfortable, broad, placid rapture of his blessed province—life, in short, flowed back into him in all its glory. The anxiety in his eyes dimmed and became that ironical certainty, that happy serenity which had so long shone from him upon the world, and which he had but now recovered. His shoulders to which misfortune had given a slight stoop, straightened up, freed and triumphant. And the Burgundy flowed between his lips like a tide of ambrosia. For a long time he looked at his wife opposite him, who, giving the lie to the false legend that a cook never eats the food she has prepared, was engaged in tracking down in the very bottom of the dish, with a vigorous piece of bread, the tiniest scraps of liver and sauce, genuinely rejoicing in the final traces of her masterpiece. He folded her in a gaze of love and gratitude.

"Adèle," he said, putting
(Continued on page 87)



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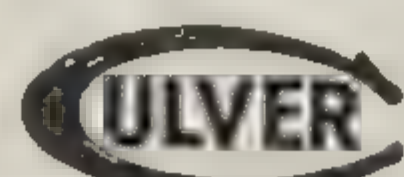
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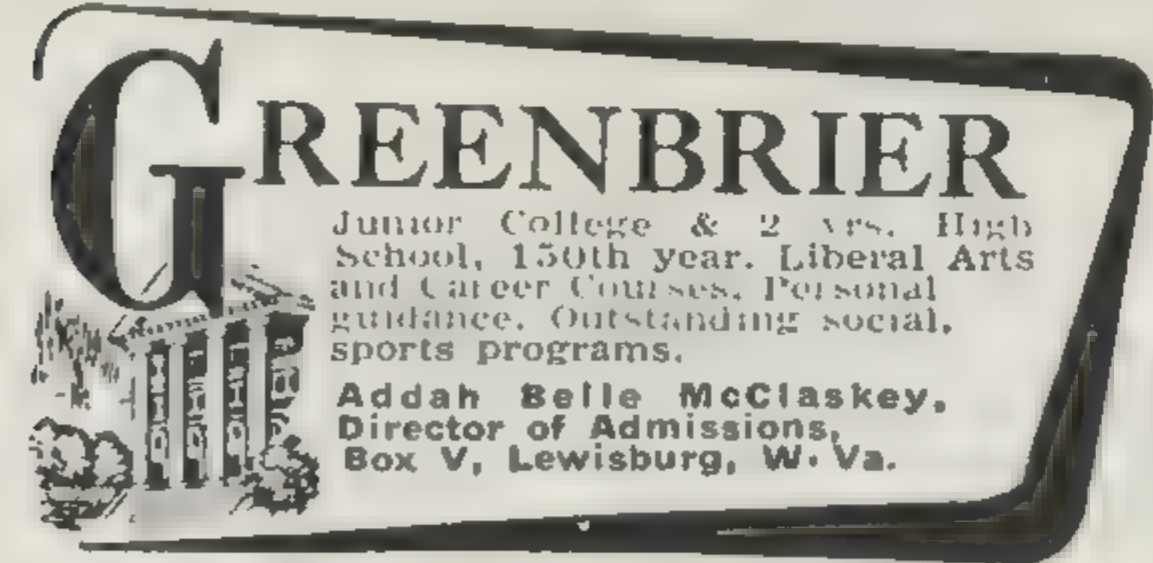
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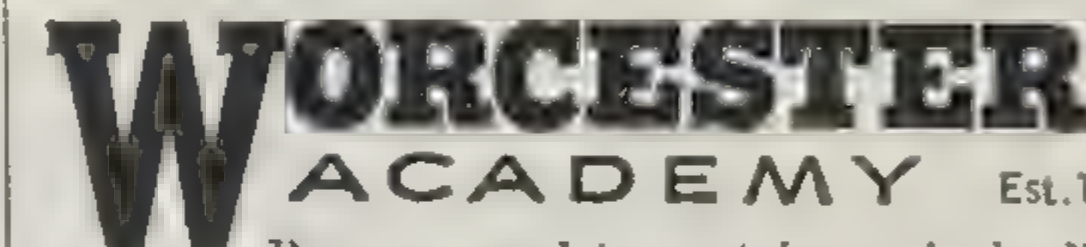
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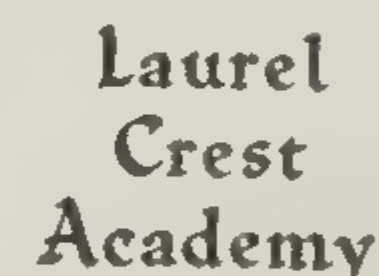
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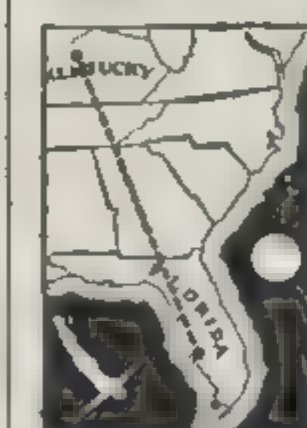
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"THE ONLY ACCURATE WITNESS"

(Continued from page 82)

down his napkin, and rising.

She raised her kindly eyes, once more calm and clear, but in which her genius still shone.

"Adèle," he continued, "in just a few hours you have succeeded in erasing the very memory of long and cruel trials. We have learned by bitter experience that there is no crisis, no illness, even no death that can equal in suffering and horror the weeks imposed upon us by those sawbones, those abominable 'cures' which leave you weak, sick, and breathless. Whatever may lie in store for us,

we are henceforth fully enlightened upon the worthless deceit of diets. Let us again take up, and never abandon, our good life and our good cookery of the past, and whether in peace or in suffering, whichever it may please God to send us, end our existence in the cult of good fare and household joys." He rose to his full height, and leaning across the table took both Adèle's hands in his own, as if asking her to join him in his vow over the memory of the marvellous chicken-liver tart and the noble empty bottles.

HA! HA! HA! HA! OUCH!

(Continued from page 72)

had ended—around two o'clock, or three-thirty, or Thursday, or whenever it was—I was too tired to cha-cha-cha, or even ha-ha-ha. In a taxi en route to our hotel, my wife said, "I wish you'd be more careful about eating. You're all over ice cream, and I just got your suit back from the cleaner's. Now I'll have to send it out again. That costs money."

"I'm sorry," I muttered, although in truth I was largely sorry that I hadn't licked off some of the nourishing goo before it congealed.

"And you never danced with me," she went on. "You danced with Martha and Jo-Ann and Ethel and Cissy and even with that slinky table-hopping fundraiser, but you never once danced with me."

"Do you remember what the woman who introduced the floor show said about the party?" I asked, trying to change the subject. "She said, 'To me, personally, it's a wonderful, almost incredible experience.' I wish I had her perspective."

The next afternoon, slumped bleakly at my desk, I totted up what the wonderful, incredible experience had set me back. I may have omitted one or two relevant items, but until the final auditing is in, the picture looks like this:

Wife's new dress (no sales tax if delivered out of the city)\$130
Wife's new cape (total includes \$4.15 sales tax; carried home; couldn't wait to show it to me)\$139.15
Wife's new jewellery

(which turned out, happily, to be costume jewellery, and only half the cost of which I include here, having assigned the other half to Christmas)\$42.50
Wife's new purse, shoes, other accessories\$66.10
My shoes\$26.50
My shirt (the one that doesn't require studs)\$12
Cab fares (approximate)\$15
Movies\$3
Whiskey (for only three bottles; I wish I owned a hotel)\$56
Tip (and at that the waiters didn't seem especially grateful)\$10
Hotel (including breakfast and tax)\$28.28
Western sandwich and coffee for me at only place we could find open at 4 A.M., plus a glass of milk for wife\$1.60
Hairdresser, manicurist, et cetera\$19.50
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Parking car in town, gas, tolls, et cetera\$5.25
Cleaning suit, twice\$3.00
Total\$567.88

When I showed this reckoning to my wife, she was at first appalled by the prodigal ways of society, but then she brightened. "We almost came out even!" she laughed. "Only \$67.88 net for such a good time, and all for the sake of charity, too! And maybe it's tax-deductible to boot." Maybe so, but I doubt it, and I have an unfunny hunch that, as the saying goes, the laugh's on me.



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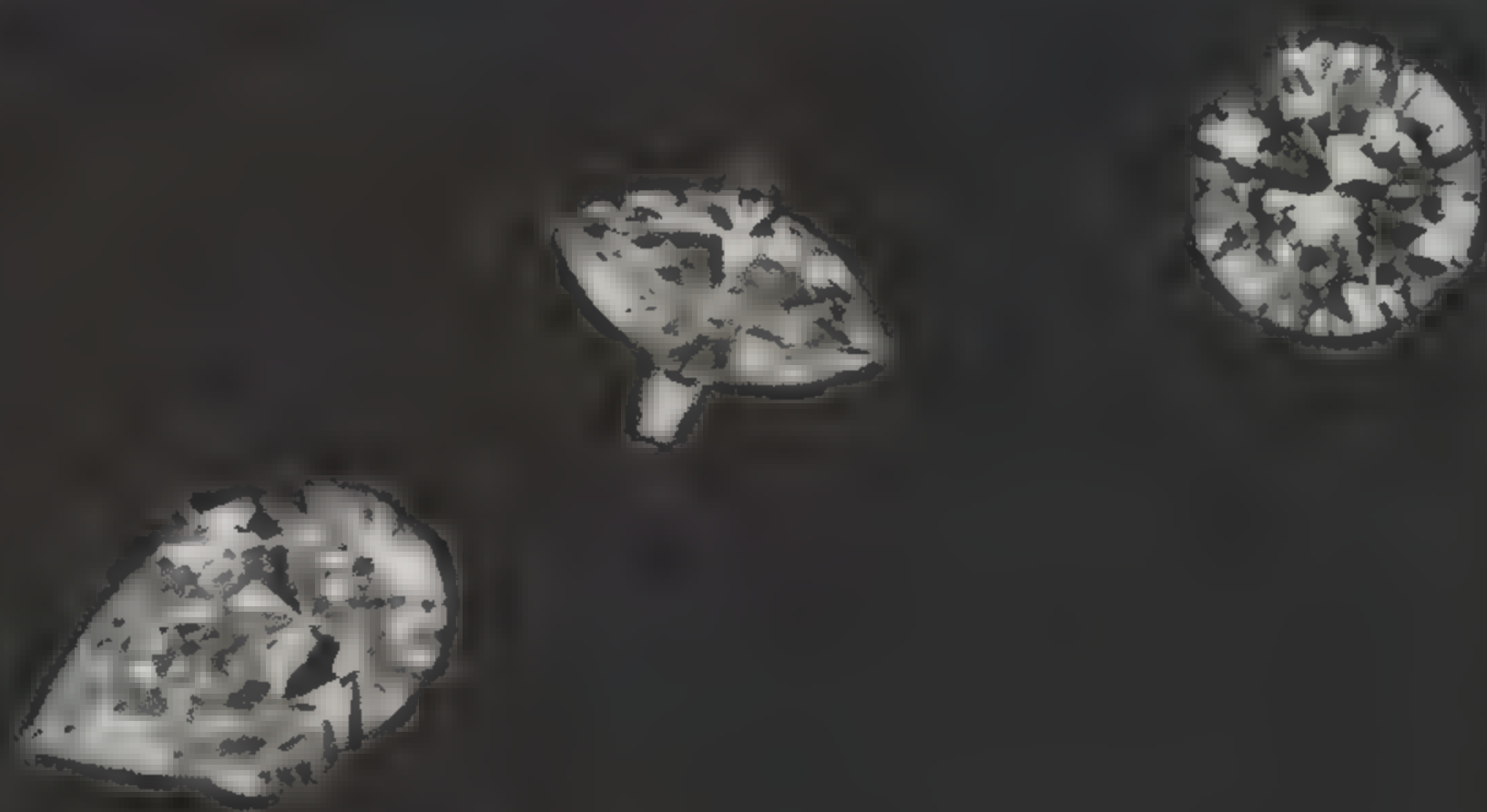
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A collection of magnificent rings and pendants—always set in platinum—not sold as diamonds, but treasured for their own beauty and brilliance. Three to fifty carats. Fifty dollars per carat includes mounting and side tapers.



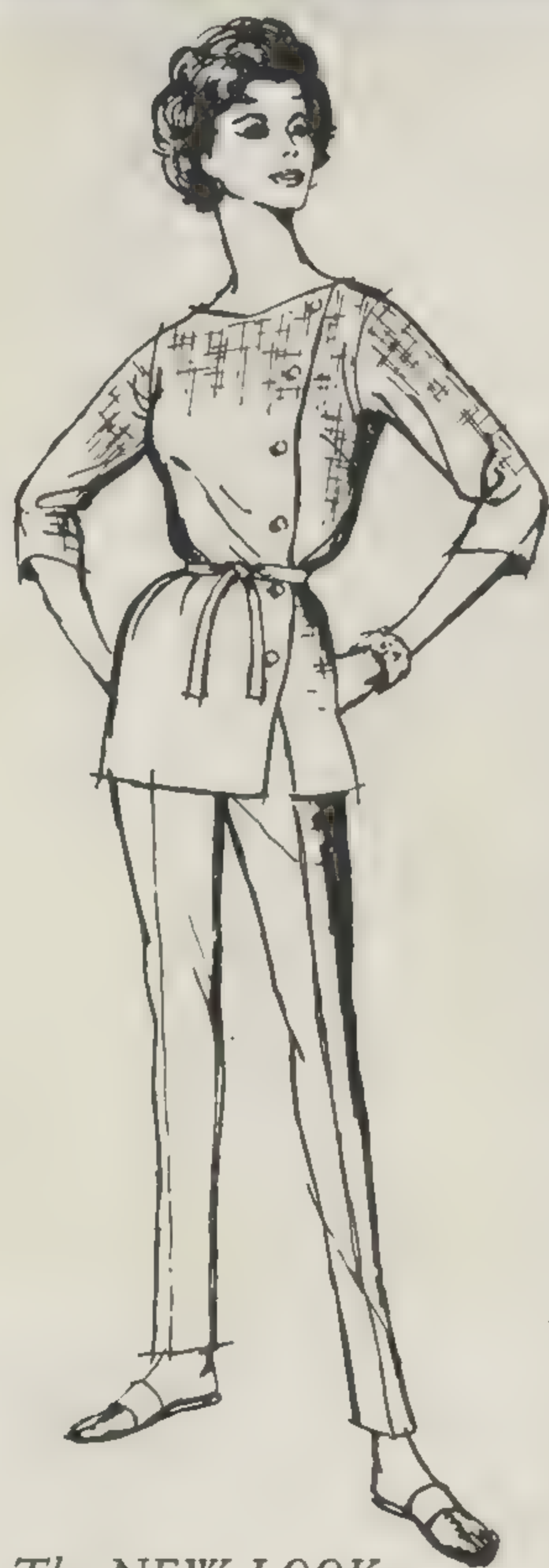
Lustigems

Florence Lustig

200 WORTH AVENUE, PALM BEACH, FLORIDA

SHOP ... in

Investigating the rumour that all good shop hounds eventually go to Palm Beach—or, at any rate, would like to—ours took a quick look around at America's palmiest winter resort. It's the palmiest, but not one of the oldest. Only a hundred years ago the island (Palm Beach proper) was a bare, baked, unchic spread of sand. In 1878 a cargo of shipwrecked coconuts was washed ashore, took root, grew into trees, and naked sand key became tropical island. Today



*The NEW LOOK
in Italian Leisure-Wear*

Pure silk shantung tunic and tapered pants imported from Capri.

6 colors: Geranium, Beige, Yellow, White, Mint Green and Sapphire.

sizes 10-16 Ensemble \$110
sorry, no c.o.d.'s

Top also available in shorter style back buttoned.

Winona Hunt
boutique

WORTH AVENUE 329 • PALM BEACH, FLA. TE 2-5221



*In Palm Beach Depend on
Alfred Coiffures*

Hibiscus near Worth Avenue
Palm Beach
TEmple 2-2272



One of a pair, Regency rosewood drop leaf side table. Important brass inlay and brass claw feet, on casters. circa 1820. Pair \$1,600.

C'est Ici

313 Worth Avenue, Palm Beach
fine antiques



P.B. has broad boulevards and vast tropical houses lapped by acres of terraced lawn; and small entrancing shops spill out a dazzling array of fashions. In fact, it's a marvellous (though not always practical) idea to go to Palm Beach with nothing but a toothbrush and a checkbook—and, necessarily, the clothes you arrive in: say, a pale wool suit and a flip of fur. In Palm Beach, all the shopping seems to be on Worth Avenue or in the new Poinciana Plaza, except for a clutch of small antique stores, heavy on French furniture and porcelains (bargains are rare). These are in narrow, cobbled courts (the Via Mizner and the

HOUND

Palm Beach



Via Parigi). Worth Avenue itself is four blocks long, lined with marvellous little boutiques and the P.B. branches of New York's most entrancing stores. North of this is Royal Poinciana Plaza, a new shopping centre: two terraces of matching, mauve-grey, Regency buildings face each other across a grassy mall complete with tossing fountains. Shoppers browse along on both sides of the mall in the shade of long arcades. At the end is the Royal Poinciana Playhouse, and—overlooking Lake Worth—the Celebrity Room, with its domed ceiling crowded with portraits of (who else?) celebrities. The Room triples as restaurant, nightspot (pianist Ted Straeter will play there from January on—show tunes, obscure and non-obscure), and the room in which Playhouse President, Frank J. Hale, tosses galas. He's planning three this season, modelled on Monte Carlo parties, all promising stints by guest stars. The Playhouse—red and white and very Regency—has a ten-week season, starting in late January, with a new play each week—all with big name stars (this year Patrice Munsel leads off). Monday is open-

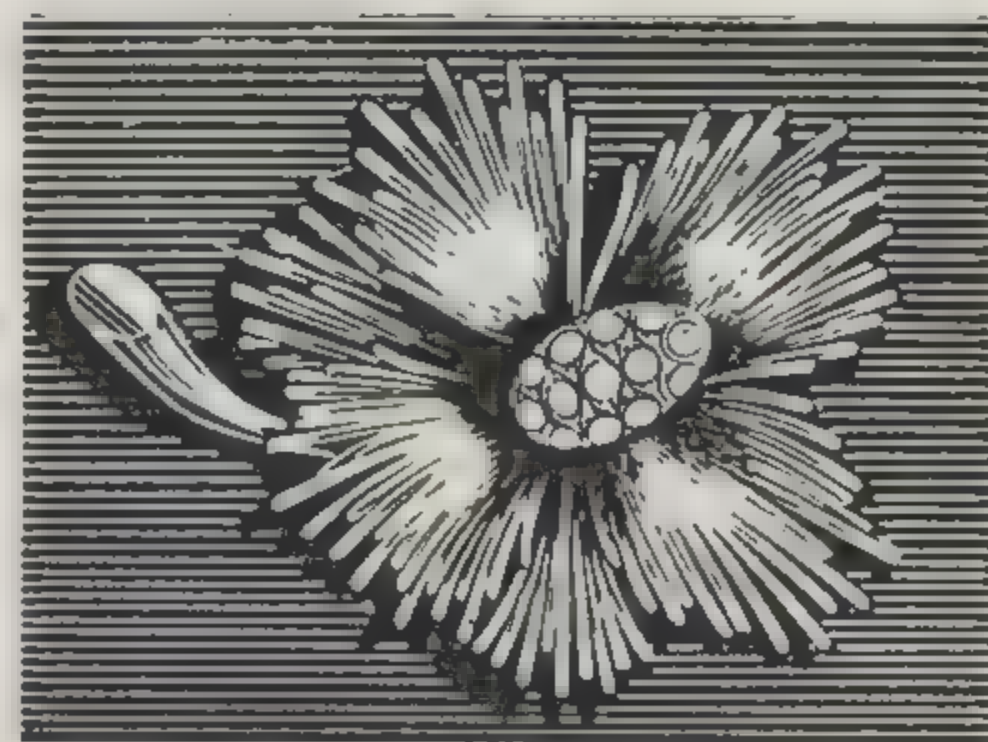


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Martha

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in gold...



A singular flowering from our
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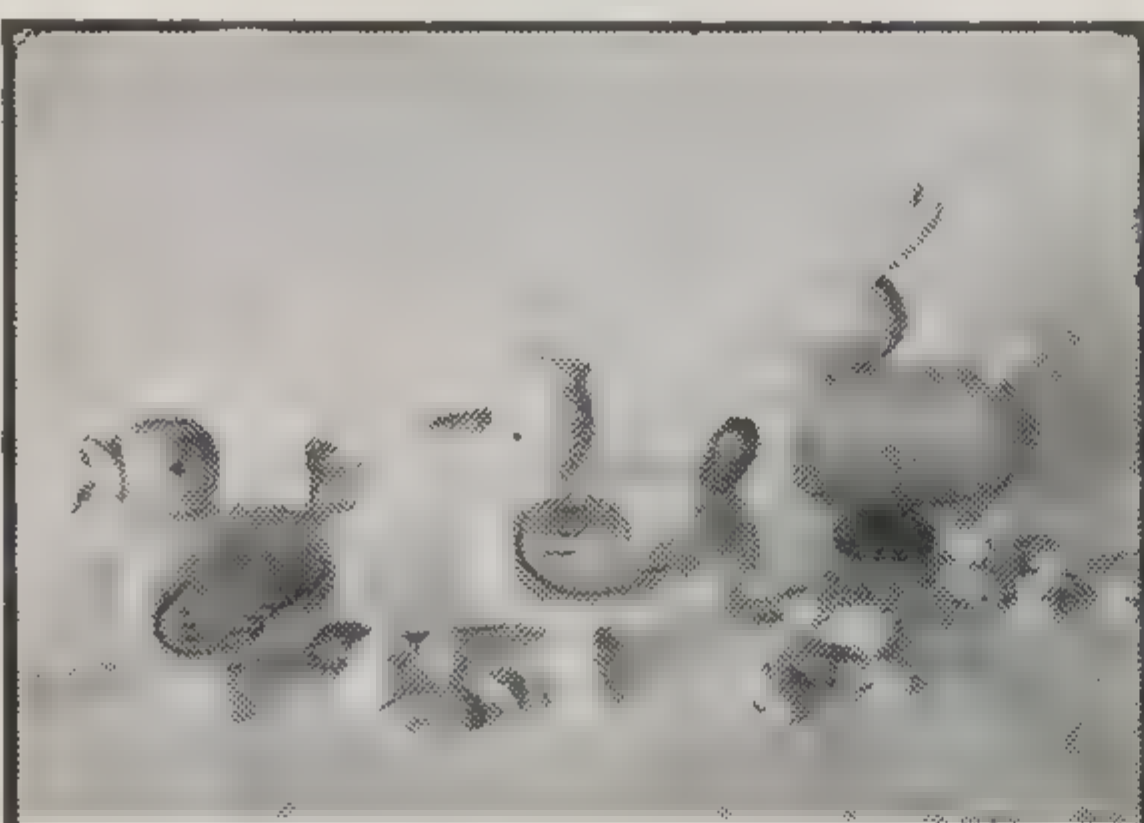
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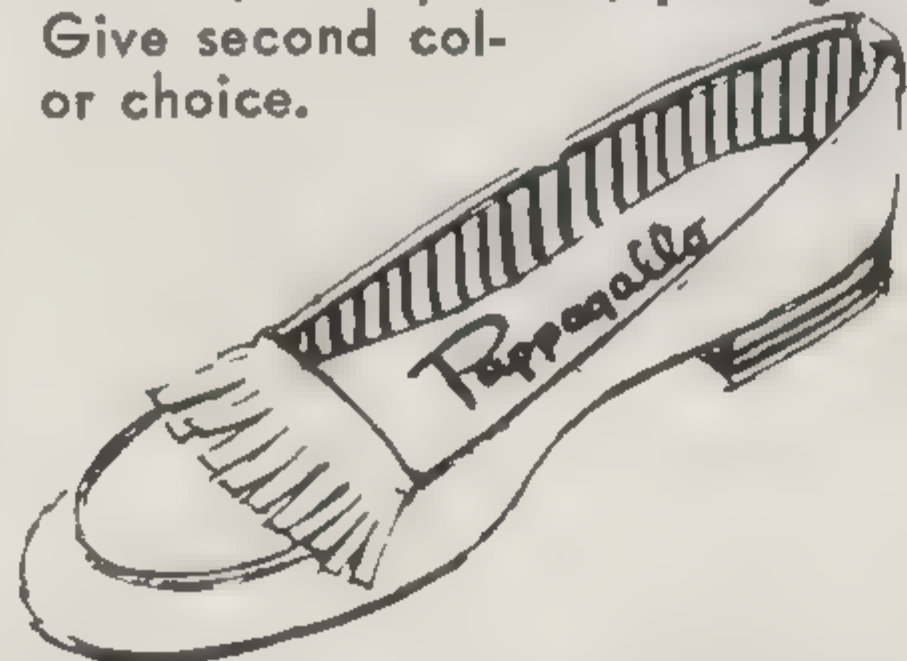
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Harold Grant

333 WORTH AVE. PALM BEACH, FLA.



SHOP

... in

ing night, and everybody dresses. Long dresses, chiffons or pale silks are called for here, or—newer—a long pale satin dress with a glittery top. In any case, lots of jewels, a little fur—brief, short-sleeved mink jackets, white or pale, are favourites now. What with openings at the Playhouse, the Celebrity Room galas, charity balls at the Bath and Tennis Club, and charity balls *and* monthly dances at the Everglades Club, Palm Beach is a very do-dress town at night. By day, the pale linen dress is the Palm Beach uniform in all the situations pants won't cover—for instance, for lunch at the Bath and Tennis, or the Everglades; add to the pale linen a mohair sweater (say, pink, if the dress is string-coloured); shoes with low, stacked heels; and a small, neat handbag in pale calfskin or reptile, or perhaps in strawcloth. Hats, Palm Beach style, are marvellous: untrimmed straws in tropical colours, worn more as sunshades than as hat-type hats. This sort of look is also right for the Polo Grounds or the races in Miami. At home (yours or somebody else's), pants are definitely the thing. They're worn even at



BRIAN



The "GO ANYWHERE DRESS" of crepe amazing sharkskin—an easy dress with permanent pleats—in soft pink, aqua, beige, or white.

Sizes 8-18.
\$35.50 Ppd.

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HOUND

Palm Beach

night, if the occasion is a rather-informal party at a friend's house. At the beginning of the season (New Year's Eve marks its official beginning), while the weather is still quite brisk, pants go out under a pale mohair coat. Later, they're topped instead by silk jersey put-overs and/or thick, fleecy sweaters—and the total look is as carefully schemed out as a town costume. Poolside luncheons run to pants, too, or to short shorts (they might go to Jamaica length but definitely no farther); they're often paired with matching cotton print shirts. As for bathing suits, you'll want anywhere from two to a half dozen: among them, one of the new two-piecers—brief boy-shorts, a non-skimpy top. The Bath and Tennis frowns on bikinis, and, aside from that, they're not really in great favour anywhere in Palm Beach. Dining out in the evening calls for pale silks or prints. Where to dine: perhaps at Petite Marmite, a restaurant with superb French food and a pretty garden; or at Nino's in West Palm Beach (here, Italian cooking and a nightclub upstairs). You might stop off for drinks afterwards at the Colony Hotel; it has a cheerful bar with jungle-fur upholstery and yellow-and-white fringed ropes looped everywhere; the sound in the background can be anything from jazzy piano to calypso. The Palm Beach Towers, on the other hand, is something like the Copa, and the acts—which change weekly—are headed by names like Joe E.



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SHOP

... in

Lewis and Lisa Kirk. The Alibi and the Taboo are dark and night-clubby, with dancing and palm trees. Daytime doings in Palm Beach would inevitably be sea-slanted—swimming, boating, fishing. Sketched below is an artist's-eye-view of a beach-proof coiffure. Not that it can never be demolished by sun or sea water; but it's easy to manage, easy to coax back into shape again. The ingredients: a side part, a long sidewise swipe of hair that flips up at the ends. Off the beach, there's shopping, as we've said, and there are the art galleries. In West Palm Beach the Norton Gallery has a good collection of rare jade, plus an interesting water-colour collection, a Picasso or two, a Winslow Homer, and a non-pro, community-type little theatre. Then there's the Four Arts, another public gallery and the Worth Avenue Gallery, which is private and has water colours and amusing



BRIAN

drawings of celebrities. And, for a glimpse of the future, there's Louella, famous chiromomist, who interprets palms at the Loggia. Of historic interest: Whitehall, a 1902-

style palazzo (all marble, frescoed ceilings, brocade walls) that belonged to Henry Flagler, who was founder of Palm Beach and co-founder of Standard Oil.

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HOUND

in the sun

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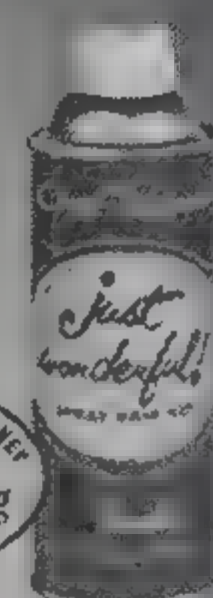
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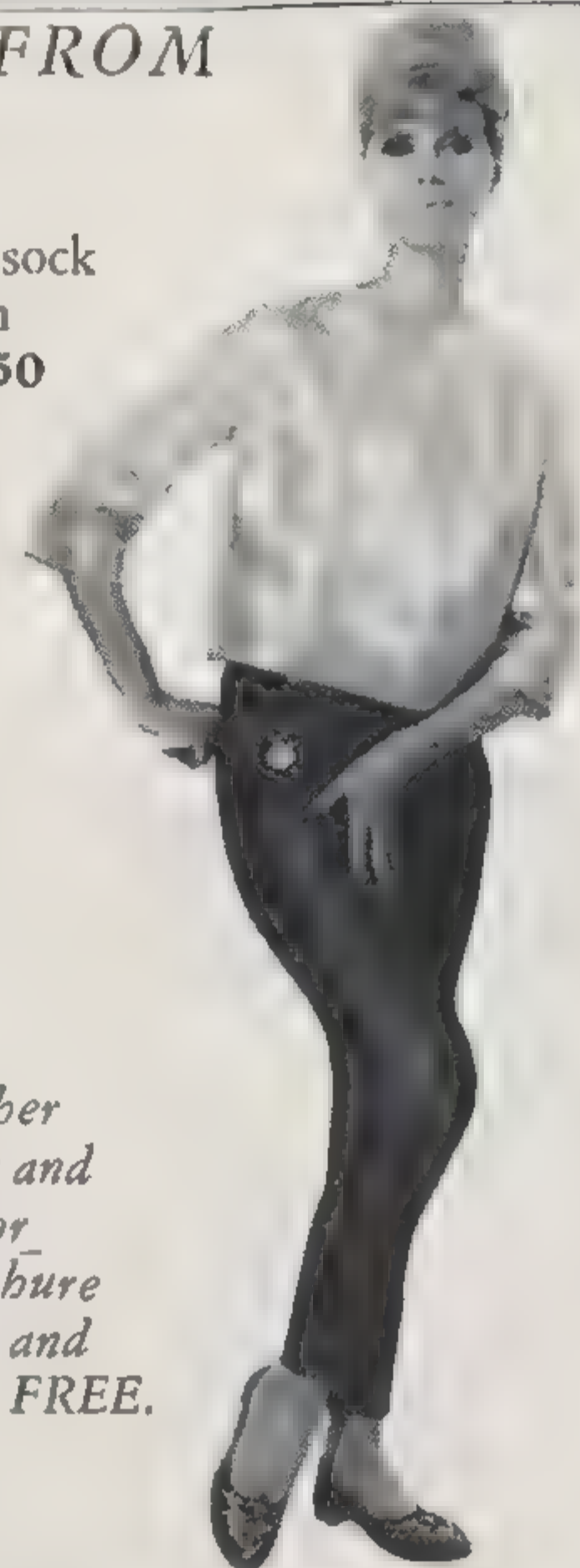
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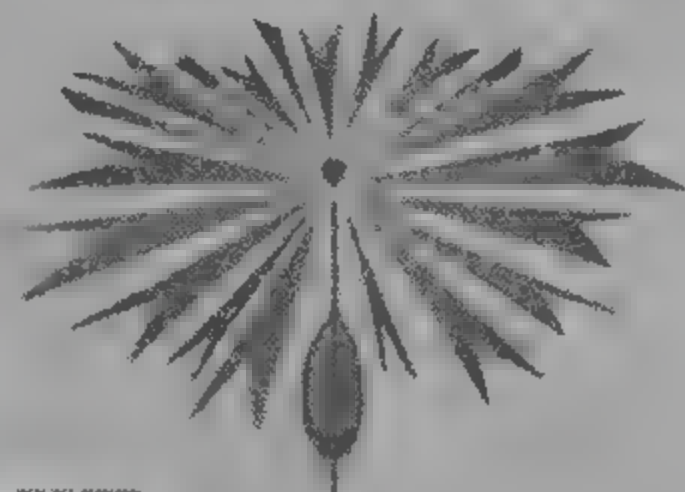
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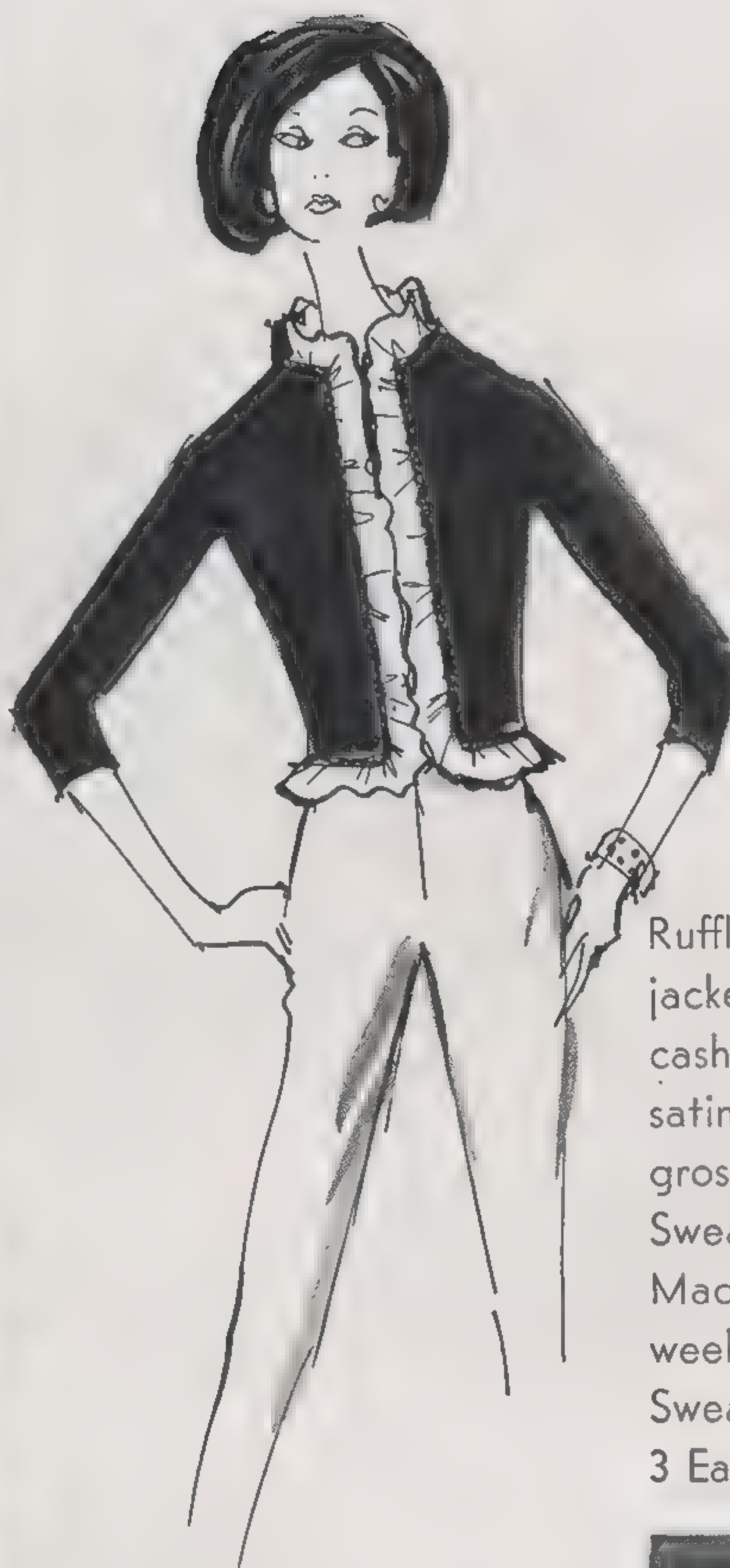
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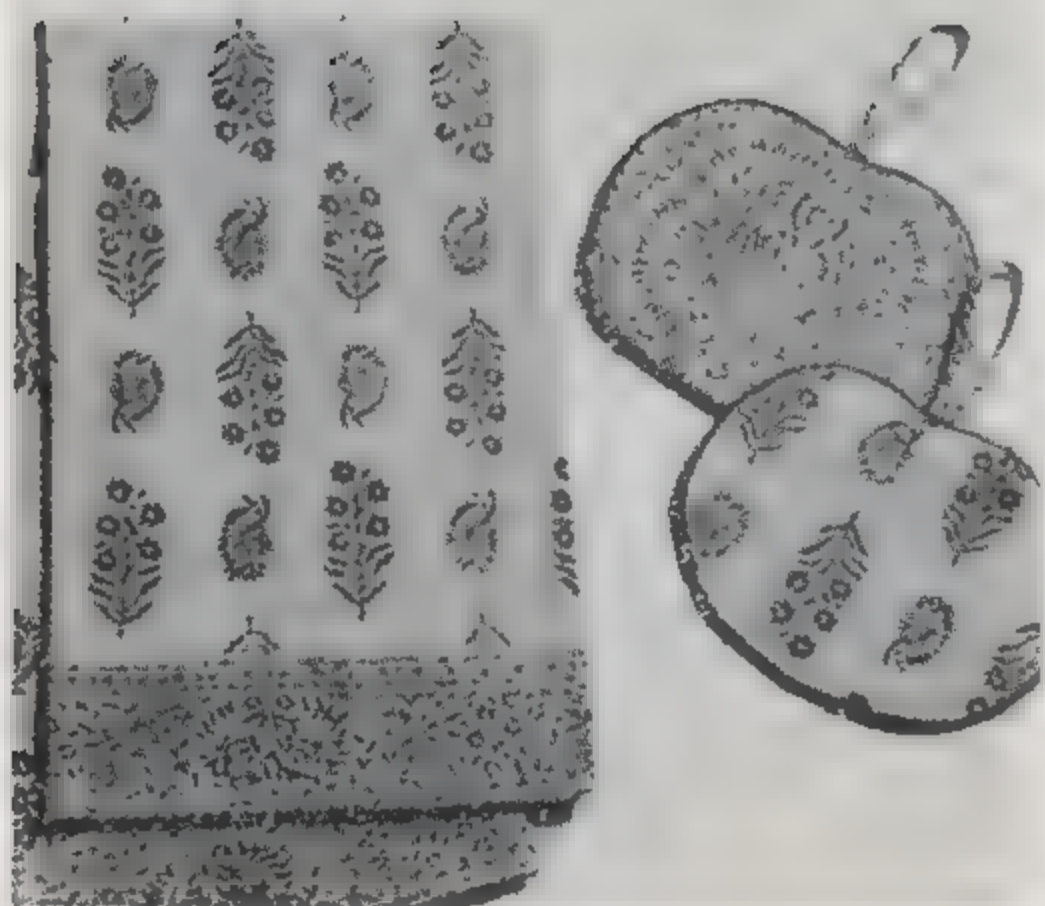


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HOUND into February

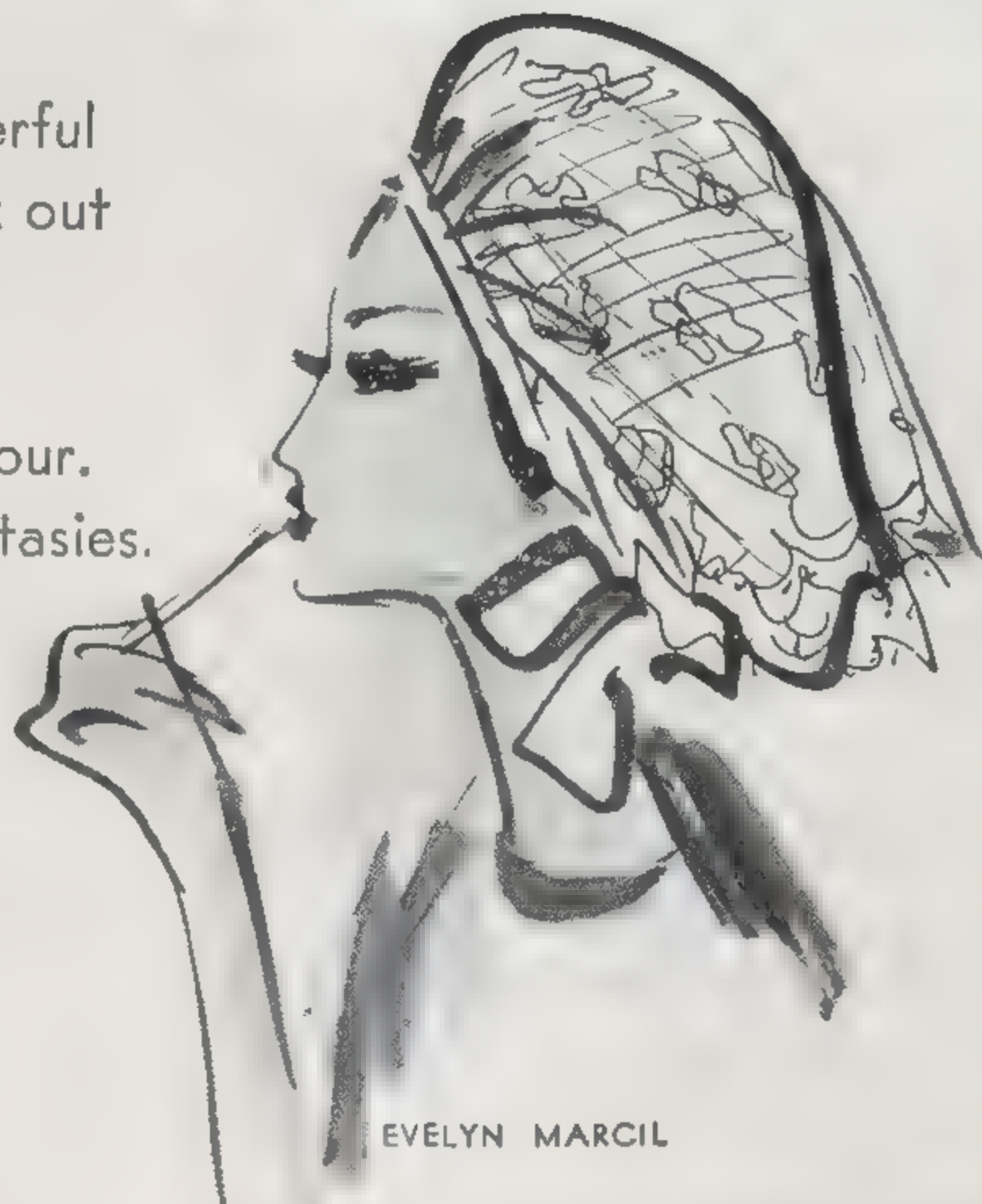


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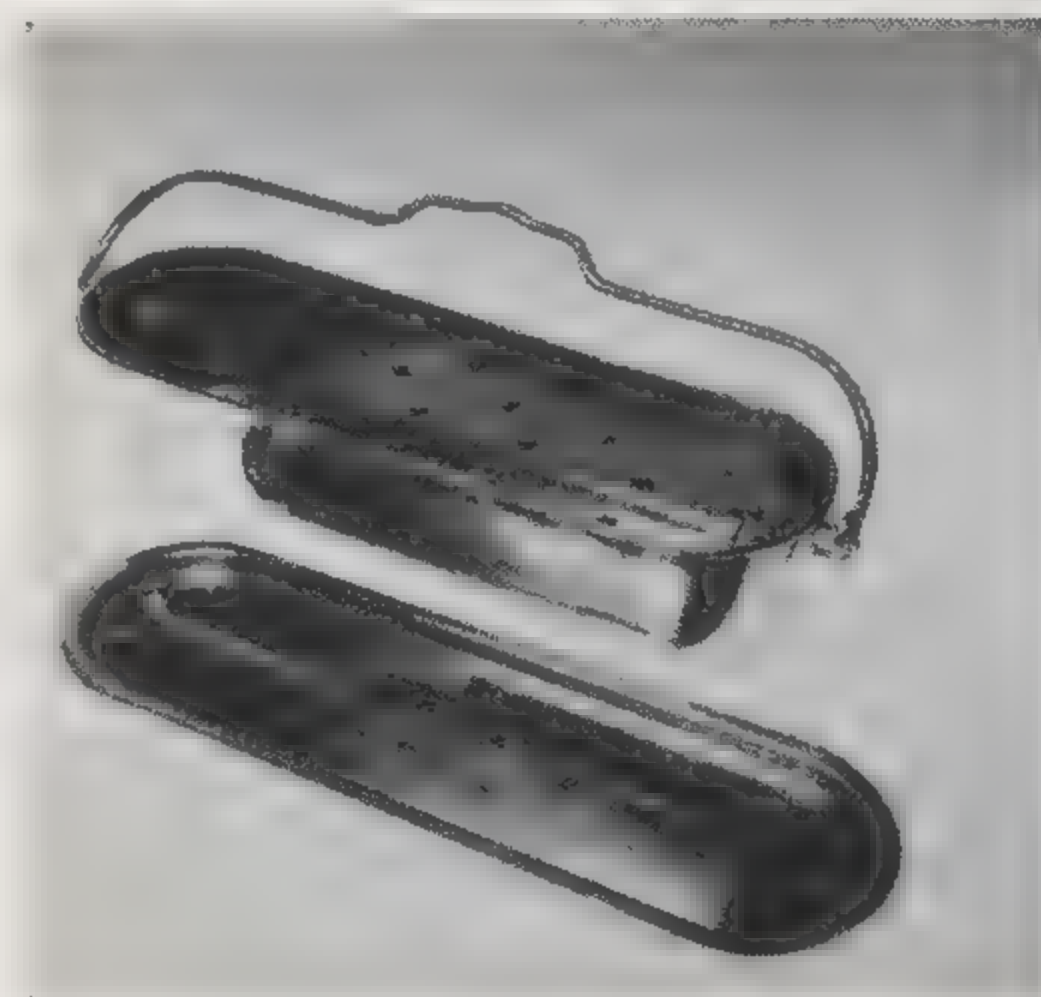


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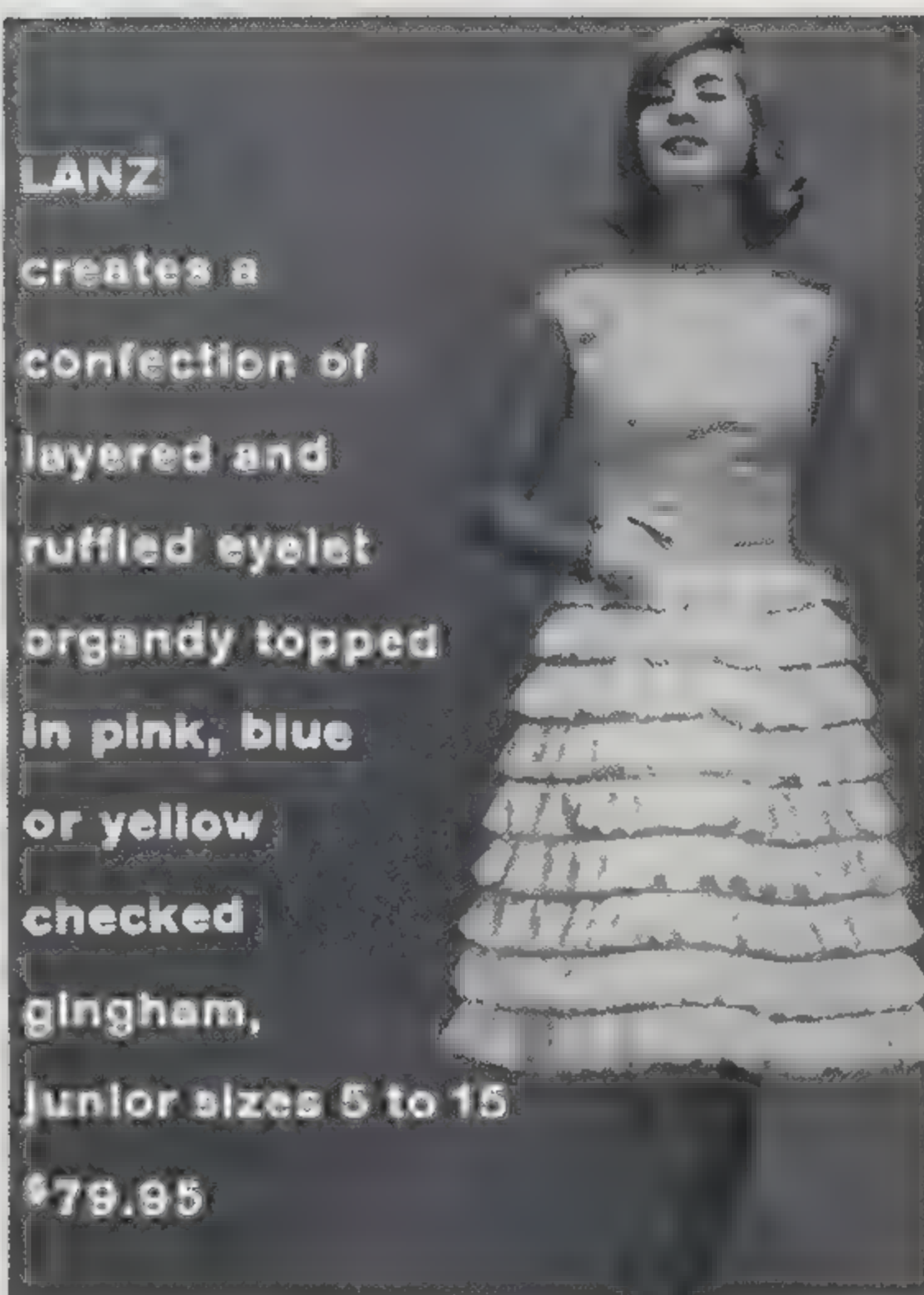


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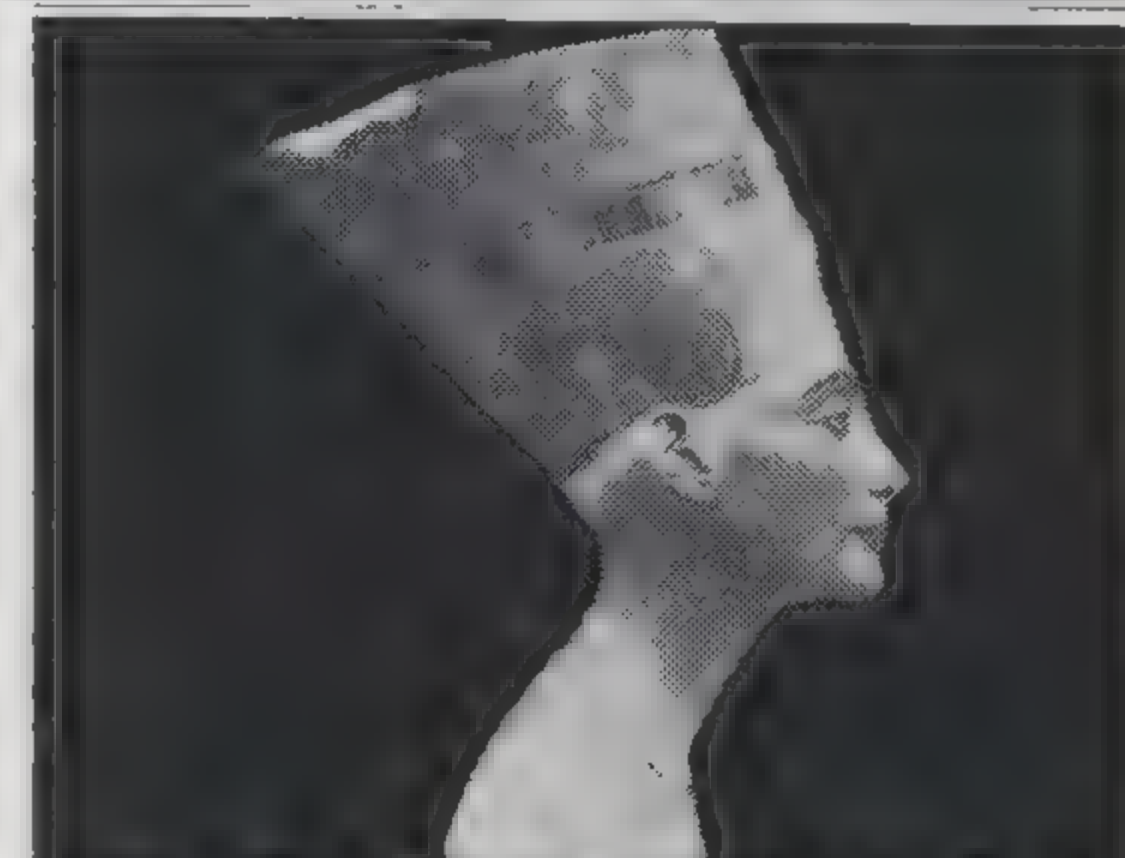
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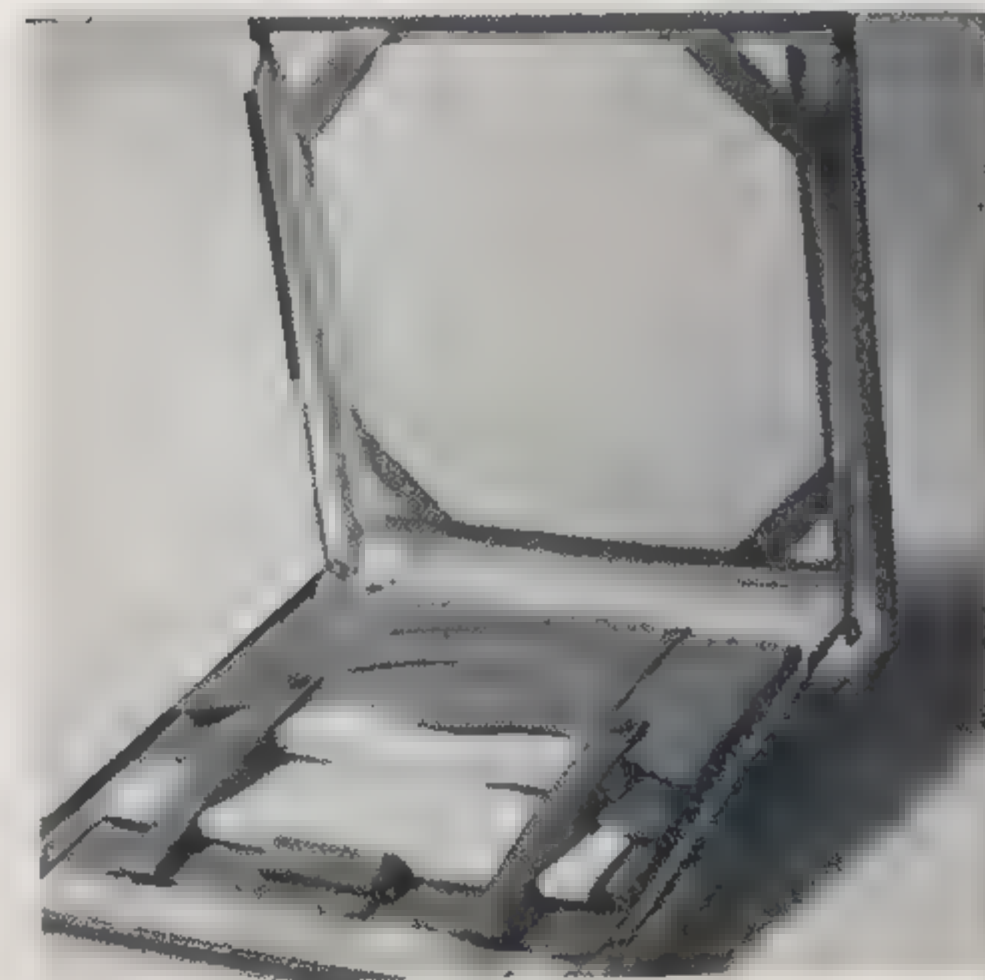
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Skinny little natural-coloured leather shoes trimmed with suède (of the same colour) that crosses over the instep. Also in black, red, blue. Sizes 4½-10, AAA-C. \$17.40 ppd. Mayfair Shoes, 526 Madison Ave., New York 22, New York.

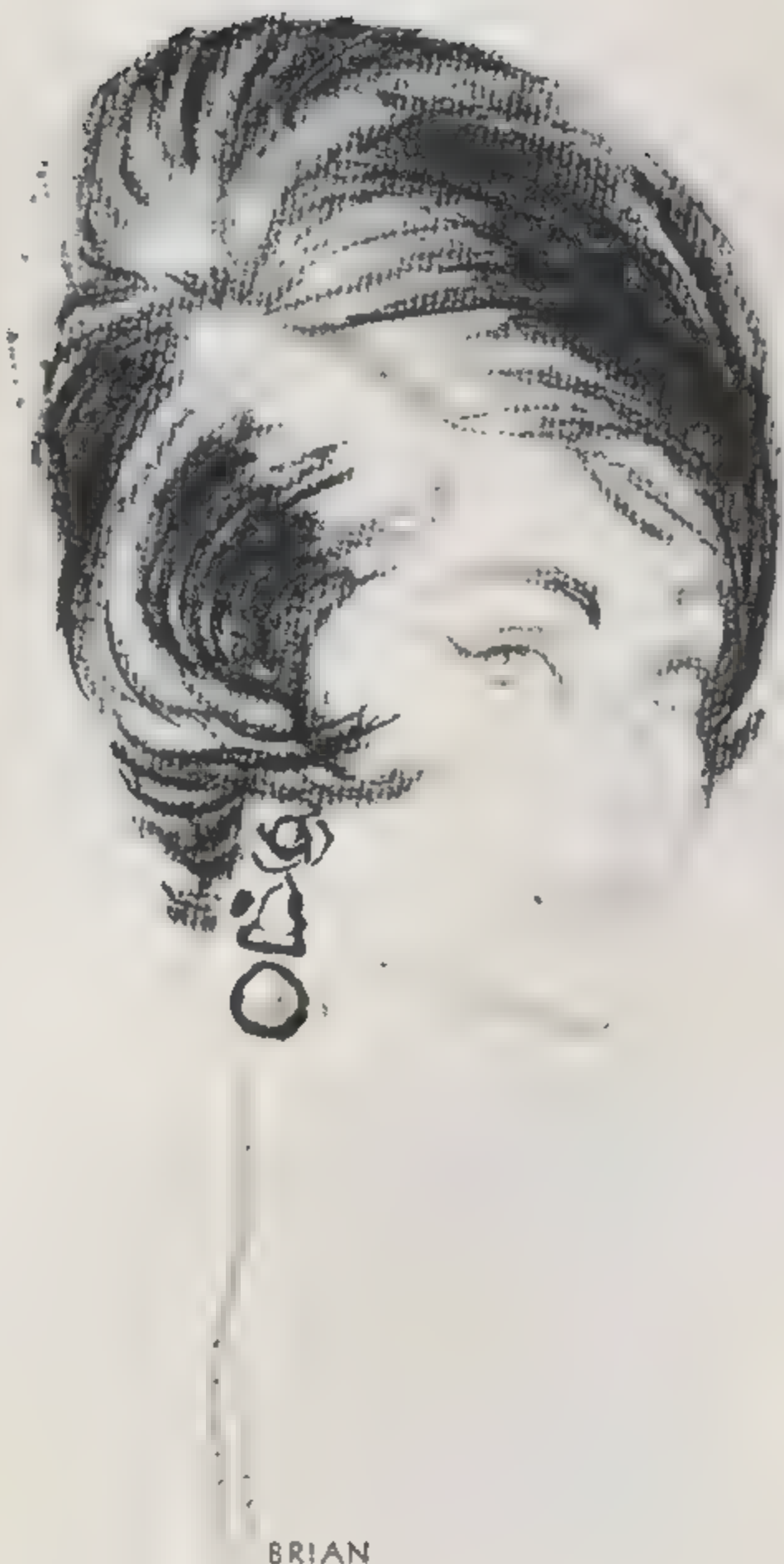


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HOUND

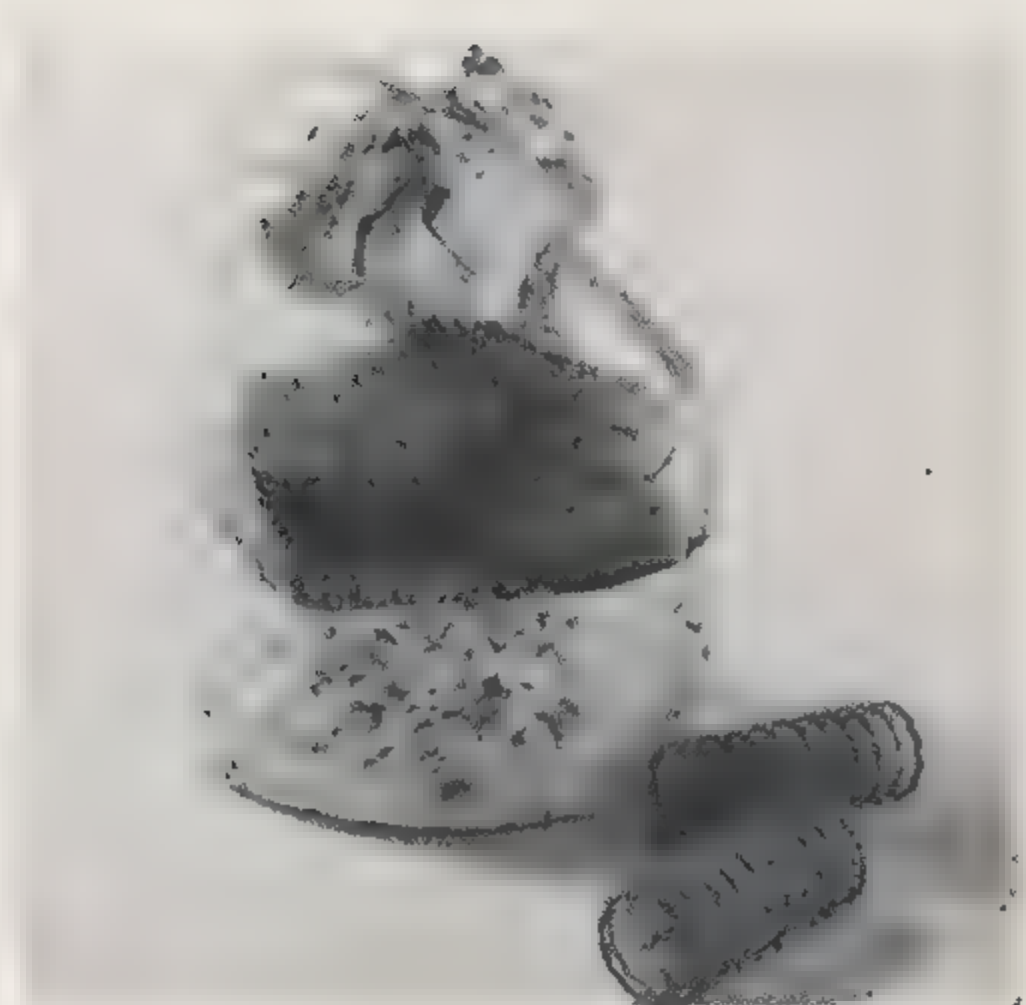
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A coiffure, short and close to the head, bangs swept across the forehead; with height at the back of the crown—looks sleek and soft. By Ferrantelle, 6 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.



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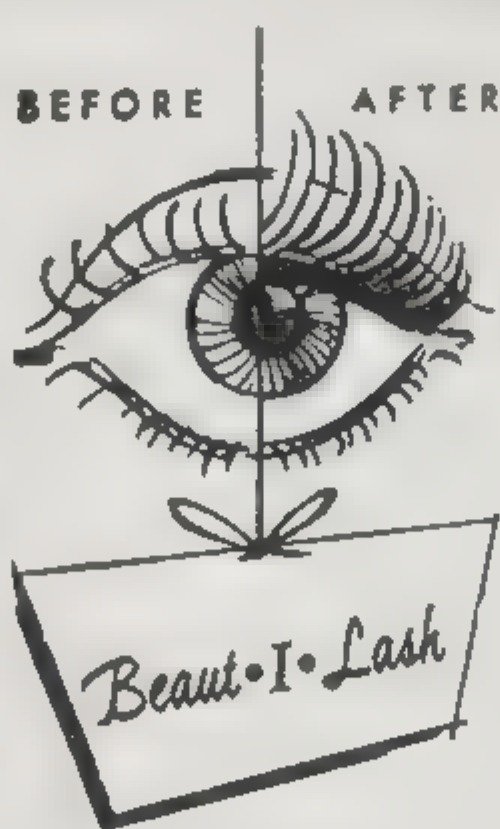
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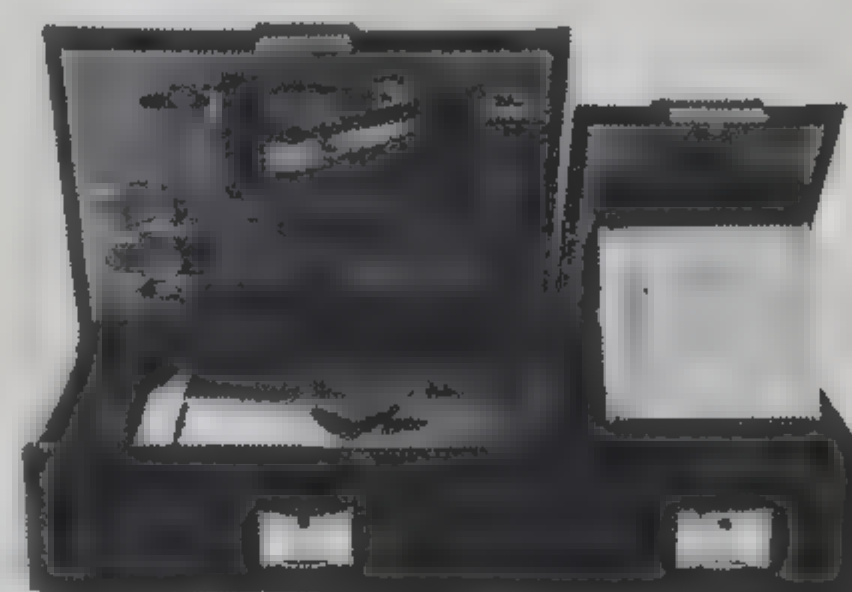
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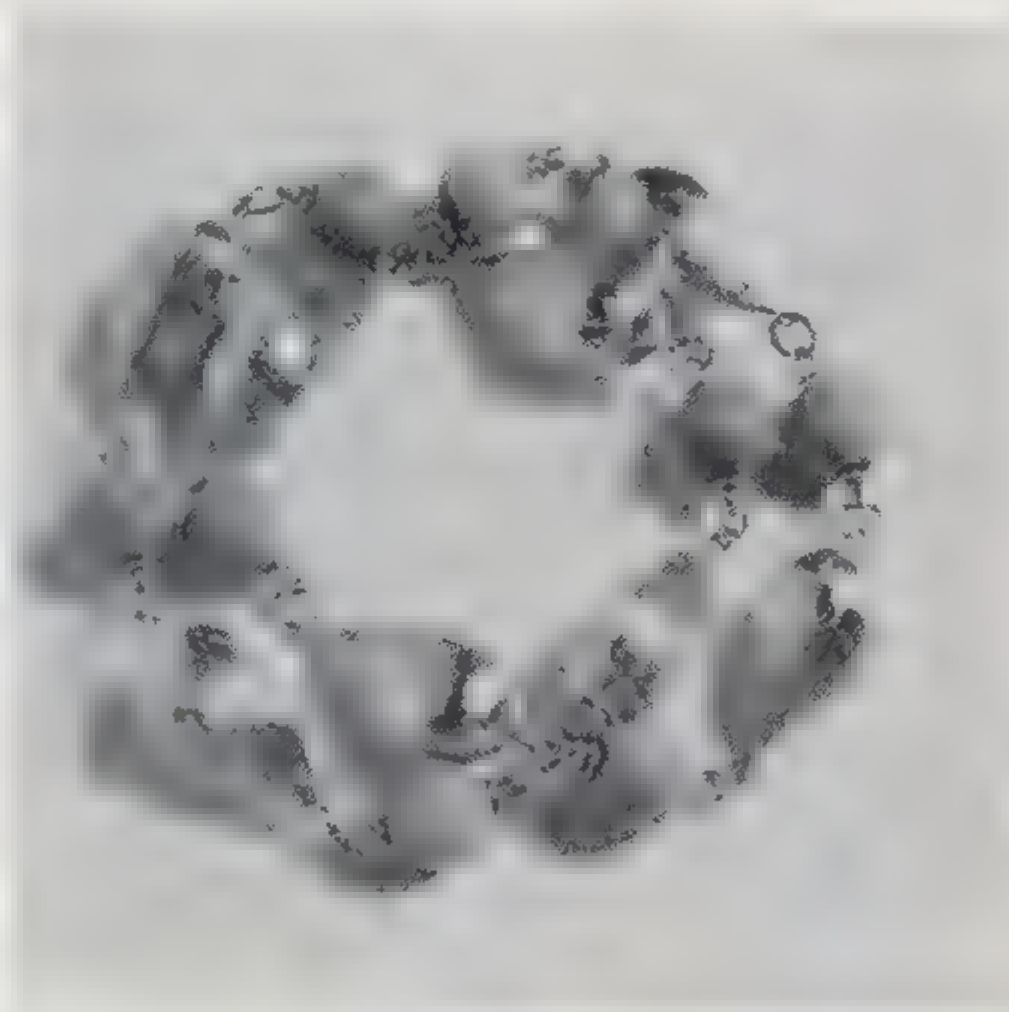
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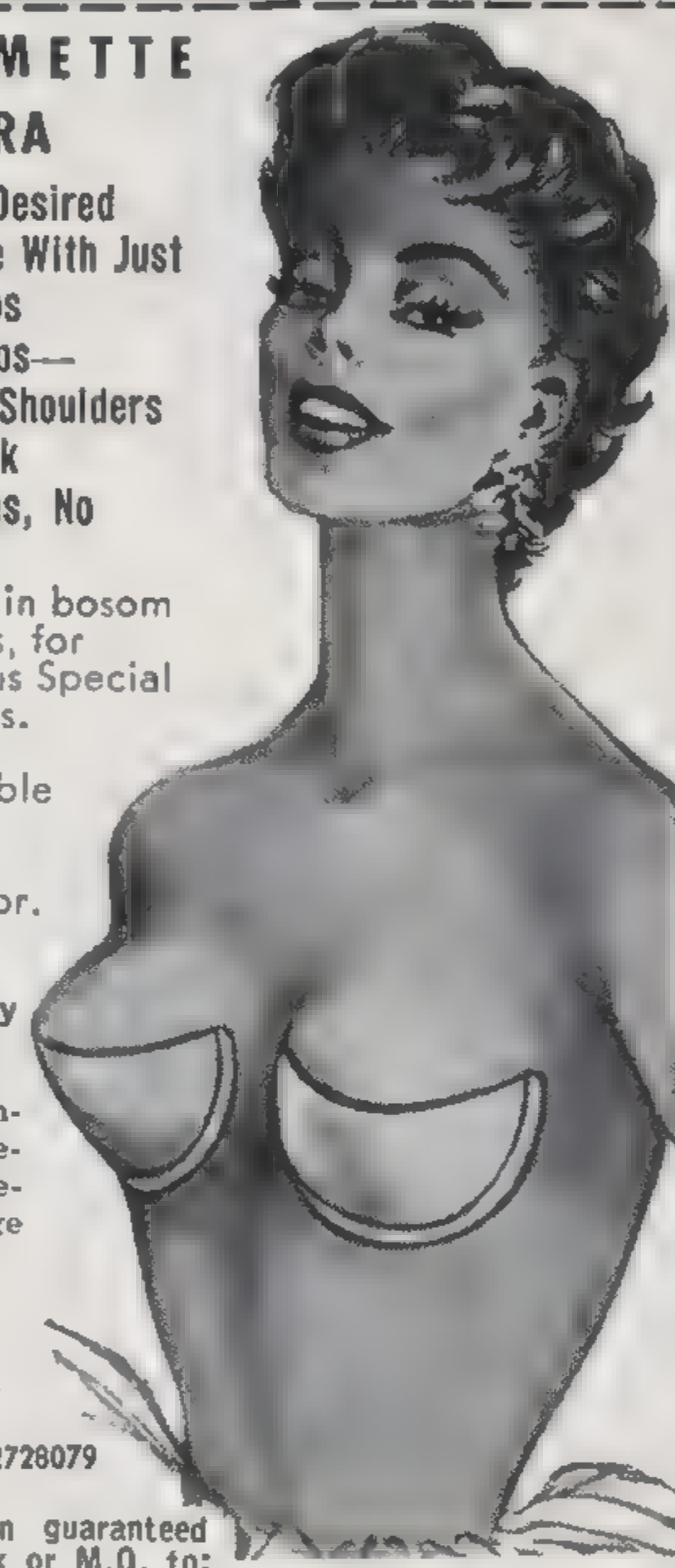
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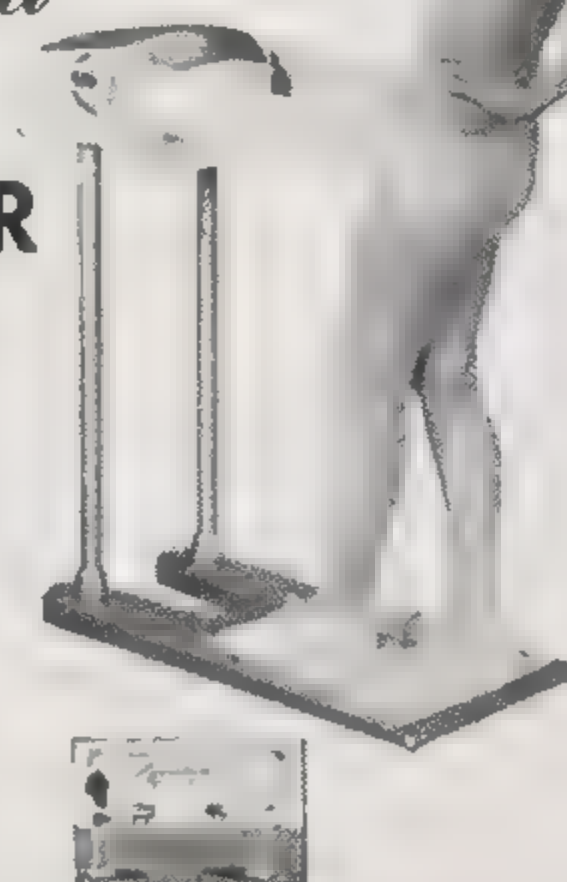
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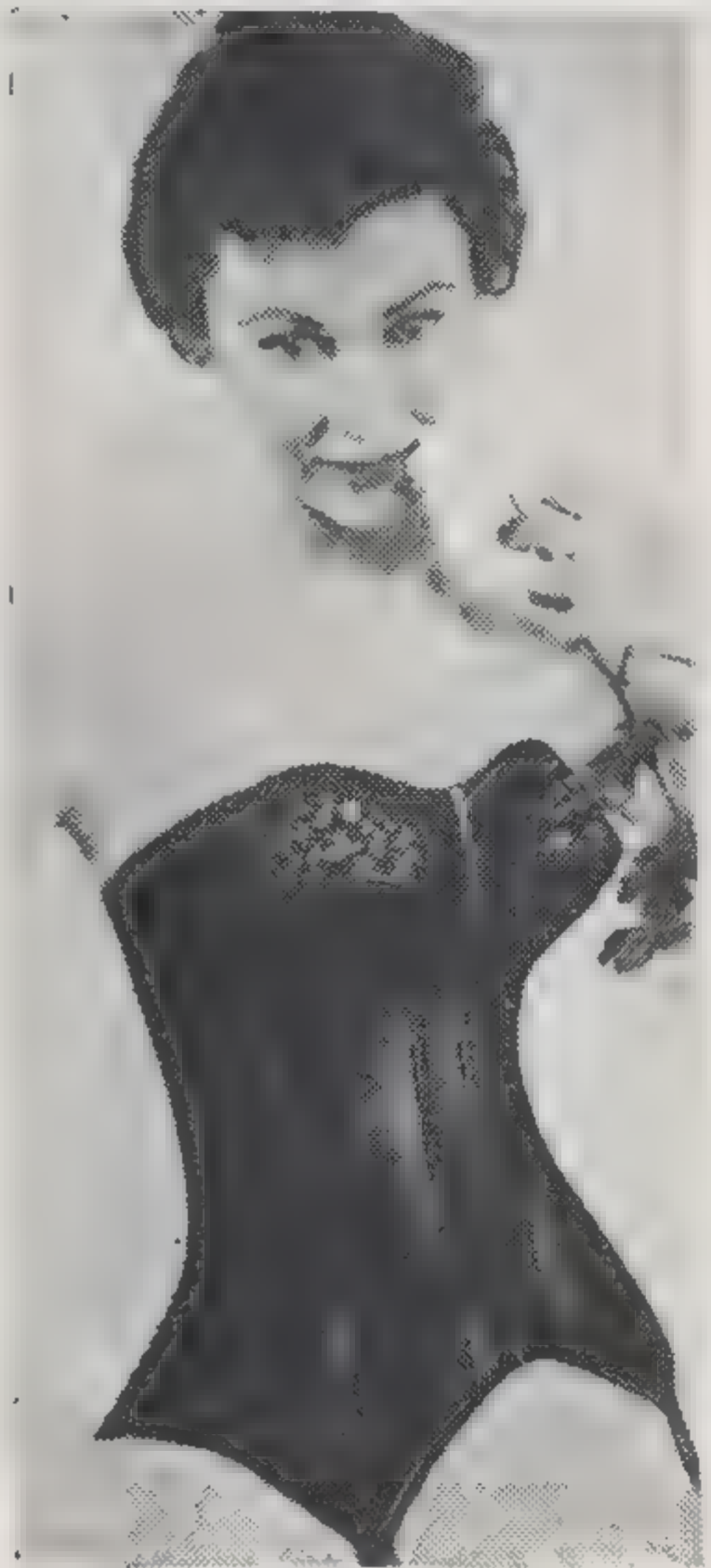


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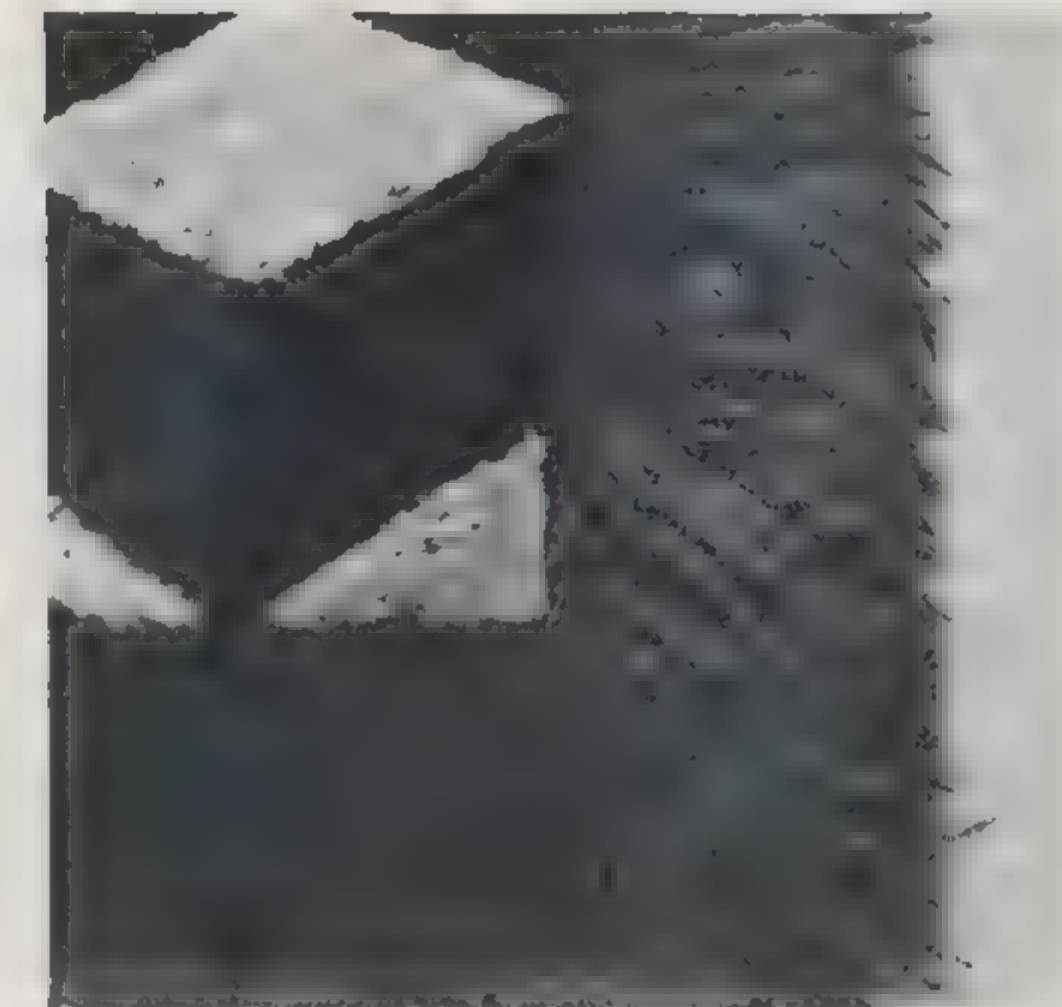


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Germaine Monteil

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW: WE LOVE STATISTICS

Among other quirks stamped USA, the national passion for statistics looms large and squiggly, with some of the figures as unpredictable as the next Steinberg drawing; ZOOM goes one figure, plop falls another, and the plops are just as likely as not to explode one of the Great American Myths.

FOR INSTANCE, BASEBALL IS AMERICA'S LOVE, BUT LAST YEAR MORE MONEY WAS SPENT AT THE RACE TRACKS THAN AT THE BALL PARKS. ("EMPTIES THE MIND AND FILLS THE LUNGS WITH AIR," A. J. LIEBLING ONCE EXPLAINED.)

Then there's rock and roll and le jazz cool, obviously for crazy Americans who also support—somewhere between the Atlantic and the Pacific—1,200 symphony orchestras, 783 opera companies.

In all of the U.S. there are some 4,000 museums, still not enough to satisfy the national appetite for art, science, and assorted museum specialties.

What about the pampered American woman whose work is done by machines? As of this year, more than 23,000,000 U.S. women hold regular jobs outside the home.

With toothpaste, oranges, and milk the myths are still solid: About 600,000,000 tubes of toothbrushers are sold annually; over 4,000,000,000 lbs. of oranges consumed; more than 60.9 billion lbs. of milk—the sales of all non-fat varieties, by the way, have skyrocketed along with the word on staying thin.

A nation of spectators are we? Yes . . . but on the other hand the sales of riding equipment seem to have risen as much as 30% since 1959.

THE "VANISHING AMERICAN INDIAN" IS ON THE RISE. FROM A MERE 250,000 INDIANS REMAINING AT THE END OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, THE CENSUS HAS RISEN TO OVER 500,000.

And while it's true that a distressing number of Americans speak nothing but American, technical books and journals are translated from a variety of languages at the rate of more than 1,000,000 words a month.

AND—PLOP—THE HIDDEN TRUTH ABOUT AMERICAN BEAUTY ROSES IS THAT, EXCEPT FOR A FEW BUSHES IN NEW ORLEANS, NONE HAVE BEEN GROWN BY FLORISTS FOR A QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

Almost every one of the more than 1,000,000 U.S. corporations gathers some statistics; yet the American Statistical Association lists just over 7,000 members.



This minute in American fashion—
a whole new
way to look

A skirt gored to twirl-width, a wide belt lashed firmly at the waist, pillbox jacket—that's the newest suit look between New York and Nome. Stated here by Norman Norell—who manages to be simultaneously American fashion's arch-maverick, arch-conservative—it is the "other look" that is the 1962 message from a designer who makes clothes for elegant women with a strong sense of realism.

Suit of grey wool, pink silk surah blouse, black calfskin belt. At Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.



THIS-MINUTE BELTS

Bold no-nonsense belts

clue the new American

look—wide-skirted or

slender as a string.

1962's very special

chic: the shirt, skirt

and stole with the im-

pect of a suit.... No

surprise to Norell

admirers: the little

black dress is thin,

imperishable wool.

Left: Grey wool skirt and stole; shirt of pleated black silk Honan. At Henri Bendel; Rich's; Hudson's; L. S. Ayres; I. Magnin. Right: Narrow black wool dress, with calfskin belt. At Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Julius Garfinckel; Dayton's; I. Magnin.

KAREN RADKAI



FOURTEEN YEARS AGO THE WORDS HERE STRUCK A NOTE THAT STILL SOUNDS, STILL COMPELS: "TAKING AMERICA FOR GRANTED" WAS PUBLISHED FIRST IN THE AMERICANA ISSUE OF VOGUE, FEBRUARY 1, 1948. SINCE THEN, IT HAS BEEN REPRINTED TWICE IN "THE READER'S DIGEST"—IN APRIL, 1948, AND IN NOVEMBER, 1961—REPRINTED TWICE MORE IN TWO "READER'S DIGEST" ANTHOLOGIES AND INNUMERABLE TIMES BY PUBLIC-MINDED PEOPLE EAGER TO CARRY WORDS TO REMIND AMERICANS OF THE WONDERS AMERICANS TAKE FOR GRANTED.

TAKING AMERICA FOR GRANTED

There was a time, in this country, when even a whole day of life was not taken for granted; much less water, shelter, a safe night's sleep. Now, by reason of a uniquely bountiful heritage, we take for granted ...too much. We assume. Expect. Insist.

Nowhere else in the world is this possible. Nowhere in the world is it wise. We not only accept, unthinking, the great urgencies of

food, shelter, and clothes, but the whole spate of little things that make up a way of life, a standard of living, a pattern of security. We assume that some kind of transportation will get us to work. We take for granted the protection of our locked front door; a roof to our living room; heat, lights. We expect our children, bursting with vitality and vitamin B, to knock our hats askew with the vigour of their welcome. As breathing, we take for granted a hot bath, soap; the evening newspaper, penicillin, and sodas at the corner drugstore. We assume that young husbands will, with their bare efforts, make a successful future for themselves, that older husbands will retire on what, over the long years, they have put away...for savings, of course, are inviolate. We expect our daughters to have an evening dress. We cheerfully assume that some decent men will get voted into public office. We know that the veterans can get a G.I. loan, and assume that, with it, one of them will start a future U.S. Steel. Another will marry, and produce an Edison, a Jefferson, a Carver. We take for granted that we will not be shot, imprisoned, or have our "everything" confiscated; that our children will live to grow up.

What we forget, what we forget every day, every moment, is our own history. That it was not entirely to give us these delicacies of life, these luxuries-become-necessities that those men stayed on at Valley Forge for twenty-two cents a day, that Abraham Lincoln did the fine, unpopular thing, unwaveringly; that over fifty-six thousand men died in prison camps between '61 and '64, that, later, half a million lay in their blood on foreign soil. It was not to guarantee us our ice cream and radios that innocent, bewildered women were burned at the stake, bore children during Indian attacks, suffered cruel lampooning as pioneering educators, were partners in the greatest pioneering adventure of all—the sweep to the West. It is good to remember what our simple right to vote cost other human beings. Perhaps they

had no thought of us, as individuals; they were concerned with making their America. What they made is what we have. To take this heritage, unthinkingly, for granted is a first step to losing it.

WE TAKE FOR GRANTED THE GOOD THINGS OF AMERICA. HERE IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH BY PENN, HIS SHORTHAND FOR FOURTEEN OF THOSE GOOD THINGS.

The light bulb stands for the stark symbol of the graces of electricity, everywhere from the remote farms to New York's Park Avenue, that canyon of light.

The glass of water is the right of purity of drinking water.

The bottle of clear Novocain is the symbol for removing pain, for the knowledge that pain itself is harmful.

The fresh, large grain, grey caviar means luxury, possible, rarely improbable.

The transistor is the tiny symbol for greater communications; it puts us in touch with outer space and with Perry Como.

The house key stands for one's own rooftop, for privacy.

The small lavender jar of liquid is the Salk polio vaccine that stands not only for its own miracle but for further researches.

The car key symbolizes the millions of cars, the great parking lots full of employees' cars at the side of enormous factories, the web of throughways and turnpikes and their feeder roads.

The black charcoal briquette is a small stand-in for neat heat, for the way the country packages everything.

The green cake of soap has its own compact meaning—the cult of the bathroom.

The handful of fresh green peas reflects the lovely ease, the luxury of fresh vegetables all the year round.

The little purple and yellow capsule is penicillin, the first of the great dynasty of antibiotics.

The brown miracle fibre is nylon, which, with its cousins, has changed the ways of the country, and is used in a thousand ways, from parachutes to stockings, from tires to curtain walls.

The red capsule is a compound vitamin, which, somewhere in the world often means the difference between life and death and is treasured beyond rubies.









JULIE HARRIS, left, is a slim, small, unfreckled redhead, with blue eyes, and the kind of concise, pleasant, expressive features that, when they belong to actresses tend to be called mobile, and when they belong to everybody else are known as typically American. Atypically, she is that theatrical phenomenon: a non-singing, non-dancing, non-bosomy performer who can sell tickets like nobody's business—a coup she's been pulling off regularly since 1949, when she played the raggedy-haired twelve-year-old heroine of Carson McCullers' *Member of the Wedding*, and won for it both the Critics' and Donaldson Awards. Since then she has acquired more prizes, more stature, a brownstone in New York, and a delight in touring her plays across America. Physically—except for the fact that her hair is now shoulder length—she appears not to have changed at all. "She still," one admirer observed, "looks marvellous either terribly sad or terribly gay." Both emotions are visible on Broadway now in *A Shot in the Dark*, in which she plays an engagingly tarty French parlour-maid on trial for murder; still others in her extraordinary range will be seen shortly in the Columbia movie, *Requiem for a Heavyweight*. In private life, Miss Harris is married to the producer, Manning Gurion. Their six-and-a-half-year-old son, though he doesn't as a rule watch TV, did see Miss Harris in full, final make-up for *Victoria Regina*; he thought she looked like a "little old cuckoo clock." The suit Miss Harris is wearing here—a cream-coloured wool with a navy-blue-and-white silk polka-dotted blouse—is by Norman Norell. Her coiffure is by Antoine du Printemps, who devised it for *A Shot in the Dark*. (The suit can be found at Bonwit Teller.)





INDEPENDENT DASH— THE COWBOY INFLUENCE

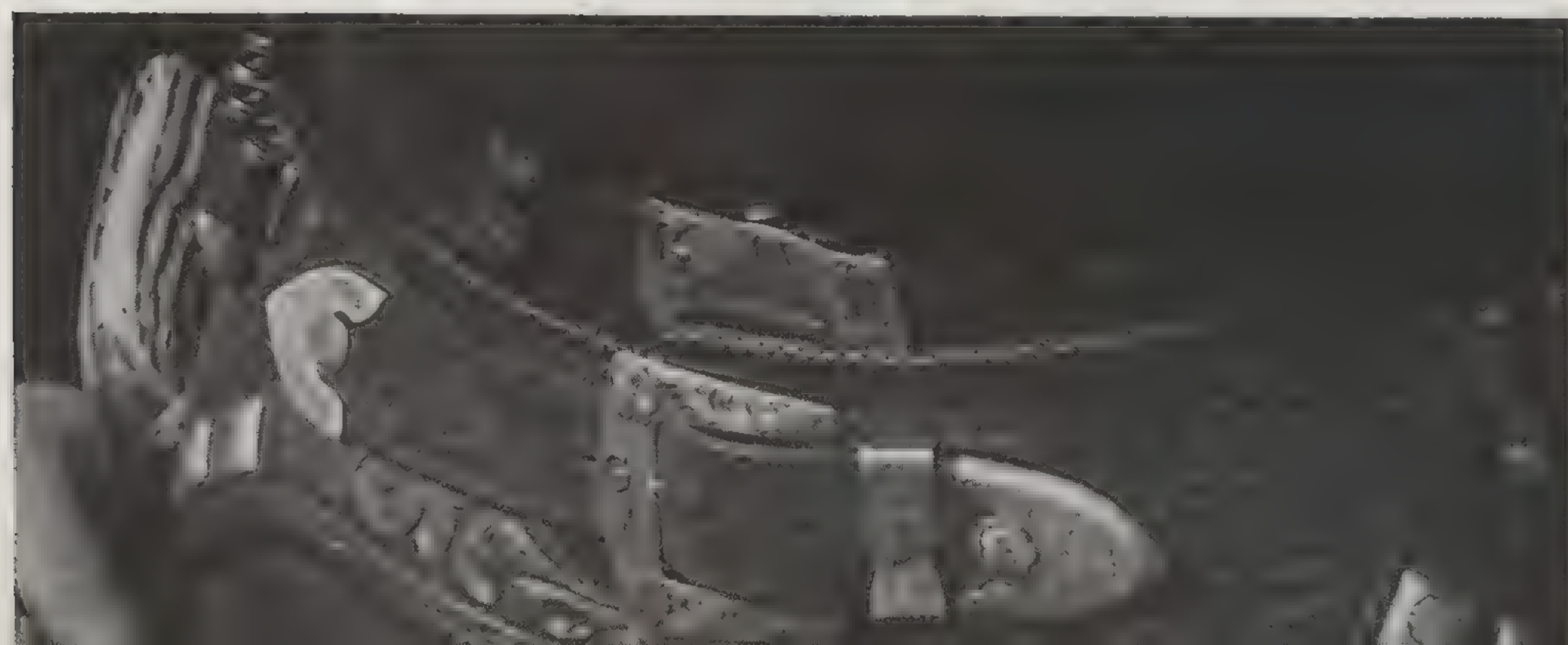
The most romantic and exciting figure in Western American history, the cowboy is known now, as he was in frontier phases, for recurring and insistent demands for independence, a continuing smack in the eye for all those who feel that Americans are being swamped by conformity. Rugged enough to take on a few dude impulses, cowboys launched just about the jazziest look American fashion has ever known—bright silk shirts, as much silver mounting as a man can walk with, way-out hats, and a nonchalance that adds the works up to native U. S. of A. elegance. Here and on the next four pages: examples of what the West turned loose. Above left: the hip-slung pants that swept the Côte d'Azur this summer. Below right: the cowboy à la movie.

Blue jeans—the Wild West fashion that's as international as the Yankee dollar; worn from Sweden to the Riviera, from the boot of Italy to Tokyo. Denim pants reinforced "at strain points by copper rivets," they are known technically as Levi's, came by their name from Levi Strauss, a young fortune hunter who hit California in 1850 where he gave up gold-panning to strike it rich making pants. Since then Levi's have racked up worldwide sales of over 150,000,000 pairs.





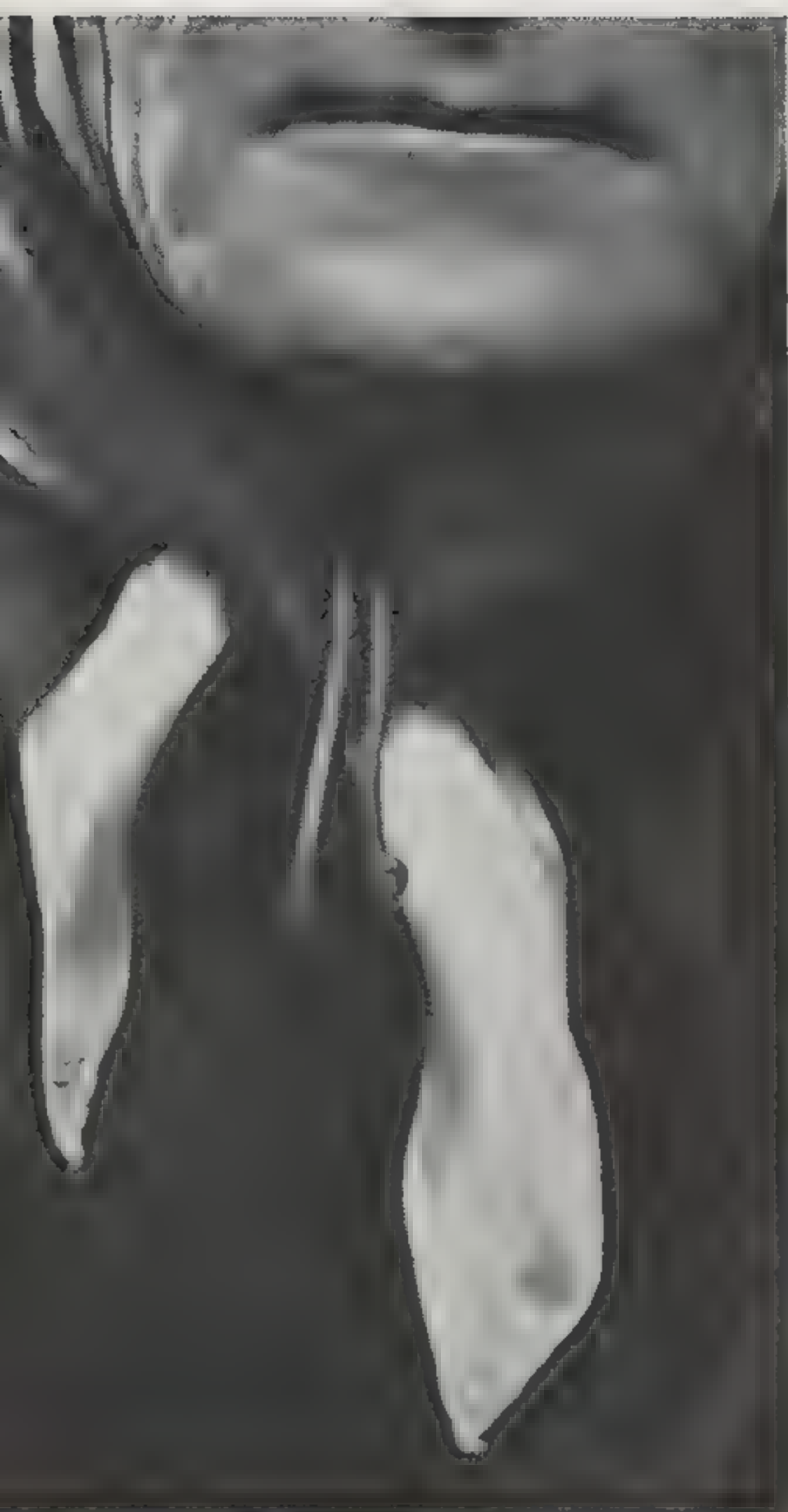
PICTORIAL PARADE



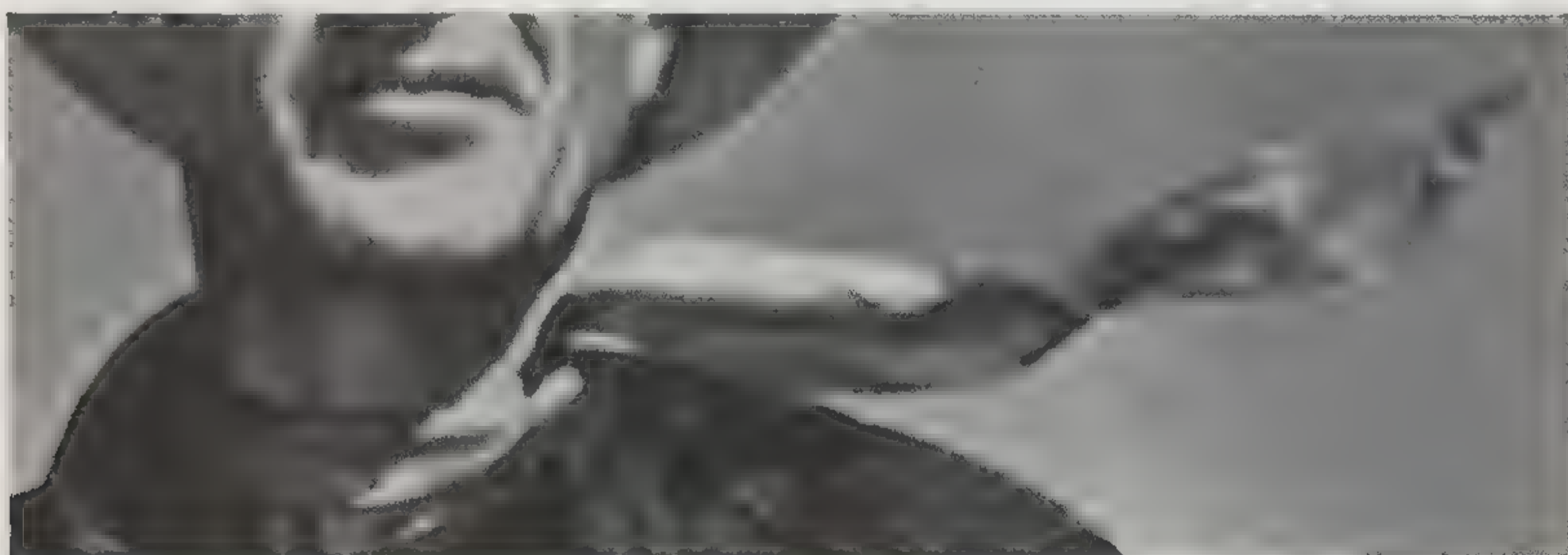
The special reckless chic that goes into the cowboy look—that alluring combo of honest Abe and Billy the Kid—demands exactly the right gear, a point of pride that often costs the “cavalier of the prairie” half his monthly wages. At the top, the rolling sombrero—so important that a cowboy interviewed recently on the David Brinkley show quit his job in the middle of round-up time simply because someone offered to take him to town and buy him a new hat. (Left, the fabulous Gary Cooper face, the hat.) Triangle scarfs are traditional, but the Wyatt Earp tie (see left) also figures. Most ornamental of all cowboy trappings are the high-heeled boots and (shown below) the hip-slung belts, heavy with silver. One ranch man we know actually wears his rodeo belt with a blue suit in the gulch that’s known as Wall Street.

Cowboy fashion that could be worn for days on end without ever seeing sagebrush: flag-striped jacket with a navy-blue skirt. Vital to the big picture here: the Coop hat of white straw, the triangle scarf. Suit of double-knitted wool by Handmacher, about \$75. Altman's; Hutzler's; Hudson's; Meier & Frank. Mr. John hat. For shops in other cities see page 178.





PICTORIAL PARADE



more fashion that couldn't be kept down on the prairie: the bright, sassy neckerchief that varies from bandanna-simple to something silk and splendid for rodeo galas. Left: Bandanna shots of three of the movie heroes whose dead-eye dash has made the cowboy complex throbbing and durable. Top, Randolph Scott, grave and firm, above a square-knotted scarf. Next, Gary Cooper, flamboyantly casual, scarf ends streaming. After that, Gene Autry, his neckerchief twisted and polka dot, tied offside.

Slick as a new pair of spurs: this easy little navy-blue suit polished off with an immaculate cowpoke scarf and a rangy hat of pure white organdie (how femme can you get?). Suit by David Crystal of double knitted wool, with the surprise of a bias pleated skirt. About \$65. Red and white silk scarf by Vera. Kidskin gloves by Kislav, all at Best & Co. Suit also at Julius Garfinckel; Montaldo's; Frederic & Nelson. (For shops in other cities, see page 178.) Emme hat. Bandanna-brave lipstick: American Beauty by Beauty Counselors.





New love in American fashion — the woman 5'4" and under



If you've an idea (and this could amount to an *idée fixe*) that the key to wearing clothes beautifully is primarily a matter of height, have some statistics: Claudette Colbert is 5'4"; the Duchess of Windsor is 5'3½"; Mrs. Leonard Bernstein is 5'3½"; and Anita Loos—a mere slip of a thing—is a neat fifty-eight inches from the top of her bangs to the tip of her toes. Exceptions to the rule, do you think? Not according to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company—the last time they looked they found that the most typical thing an American woman could be was under five-feet-five. And not according to some of the best designers of American fashion, who, having mulled the statistics, are now spinning out their excitements in such revolutionary—and real-life—sizes as 6 and 4. (There is even talk of 2 and 0, but the wearers, we'd guess are rather like the long, lanky, leggy American legend—around, but not in droves.)

Left: Bold strawberry checks worn with bold jewellery—and a lesson in 5'5"-and-under dressing. Namely, when proportions are on target (the difference between 10 and 6 is usually the difference of an inch-and-a-half at the edge of a jacket, a half-inch less sleeve, a smidge less collar), the clothes-world is a small woman's oyster. Zelinka-Matlick suit of Anglo American wool (sizes 6 to 16). About \$110. The necklace by Napier. Both at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Suit, also at Wanamaker's, Phila.; Halle Bros.; I. Magnin. Lipstick: special formula Rose by Ar-Ex. *Above:* A perfectly straightforward cardigan suit (remember when that was a small-woman rarity?) in red, with navy-blue hearts on the white blouse inside. By Adele Simpson in American wool and Onondaga silk (sizes 6 to 16). About \$215. The twist of gilt earrings by Marvella. Both at Bonwit Teller. The suit, also at Hutzler's; Rich's; Joseph Magnin.



New love in U. S. fashion—the small woman. Above: Chiffon-drift lifted at the waist—which happens to be not only one of the best new lines in American fashion, but one of the most becoming that a woman 5' 4" and under could wear. By Jane Derby (sizes 6 to 16) of pink-and-white dotted silk chiffon. (Couture fabric), at Hattie Carnegie; Nan Duskin; Harold's; I. Magnin. Andrew Geller shoes. *Right:* What's Out for the small woman? Practically nothing—except the idea that big scarfs (or big furs, or big hats) will swallow her up, or that low-heeled shoes will cause her to disappear entirely. What's In is the simple—and unoverwhelming—dash of looks like this: princesse-curved navy-blue coat, loosely wrapped in a toss of fringy scarf, and worn with inch-heeled shoes. Coat by Tiffeau & Busch (sizes 6 to 14), of Milliken wool; about \$190. Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's; Sakowitz. Grandoe gloves. Hat by Sally Victor. Shoes by Julianelli.





New love in U. S. fashion—the small woman. Above: Little-evening chiffon—not a scrap too much of it for a small woman to handle beautifully. Black over navy blue, with sheathy wrist-covering sleeves, a high sashed waist, and a skirt that ends in navy-blue flounces. The hat that works: a magnified navy-blue leghorn, rolled back in black chiffon. This and the dress (of Bianchini silk), by Galanos; sizes 6 to 14. Both, at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. John Ferro opera pumps. Chairs shown on these six pages are from Knoll Associates. *Right:* Green wool tweed suit with just about everything it takes to be a size 6's friend for life—not too much jacket, jot of fit, eased-up skirt—and nothing at all to discourage a size 14. By Ben Zuckerman; about \$235. The flower-holder pin (it's holding a fresh anemone here), by Cadoro. Meyers Make gloves. Everything at Saks Fifth Avenue. The suit, also at Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. Black patent leather slouch hat, by Emme.





Jamesian complexities intact in the Moore-Ayer, all-American opera, *The Wings of the Dove*

**Rosalind Russell,
the widow from
Brooklyn in
*A Majority of One***



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

"THE WINGS OF THE DOVE," a subtle all-American opera by white-haired Douglas Moore whose strong music plays out directly against the restrained libretto by Ethan Ayer; here (opposite) with three members of the cast, the five moulding the great Henry James novel into an intensely theatrical opera with most of the Jamesian complexities improbably intact. (It was performed for the first time last October by the New York City Opera, with Julius Rudel conducting.) In this photograph, standing back of Mr. Ayer, is John Reardon, as a rather weak young man deviously redeemed; Dorothy Coulter (centre), a fragile soprano, as the dying heiress who redeems him; and Regina Sarfaty (right), darkly effective as the young man's mistress whose peculiar failure it was to possess both a conscience and an eye for the main chance.

ROSALIND RUSSELL is more delightful than she has ever been before in this happy, funny movie, *A Majority of One*, in which Miss Russell has a slack-figure, a delicious accent, crow's-feet, and a girdle-less mind as she plays the comfortable Mrs. Jacoby of Brooklyn against the stiff-upper-lip Japanese industrialist, played with slightly tipped eyes and astounding good humour by Alec Guinness. In the part done on Broadway by Gertrude Berg, Miss Russell is mostly on target, emotional, practical, protective, an Action-Expressionist. DR. JOHN ENDERS is that Mothers' Delight, an eminent virologist who has developed a measles vaccine that has been effective in ninety-six per cent of the children inoculated. Within two years, it is believed that this great Harvard scientist and other experts will so perfect the measles vaccine that it will be acceptable, licensed, and available. Thirteen years ago Dr. Enders and his technical team found they could grow polio-virus in tissue cultures, a feat that led directly to the Salk polio vaccine, to live-virus vaccines, and the Nobel Prize. Although at that time only thirteen of the viruses causing human disease were known, now at least sixty others have been cultured, many by the Enders method. In his laboratories at the Children's Cancer Research Foundation in Boston, Dr. Enders with his eleven assistants is deep in cultivating virus cultures.

**The measles-
vaccine man,
the great
Dr. John Enders**



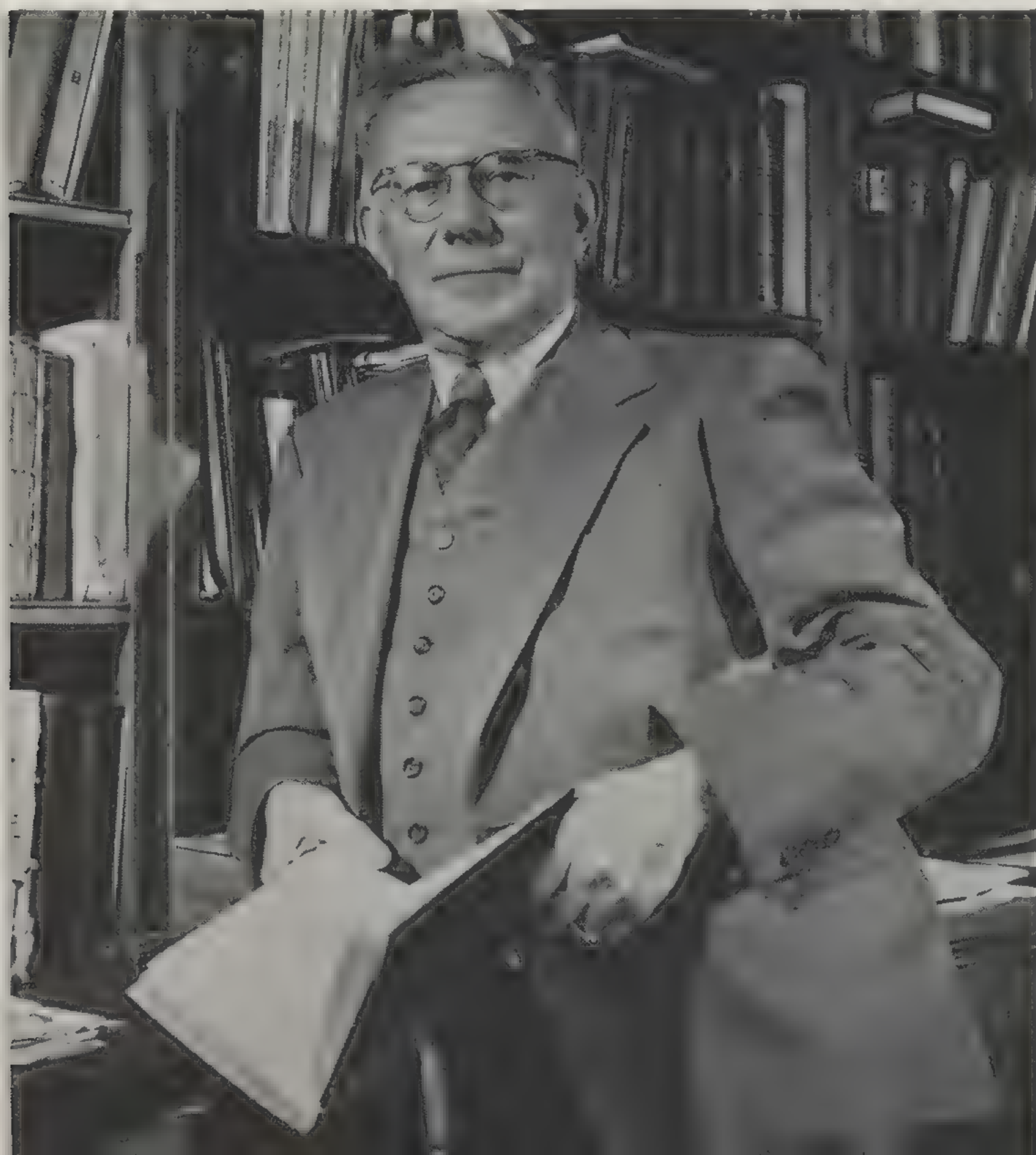
PENN

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

DR. PAUL TILlich, one of the two or three greatest Protestant theologians in this country. A broad, gentle man whose humanism is warmly enveloping, whose voice is deep, and whose mind is sharp but without a cutting edge, Dr. Tillich first set forth his theological theorems in German Universities, then at the Union Theological Seminary in New York City, and now at Harvard where he is a University Professor, a distinction reserved for seven men at this time; their only command from the administration is to push back the frontiers of knowledge. Recently Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr wrote that Dr. Tillich is "by general consent the most creative philosopher of religion of our generation . . . a very seminal thinker whether he is dealing with the relation of religion to art, to psychoanalysis, to politics, and to education. He reveals in considering every subject, the breadth and depth of his erudition and the wisdom of his judgments."

THE MOVIE, "ADVISE AND CONSENT" and the scene in the Capitol Rotunda as it was photographed from the eye of the dome. The specks in this photograph are the camera crew, Otto Preminger, the film's producer-director, and some ten of the cast, including Henry Fonda, Franchot Tone, Peter Lawford, Charles Laughton, and Walter Pidgeon. (They never looked lovelier.) In other scenes, taken from Allen Drury's novel about Washington politics, some two hundred and fifty newsmen play themselves, three Senators have bit parts, and three hundred amateur players danced the same few steps eighteen times between five in the afternoon and three in the morning for a party shot. After Mr. Preminger warned one worn-out ambassador repeatedly not to look in the camera, the diplomat said: "I don't even know at this hour where the camera is."

BYRON JANIS, a brilliant American pianist, is a cultural barnstormer for the next three months as he plays a concert a night from Canada to Texas and across the breadth of the country. A rather small, definitely thin man with extraordinary strength, he has a pallor the colour of Irish Belleek. After his tour here, he will fly to Moscow where his performances last year led the Russian composer, Kabalevsky, to call Janis "a worthy exchange for Richter." His sinewy, sensitive hands, capable of playing two Liszt concerti in one evening, have the steel quality of his home town, Pittsburgh, which he left as a boy to study with Vladimir Horowitz—the only Horowitz pupil. For two months every year he quits the concert hall to study in his New York apartment where Rachmaninoff once lived and where Mr. Janis now lives with his English wife and young son. Quite apart from music, his great passion is baseball. When he heard in Russia from a friend that the Pittsburgh Pirates won the 1960 World Series, he tracked down an American professor through the Embassy for verification of the marvellous news.



**"Creative philosopher
of religion"—
Dr. Paul Tillich**

**U. S. Capitol—
a behind-the-scene
swirl in
'Advise and Consent'**



CARMINE MACEDONIA



"Cultural barnstormer"—Byron Janis

JOSH WEINER





PENN

**“Truffling out
his jokes”—
Dick Gregory**

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT

DICK GREGORY, a comic with a rather hypnotic voice, a night-club manner that suggests he's emptying his lines into a wastebasket, and a way of making the editorials in *The New York Times* seem the cinch stuff from which smash night-club routines are rightfully made. Although he has an entirely misleading reputation for being something the columnists inaccurately call avant-garde, he is not. He's just bright and funny and topical—a trio of qualities that made Will Rogers and Fred Allen. Still in his twenties, Gregory came up fast in 1958 in Chicago (“One day I walked into a night club, see . . .”), works up his own material, reads about a dozen newspapers a day, sits up most nights talking, truffling out his jokes. Off stage, he tends to ramble pleasantly. On stage, he rambles, laying down a barrage of one-and-two-line cracks not different in kind from Bob Hope. But avant-garde?

HARRY ABRAMS, a talented marketing man, who has combined his three great interests, books, art, and merchandising, into one massive club sandwich: he is the largest, and perhaps most important, publisher of art books in the world. Right now he has two hundred thirty titles extant, plus twelve more in the works, their prices ranging from \$.95 to \$100 in editions that go from a limited two hundred fifty to an edition of one hundred seventy-five thousand for *The Picture History of Painting*. (Some of them have been published in eleven languages.) Like the prices, the Abrams books vary from low to high—a few a little pitiful with typographical errors and massacred syntax, but most of them superb in information and, especially, in colour.

RAF VALLONE, a superb actor whose technique is coupled with a sturdy sex appeal, has a lived face, black hair, blue eyes, and apparently a direct wire between heart and brain. He needs them all for his part in *A View from the Bridge*, the new movie from the Arthur Miller play about a Brooklyn longshoreman who fails to detect his own swerving love for his niece, a love that takes a baling hook to end. (Fashion note: in the movie Vallone wears the same scruffy leather trousers he wore during the two-year run of the play in Paris.) Before he appeared in his first bitter movie, *Bitter Rice*, he had been a journalist in Italy with a degree in law and a doctorate in philosophy from the University of Turin. After some thirty-odd movies, he is now in Paris in the play, *Le Repos du Guerrier*, lives in a fifth-floor walk-up painted mostly Pompeian red on the Ile St.-Louis, flies back and forth to Rome for visits with his wife.

**“A club sandwich of books,
art, and merchandising”—
Harry Abrams**

**“A direct wire between
heart and brain”—
Raf Vallone**



TONY ROLLO



The suit is blue

This year could go down in fashion history as the year that was blue—so important, now, are suits in every shade of blue from pale-dawn-sky to midnight. Starting here, eight blue suits, all ready to begin a town-and-travel life (and maybe south) the moment they're owned. *This page:* Navy-blue suit with a high-waisted curve in its longer jacket; with brass buttons and a cone skirt. By Christian Dior-New York, of sheer worsted (the fabric by Lesur). At Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; Frederick & Nelson. *Opposite:* Shallow-water blue, pale and greenish, in a Chanel-minded suit, the colour slicked by a black sweater, gold chains. Suit by Briarbrook, of wool-and-nylon tweed by Strong, Hewat; about \$60. Lord & Taylor; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin.





RRTS



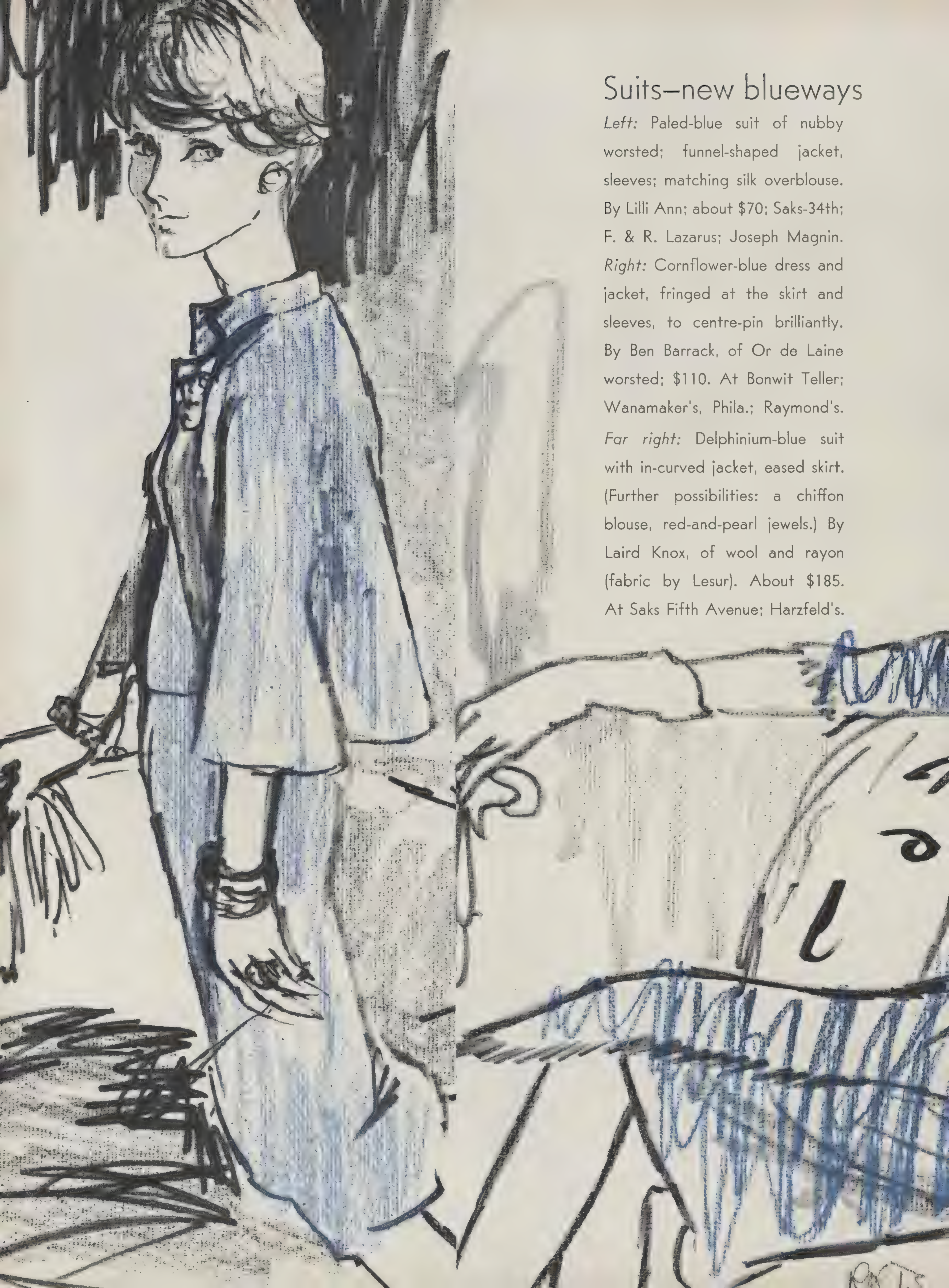
Suits—new blueways.

Far left: Blue-chip blue suit, brighter than navy, of spongy wool, the white silk blouse attached. By Harvey Berin; about \$160 at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin.

Left: Sky-blue suit with a young slant to its sashed neck, flared skirt, longish jacket. Addenda here could be olive or brown leather, or pale straw. The suit by Handmacher, of Anglo wool; about \$75 at Altman's; Wm. H. Block.

Right: Slender belted suit of china-blue wool tweed with its own chiffon nebula at the neck. This, to keep uncomplicated—no other bright colours. Suit by Seymour Fox, in Anglo American wool. About \$190. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus.





Suits—new blueways

Left: Paled-blue suit of nubby worsted; funnel-shaped jacket, sleeves; matching silk overblouse.

By Lilli Ann; about \$70; Saks-34th; F. & R. Lazarus; Joseph Magnin.

Right: Cornflower-blue dress and jacket, fringed at the skirt and sleeves, to centre-pin brilliantly.

By Ben Barrack, of Or de Laine worsted; \$110. At Bonwit Teller; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Raymond's.

Far right: Delphinium-blue suit with in-curved jacket, eased skirt.

(Further possibilities: a chiffon blouse, red-and-pearl jewels.) By

Laird Knox, of wool and rayon (fabric by Lesur). About \$185.

At Saks Fifth Avenue; Harzfeld's.





What overseas visitors buy in the U.S.A.

Shower caps, small transistor radios, thick bright bath towels—the fact is, what Americans buy as a matter of course is what visitors to America find most fascinating. (European dogs, we're told, are thrilled to the marrow by those scented rubber bones that their U.S. counterparts have become almost blasé about.) At last check, these everyday Americanisms were the big-league fascinators. . . .

Record albums of jazz and show tunes are still in brisk demand, but the new twist here is—what else?—The Twist. Record dealers report that these three albums are practically dancing off their shelves: “Doin’ the Twist at the Peppermint Lounge”; “Your Twist Party”; “For Twisters Only” (the last two are by Chubby Checkers, to whom The Twist owes its very life).

For a Frenchwoman, some of the most infatuating clothes-finds are the ready-made U.S. copies of French Couture fashions. Italians are equally fond of our Italian copies. And everybody flocks to our junior dress departments for the simple, pretty, and inexpensive cottons and Dacrons that Americans live in summer after summer.

Englishwomen, Austrians, Italians shop here for the newest sweater looks and knitted clothes—which have, in fact, been imported from England, Austria, Italy. Point is, European manufacturers work closely with American merchants, do some of their most exciting knitting for the American market. Also in the only-for-export category: charming and inexpensive plastic flowers from Italy, fake opaline glasses, checkered cotton tablecloths, rough linen mats and napkins, shoes handmade for Belgian Shoes—European women take them right back home again.

Overseas visitors are frankly entranced with American gadgets—especially the ones that run on tiny transistor batteries. And especially these: a battery-operated toothbrush, cork remover, pepper mill, and a power-mad device for scouring pots and pans. Antique shops along Second and Third Avenues in New York report a breezy overseas trade in those ornate, turn-of-the-century telephones and rattan copies of tall, curvy Victorian chairs.

The leotard craze is not by any means exhausted: the Jax shops, who evidently supply half the women abroad with pants and pull-overs and offbeat sweaters, are re-enchanted their admirers with what they call a leotard dress. What it is is a long, lightweight wool jersey, with a turtle neck, slinky sleeves, close bodice, and a ripply skirt. It comes in many colours, and goes—in especially vast numbers—to St. Moritz, where it's been adopted, like a good cause, as an after-ski uniform.

While there is still strong feeling for fake jewellery and fake furs, the current grip on visitors' imaginations is held by fake reptile handbags. Made of plastic or cunningly stamped calf, the shapes are deathless, elegant, and are, on the whole, so convincing that several European women we know are having them initialled in gold.

To a woman, Europeans appear to have discovered the American Army-Navy Surplus stores. What they've found there are those multi-pocketed blue jeans which, since they are, after all, made for men, sit snugly on the hips, and skip the waist entirely.

According to an eagle-eyed foreign correspondent the rage among European men is for cowboy belts with silver buckles and glove-soft Indian moccasins—an idea that was apparently put into their heads by a group of American students camping along the Côte d'Azur last summer. And, although they can get all the shirts they want at home, a New York or a California label in the neckband gives it something of a cachet. (On the other hand, they can't always get “Playboy” calendars abroad, and these are high on shopping lists. So are cartoon books—particularly if they're by Charles Addams.)

If the English don't know what works in the rain, who does? In any case, they say that what works—sensationally—is a handsome, rainized, beige jersey coat, with one of those thermostatic linings that make it only as warm as necessary; they've been crossing the Atlantic—here to there—with jet-frequency.

Famous American worn by an Italian beauty

Mrs. Henry Fonda, a Venetian dazzler, is the former Baroness Franchetti. Green-eyed, with gold-glinted brown hair, she has the kind of figure on which certain clothes look marvellous—and a taste for them that ranges clear around the world.

Among her favourite Americanisms: tweeds, shirts, at-home pants, mink. The famous American she's shown in here, a mink polo coat that would be a spellbinder anywhere on earth, any time. Its official name: “Autumn Haze,” Emba natural brown mutation mink. By Maximilian.



The ad-lib coat

Coats to wear in pairs, to own by the half dozen, to add and subtract with: this ingenious new kind of fashion ad-lib got its start several years ago when Dior lined plain cotton poplin with button-in mink. Each layer could play outer coat or liner, or could go it—unreversibly—alone. Here, the same scheme is multiplied. You can acquire a coat-wardrobe at one blow by buying six; or you can accumulate it, layer by layer. You might start with a navy-blue wool shell backed by a beige wool check; two



RAWLINGS

months from now try either one solo—or line the navy-blue with pale-blue calico. From the left, above: Blue cotton denim, Zelan-processed (Cone fabric), about \$20. Camel-and-white checked wool, about \$30. Beige cotton drill (Wellington Sears), about \$23. Blue quilted cotton calico, reversible to red cotton, about \$40. Navy-blue wool (it lined coats 1 through 3), about \$30; flippable here to navy-blue and white wool—also about \$30. Bloomingdale's; Famous-Barr; Hubbard's; I. Magnin. Lilly Daché bows.



Robert Sherwood's grandmother, a "showy showpiece of society" in New York—here an excerpt from an unfinished biography with the working title, *The Worlds of Robert E. Sherwood*.

Self-appointed arbiter of everything

BY JOHN MASON BROWN

Although forgotten today, except by understandably amused chroniclers of a vanished world, Robert Emmet Sherwood's paternal grandmother, Mrs. John Sherwood, in her times loomed large in a small way as the voice of good taste and the guardian and panegyrist of High Society. Easy to laugh at, Mary Elizabeth Wilson was apparently easier to like, and hundreds of people here and abroad did like her, though not perhaps as eagerly as she liked them, especially if they were important. Yet like her they plainly did, even when having them do so continued to be her pleasure after it had become her profession.

It was as "Lizzie" that this foolishly bright, brightly foolish woman, so disarming in her charm, signed her intimate letters, and as "M.E.W.S." (run together to be pronounced as "Muse," of course) that she was known because of her initials after her marriage to John Sherwood. She was a showy showpiece of society, secure in her place there, who, when she died in 1903, was described by the *New York World* as "a feminine Ward McAllister." M.E.W.S. was much more than that. Cotillions and making up lists of "the Four Hundred" would never have contained her. She had been everywhere, met everyone, and was the self-appointed arbiter of everything—society, literature, interior decoration, morals, etiquette, acting, Europe's treasures, America's Great Houses, the functions of the second footman, and the beauty of God's creations.

In her youth a vibrant, attractive woman with flashing eyes, vivid colour, and a curved, life-tasting mouth, she became in old age a stout fortress of fashion, a dowager given to spaniel curls, rich dresses of purple and lilac, trailing trains, ermine capes, and glittering jewellery, upon whom men—and women—were happy to wait, picking up her dropped furs, umbrellas, boxes, and bags, and also her prodigally scattered recollections and pronouncements. Essentially good, working hard and well for the Sanitary Commission during the Civil War, raising money for the Mount Vernon Society, and forever organizing charity benefits or "culture" groups such as the *Causeuses*, she was a mountain of complacency and a hurricane of energy.

M.E.W.S. came by her energy naturally, being of the dazzling, hustling Wilson family of New Hampshire and the daughter of General "Long Jim" Wilson, the towering, black-haired orator and Congressman from Keene who, by his rolling rhetoric and sudden wit, could hold an outdoor audience of ten thousand spellbound for two hours and make listening travellers glad that he had caused them to miss their trains. To her father she also owed her first exposure to the great world when, after her mother's death, she served in her youth as his hostess in Washington. From the great world she never recovered. With her it became a disease.

She had a strong mind, weakly used. Her gifts were as real as her intentions were good and her values silly. Incredibly well-read, sincerely stirred by beauty, and possessed of a conversational style that was forceful and bright but destroyingly facile, M.E.W.S. was lacking in judgment. Even in her late autumn she never outgrew her worship of the great and near-great and her Daisy Ashford love for small but costly crowns. She was a snob who took her exercise picking up celebrities and dropping their names. Her life (really an interesting one) was a string of diamonds which she managed to turn into costume jewellery.

Sherwood was only seven when she died just before her seventy-seventh birthday, long a

victim of rheumatism and for a decade virtually crippled by it. He remembered her vividly, though the view he took of her was dim and smiling. To him she was "a very gaudy old lady until the end," with whom his grandfather could never keep up "either financially or intellectually," and to whose ultimate softening of the brain Sherwood was sure she had made "a substantial contribution."

She was as wildly extravagant with money as with praise, and could never budget either. Her ostentatious habits were a dreadful trial to her family, came near to impoverishing her husband, and, after his death, continued to bleed Sherwood's father, Arthur. They did not crush M.E.W.S. Nothing could have done so. She had a comforting habit of walking out on life when life became uncomfortably real for her. Once on arriving in France she dashed off a typical letter to her husband who had just been forced, because of her, to sell their New York house, the scene of countless brilliant parties. In giddy detail she described the crossing, how well Coquelin had acted at the Ship's Concert, and how loudly she had been applauded for her reading of one of her poems. Then she added, almost as a postscript, "I feel sad, more heartbroken than I can express, at the disruption of our house. Write me of its last hours, and what became of our things."

M.E.W.S. once said that it was a mountain of unpaid bills on her desk which drove her into writing in her late middle years. Whatever she earned, and she earned a lot, was not enough. Obviously the unpaid bills continued to pile up since, once she had started as an author, she seldom stopped. On the sly, she had begun to publish as a young girl because she was a natural writer. When editors discovered in her a society leader, able and willing to write from the inside, they flocked to her, and so did readers. She turned out hundreds of articles for *Harper's*, the *Times*, and other magazines and newspapers, and gleefully spawned book after book, such as *A Transplanted Rose*, a novel about the slow triumph of a small-town girl in New York and London society, or, more typically, *Amenities of Social Life*, *The Art of Entertaining*, *Manners and Social Usages*, *An Epistle to Posterity*, and *Here & There & Everywhere*. The last, by the way, was the first book in which the name of Robert Emmet Sherwood appeared prominently, he being one of M.E.W.S.'s grandchildren ("the gems of my last decade") to whom it was dedicated. When he came across a copy years later, it amused him to think that his grandmother could believe that he had been "very attentive" to her account of court life in old Baden Baden, since he was only two when it was published.

M.E.W.S. did not so much write as pant in print because her enthusiasm for everything was indiscriminating and uncontrollable. If she depended at times on exclamation points, it was because she had to lean on something to support her raptures. In addition to being an unquestioning and unintentional snob, she was a benevolent egotist, one of those misguided authors who think that everything that happens to them must be of interest to everyone else. When she was not laying down the law on decorum, party-giving, how to treat a guest, or floral decorations at home, she was always going to Europe in search of copy as well as pleasure, and returning having found both. Kings and queens were catnip to her, the doings of the tiniest courts matters of the greatest concern, and authors, major or minor, game to be stalked.

She rushed in where Emily Post was never to dare to tread. Queen Victoria gave her a diamond pin, Queen Marguerite of Italy three audiences, the Khedive of Egypt one, and the French government the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour. Webster, Calhoun, Clay, Booth, Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant, Lowell, Lord Houghton, Browning, the Morgans, Ristori, Oscar Wilde, the Vanderbilts, the Roosevelts, Chauncey Depew, and Lord Randolph Churchill were just a few of the people she knew. In fact, her list of friends, or acquaintances, was so telephone-book long that it seems odd that she did not also know the great in times other than her own. Often her books were travelogues which, though well observed, sounded like Ruskin and Baedeker as rewritten by Louisa M. Alcott and Little Rollo. Even in them Society puts Nature in her place, and big names obscure larger views.

She had strong opinions on everything, such as, "It is to be feared that the Declaration of Independence is between us and good service." . . . "Mr. Calhoun was a most elegant conversationalist; he talked literature, social events, and even gossip, pleasantly." . . . "Mr. Clay, the ugliest man in the world, was one of the most fascinating." . . . "Mr. Webster, however, talked better than any of them, to ladies or anybody." . . . "The housekeeping of the Quirinal is excellent." . . . "A thousand dollars is not an unusual sum to expend on a lady's lunch in New York for eighteen or twenty-five guests, counting the favours, the flowers, the wines, and the viands, and even then we have not entered the cost of the china, the glass, the porcelain, *cloisonné*, Dresden, Sèvres, and silver, which make the table a picture." . . .

"He asked me much about the Count of Paris and the Duc de Chartres in America; and I told him that no incident in history had been so romantic and so beautiful as that visit." . . . "[*A Prisoner of Zenda*] is like dressing for a Court ball in a strange country; it is like being present at a magnificent royal wedding." . . . "Certainly if one flunkey is powdered, they should all be powdered." . . . "If it is in winter, the coachmen outside must not be forgotten. Some hot coffee and oysters should be sent to these patient (*Continued on page 179*)



FRANCES MC LAUGHLIN-GILL

T HE UNIFORMS THEY LOVE

Schoolgirls' uniforms in America—while they serve the usual purpose, that of making diverse groups of girls look a little less diverse—are pleasantly un-regimented and un-grim about it. School regulations often allow some latitude as to length of stocking, colour of blouse or sweater; and the uniforms themselves are generally the sort of attractive, practical jumper-and-skirt or skirt-and-shirt arrangement a schoolgirl might wear anyway. Girls love them, and so do mothers—who are thus rescued from endless early-morning crises over What to Wear.

IN NEW YORK: Four little girls in the neat pale-green tunics, white shirts, dark-green stockings and berets, of the Chapin School, where all four are students. Above, left to right: Barry Cam-
pion, eight; Rosemary Furse, six; Charlotte Furse, ten; and Helen Miller, six. Right, in the same order: Helen, Barry, Rosemary. The girls are shown at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Charlotte knew that the statue represents Queen Hat-shep-sut: "We had Egypt last year."





IN CHICAGO: At the Latin School, the famous co-educational school on Chicago's Near North Side, girls above class six wear an "undecorated" navy-blue skirt with a pale-blue or white blouse; younger girls may wear a navy-blue jumper, and many do—including the spirited group of six-, seven-, and eight-year-olds here. Right, in the lower-school library (quiet rules momentarily suspended), are, from left to right: Elizabeth Barrett, Karin Seeburg, and Suzanne Johnson, all eight years old; and (with head turned away) Renée Edelman, six. Top of page: the same group plus Kari Weil, seven (second from right), on the school's roof playground. Upper right: Elizabeth, Renée, Karin. Below: all, on the jungle-gym.



VICTOR SKREBNESKI

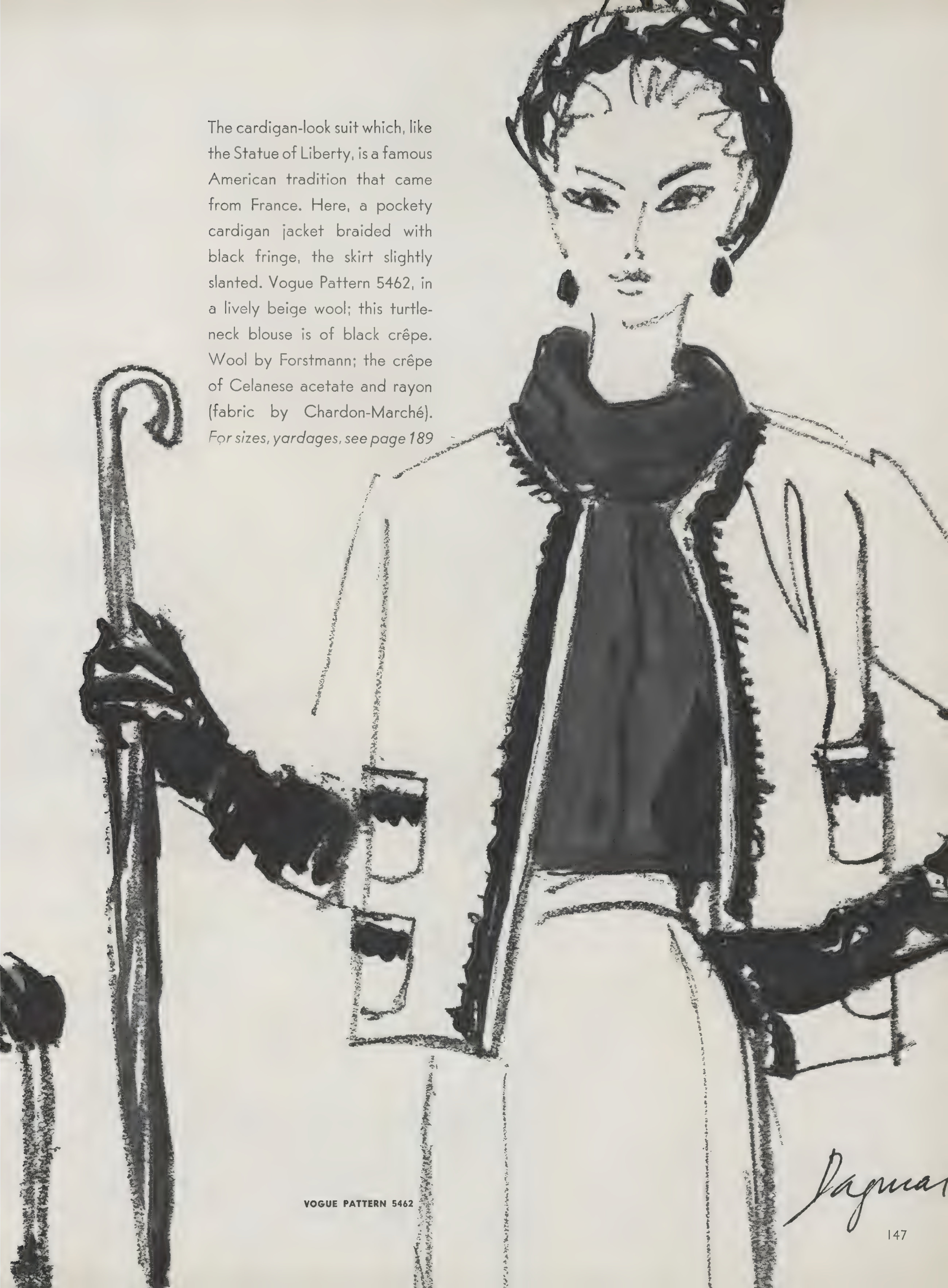
IN SAN FRANCISCO: At the Katherine Delmar Burke School for Girls, a many-windowed building built around a courtyard, with a cheerful, garden-y atmosphere, the uniform is equally cheerful: a hunter's-green plaid cotton jumper worn with a white blouse, green sweater, green or white socks. This is the lower-school uniform—the upper-school girls, who are in a different building, wear pleated skirts and middy blouses (and saddle shoes, if they like). At right—demonstrating the optional-green-or-white sock situation—are Moira Holden, five years old, a kindergartener, and Nina Gates, eight.



Big-payoff suits, 1962

Suits, here, that classify as fashions American women won't give up—both timelessly smart, easy, wearable, and ready now in the negotiable currency of Vogue Patterns. On this page, a six-button jacket, new-width skirt, made of brightest yellow wool; black soutache buttons, white crêpe turtle-neck blouse. Vogue Pattern 5459, of Anglo wool.

The cardigan-look suit which, like the Statue of Liberty, is a famous American tradition that came from France. Here, a pockety cardigan jacket braided with black fringe, the skirt slightly slanted. Vogue Pattern 5462, in a lively beige wool; this turtle-neck blouse is of black crêpe. Wool by Forstmann; the crêpe of Celanese acetate and rayon (fabric by Chardon-Marché). *For sizes, yardages, see page 189*



VOGUE PATTERN 5462

Rayman

NEW FASHION STORY:
THE FLOWERED SHEET
THAT BECAME A NIGHTDRESS

An enchanting never-before idea in one of its prettiest flowerings—the nightdress that’s made of the same sheeting as the sheets: here, airy cotton, flowered in red and pink carnations, sprigged with green. The sheets are Fieldcrest’s Royal Carnation; the nightdress, green-edged around the neckline, is by Trillium. Nightdress, about \$9. Sheets, double, about \$6 each; single, about \$5 each. The pillowcases, about \$1.50 each. Everything, at Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop; Frederick & Nelson. For a light, carnation-scented spicing in the air—Caron’s Bellodgia, in the Eau de Toilette version. Shops in other cities, page 178.

KAREN RADKAI





THE FACE THAT CAN BE WHAT IT WANTS TO BE

If the American woman has a corporate image—and we think she does—it's probably focused on the components not quite in focus here: a long-legged leg that ends in a trim and timely shoe; a figure commendably slender; a look of marvellous good health—clean, shining hair, a smooth young skin, and clear eyes. Naturally, not every American woman dovetails with this description; it's an image, not an average—leaves lots of room for individuality. But if there's a characteristic American look, we think this is it. The face that's part of the look owes quite a lot to the wizard variety and talents of modern make-ups; yet the crux of the American look is that it looks natural. The make-up—admittedly an artifice—never replaces the face. Which brings us to that undeniable asset—the face that can be what it wants to be. And that's any woman's face, if she has just two talents to her name: essentially-good health, and a bit of skill with make-up. For this face can't be scraped together from the cosmetic jars; it gets its start from things as basic—and as unexciting—as a sensible diet, a good night's sleep, and a lively turn of mind. The liveliness, by the way, is an important ingredient in the American look; Henry James defined it neatly in the early 1880's as an air of "being someone in particular."

Make-up without loss of face: That's the lesson in the mirror here—the indelible, natural, American look. Colours are by Max Factor, an American-look pioneer; Factor make-ups got their start in movies in the days before the screen found its voice, and they were a quick success in real life soon afterwards. In 1938 this house launched Pancake, foundation-and-powder in one—a milestone in the history of make-up; and in the forties it pioneered TV make-ups. Lip-colour here: Factor's fresh, young Red on Red; eye shadow, Blue Mist. D'Antonio brown shoe of Seton patent leather; at Neiman-Marcus. Stocking by NoMend.



THE CHANEL INFLUENCE — THE SUIT AMERICAN WOMEN WON'T GIVE UP

Why Chanel? The answer—although this is the first time a French designer has appeared in an Americana issue of *Vogue*—is simple. As Chanel herself said recently, “La mode Américaine, c’est la mode Chanel.” And the one-woman clothes revolution she started in Paris in 1919 was launched with American women in mind, the women she especially likes to dress. When Coco Chanel showed her first collection forty-three years ago this month, she was a non-conformist, her ideas of fashion unheard of: women’s clothes should be comfortable (she was the first designer to break away from tight corsets, long skirts), realistic (pockets that can really be used, no buttons without buttonholes); and should, above all, make women look pretty. Very much heard of now, these ideas make the Chanel suit—look American women won’t give up—even though they have other looks in their wardrobes. Six Chanel suit ideas in America are on these and the following pages.

Left: Tweed suit for day—the jacket is bound in wool braid, has no buttons. The silk blouse is sleeveless. By Dan Millstein, of Forstmann American wool tweed. About \$130. Gilt chain necklaces by Marvella. All at Saks Fifth Avenue. Suit, also at Halle Bros.; Wm. H. Block; Sakowitz. Lipstick: Ginger Pink by Tussy.

Below: Navy-blue wool suit with a short jacket, brass buttons. The red silk shantung blouse ties at the waist, at the neck. By Davidow. About \$180. Trifari necklaces. All at Lord & Taylor. Suit, also Julius Garfinckel; L. S. Ayres; I. Magnin.





MORE AMERICAN CHANELS

Above: Navy-blue suit with brass buttons, has a red scarf at the neck, red silk cuffs. By Jablow, of Linton wool. About \$190. Nettie Rosenstein pin. Both, Saks Fifth Avenue. Suit: Rich's; Gus Mayer. *Right:* Mauve tweed suit edged with navy-blue braid, brass buttons. The blouse is navy-blue silk crêpe. Typically Chanel—the hair ribbon, gilt chain (actually two chains fastened together) looped round a big pin. Suit by Jack Sarnoff, of Bellaine wool. About \$215. At Bergdorf Goodman; Bramson's. The pink grosgrain hair bow is by Lilly Daché.





Left: Chanel look for evening—white double-knitted wool sheath without sleeves, with its own jacket trimmed with gold braid. Here, it's worn with a gold chain belt, big bar pin. Dress and jacket by Larry Aldrich, of Jasco jersey. Cadoro pin. Both, Bonwit Teller. Costume: Wanamaker's, Phila.

Below: Navy-blue wool suit that has no collar, is shown with a rope of gilt chain necklace (so long it ends up in a pocket of the jacket) and an enormous pin. The skirt sits on the hips like blue jeans. Suit by Matlin, of Or de Laine fabric. About \$125. Napier chain. Both at Lord & Taylor. Suit: Sakowitz.



NATIVE SONS

From each of
the fifty
United States,
one famous—
often surprising—
son.

Evident here is a great cross-country exchange, from state to state, of brains and talent—chosen, in this case, for variety. Evident, too, is the fact that famous men often take root in surprising soil, their birth states a far and unexpected cry from their eventual fields of operation.

ALABAMA: Justice **Hugo Black**'s judicial flint, in contrast to his courtly Southern charm, has become a Washington, D.C., institution. Born in Harlan, Clay County, the senior Justice of the Supreme Court arrived in the capital first as a senator.

ALASKA: **Virgil Partch**, America's famous Vip cartoonist, was born on the Pribilof Islands forty some years before his birthplace became a state. With his most recent comic, "Big George," he reaches a daily circulation in over 200 newspapers here and abroad.

ARIZONA: **Lewis Douglas**—pioneer roots fed his strong diplomatic flowering at the Court of St. James's as U.S. ambassador from 1947-50. Born in Bisbee, he brings the same kind of hardy diplomatic administration to some of America's greatest businesses.

ARKANSAS: **Edward Stone**, whose elegant architecture is world-wide, comes from the small

town of Fayetteville in the Ozark hills. The independent nature that runs through his home state's history characterizes his own. Stone, for some time, has been discontented with the International Style, which he helped to establish.

CALIFORNIA: **Robert Frost**, first-flight American poet, a living symbol of the Yankee farmer, was born in San Francisco, where his father, a sympathizer with the Southern cause, went to escape the Republican atmosphere of New England. The ironic contrast continuing, Frost had to go to England, where his first book was published, for recognition before he received it here in America.

COLORADO: **Ancel Keys**, physiologist—from a famous pleasure-health resort to a great Midwestern medical research centre. Inventor of the wartime K ration and chief investigator of the cholesterol relationship to heart disease, Keys was born in Colorado Springs; now heads the important diet research experiment at the University of Minnesota.

CONNECTICUT: **Benjamin Spock**, a New Englander gone West; he is the most famous pediatrics man in the U.S. (perhaps in the world). New Haven-born Spock, now professor of child development at Cleveland's Western Reserve University, has sold fourteen million copies of his comforting paper-book on child care.

DELAWARE: **Henry Francis du Pont**—chemicals, synthetic fibres, and over a hundred Americana rooms. One of Delaware's famous Du Pont family, a businessman with big investments in art, he is the founder of the Winterthur Museum which houses one of the largest collections of American arts.

FLORIDA: **Al Lopez**—Spanish gallantry and American League technique merge in the courteous, strong-willed manager of the Chicago White Sox. He's from Tampa.

GEORGIA:

Eugene Black's plain talk, complex financial brain, and Southern drawl are internationally persuasive. Head of the World Bank, this Robin Hood of global finance borrows from wealthier nations to lend to poorer ones; was born in Atlanta.

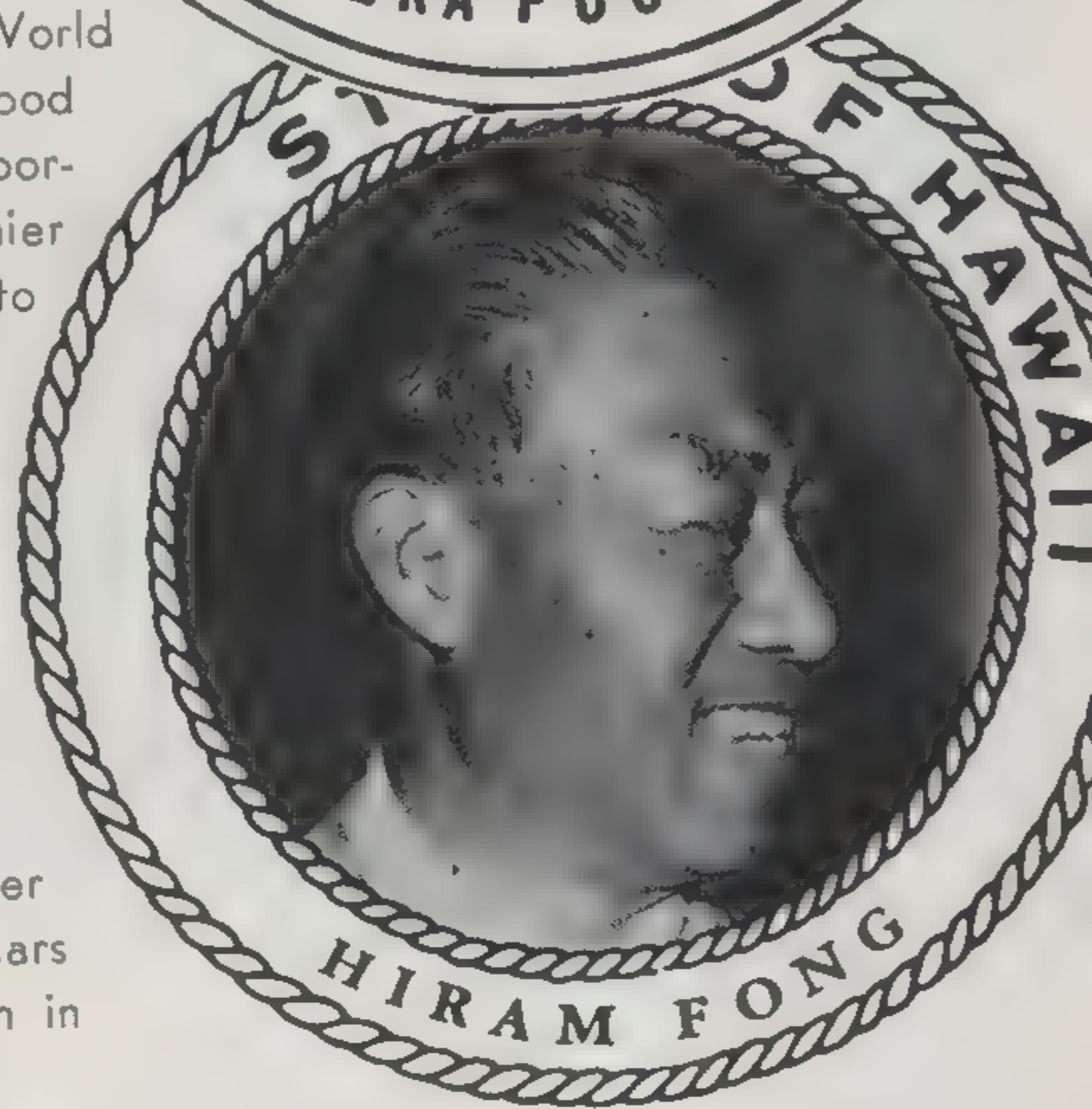
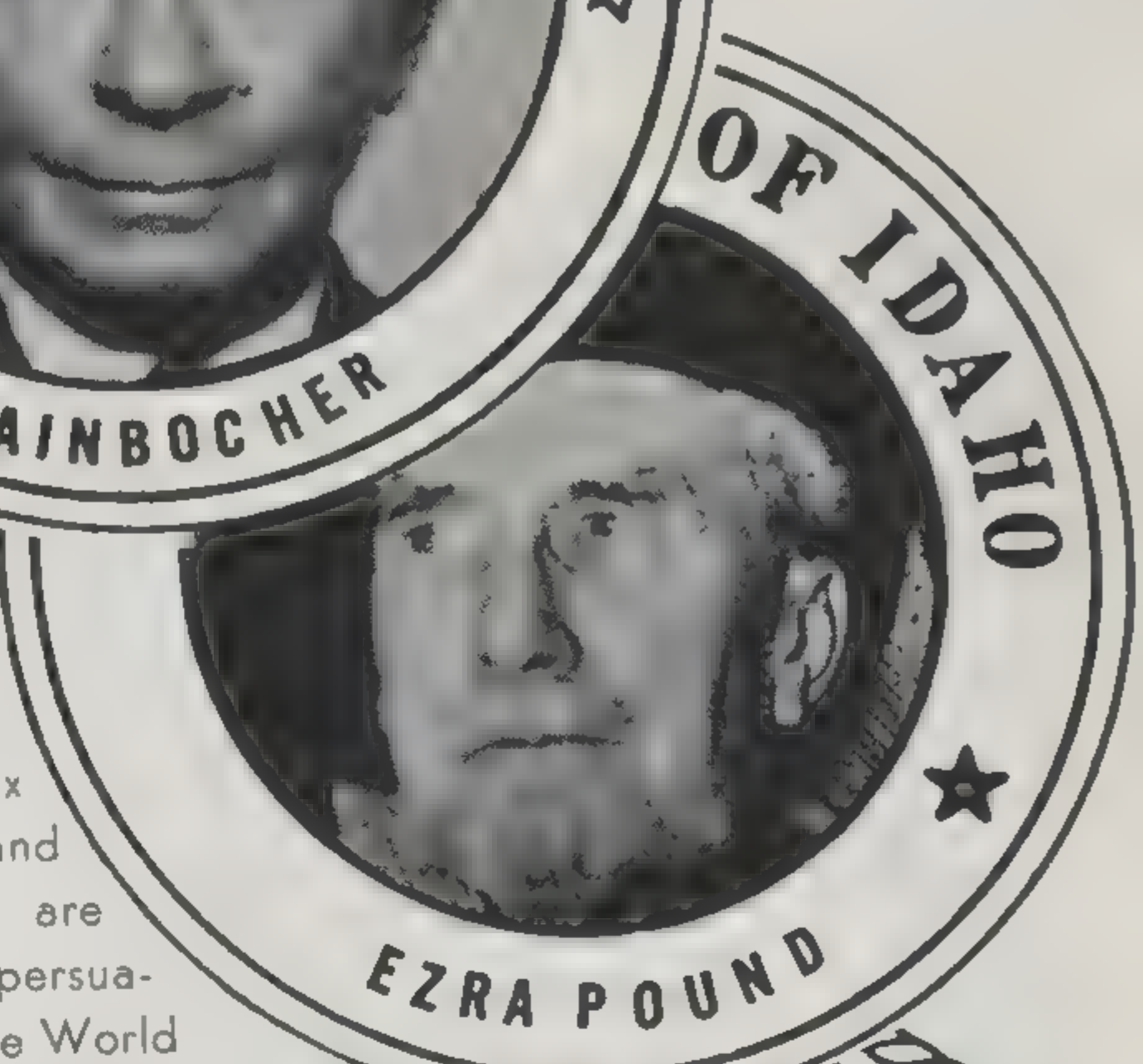
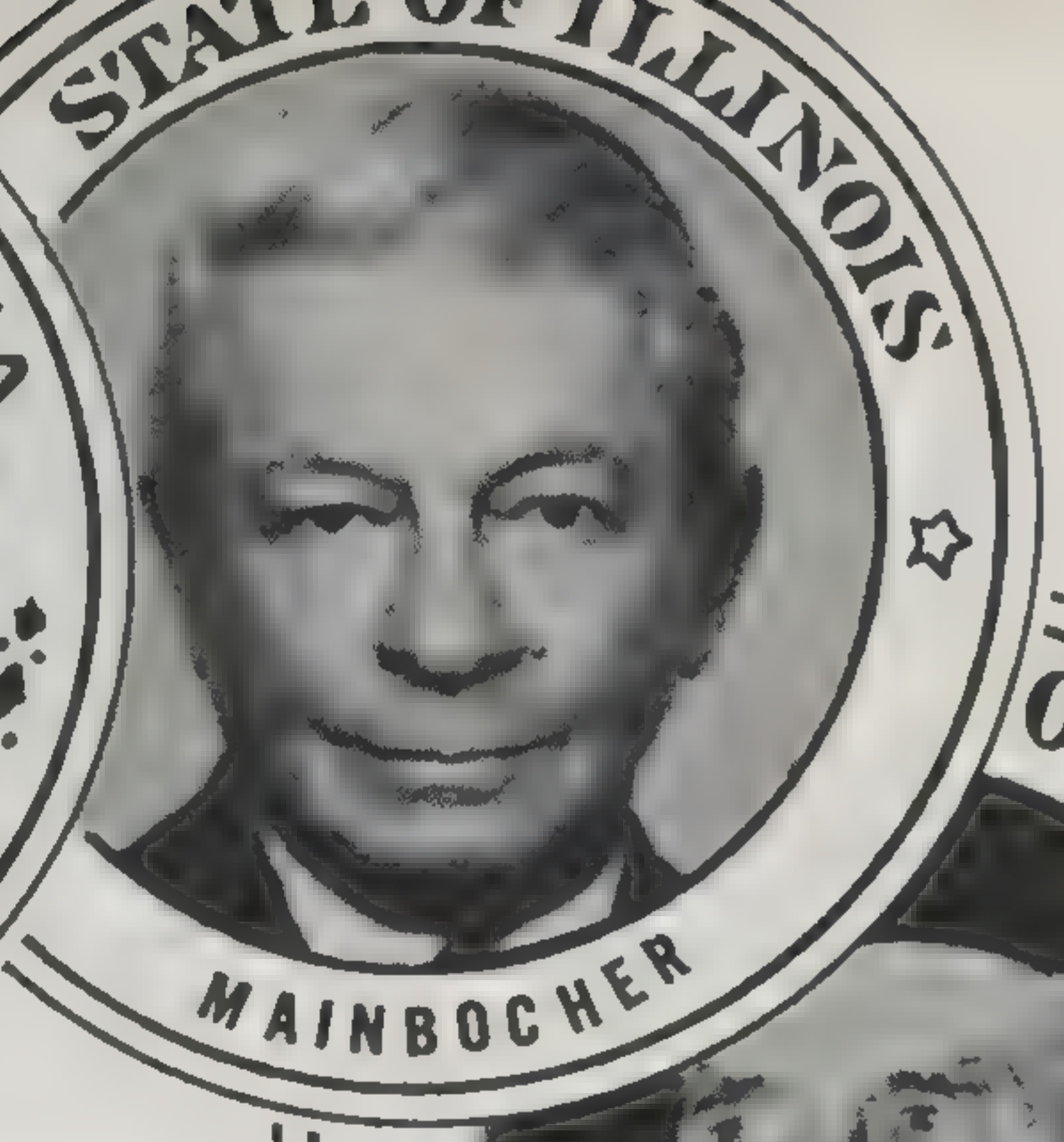
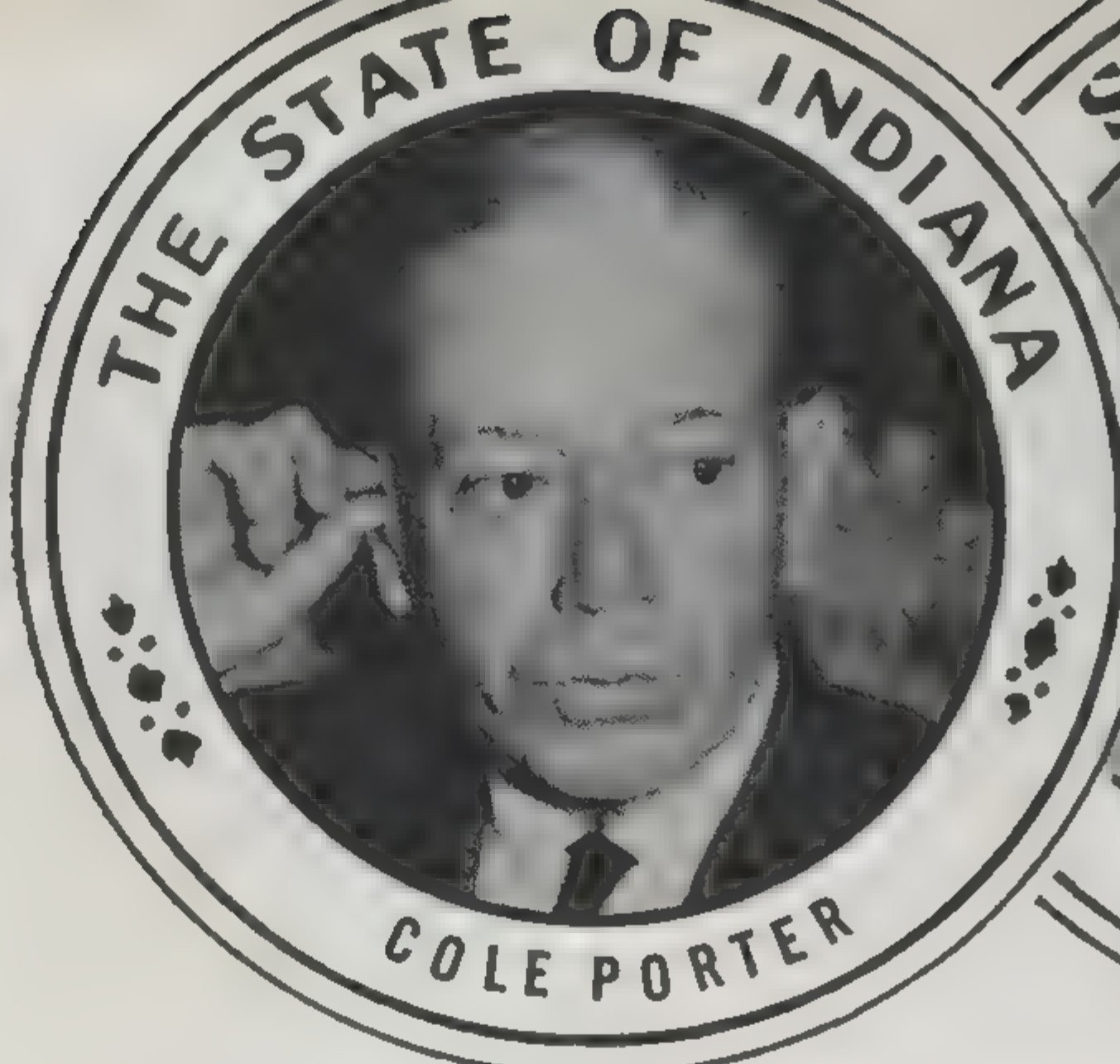
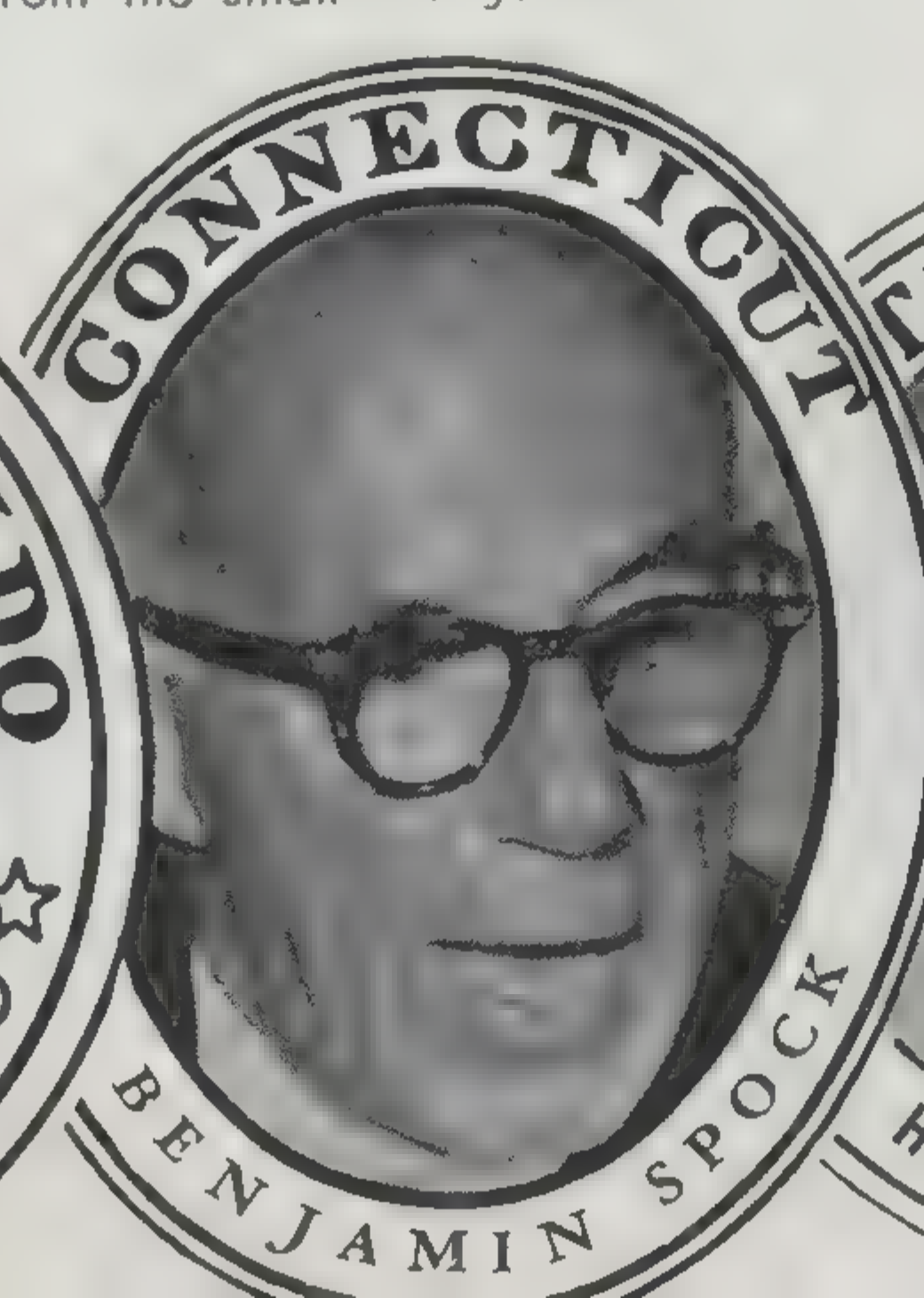
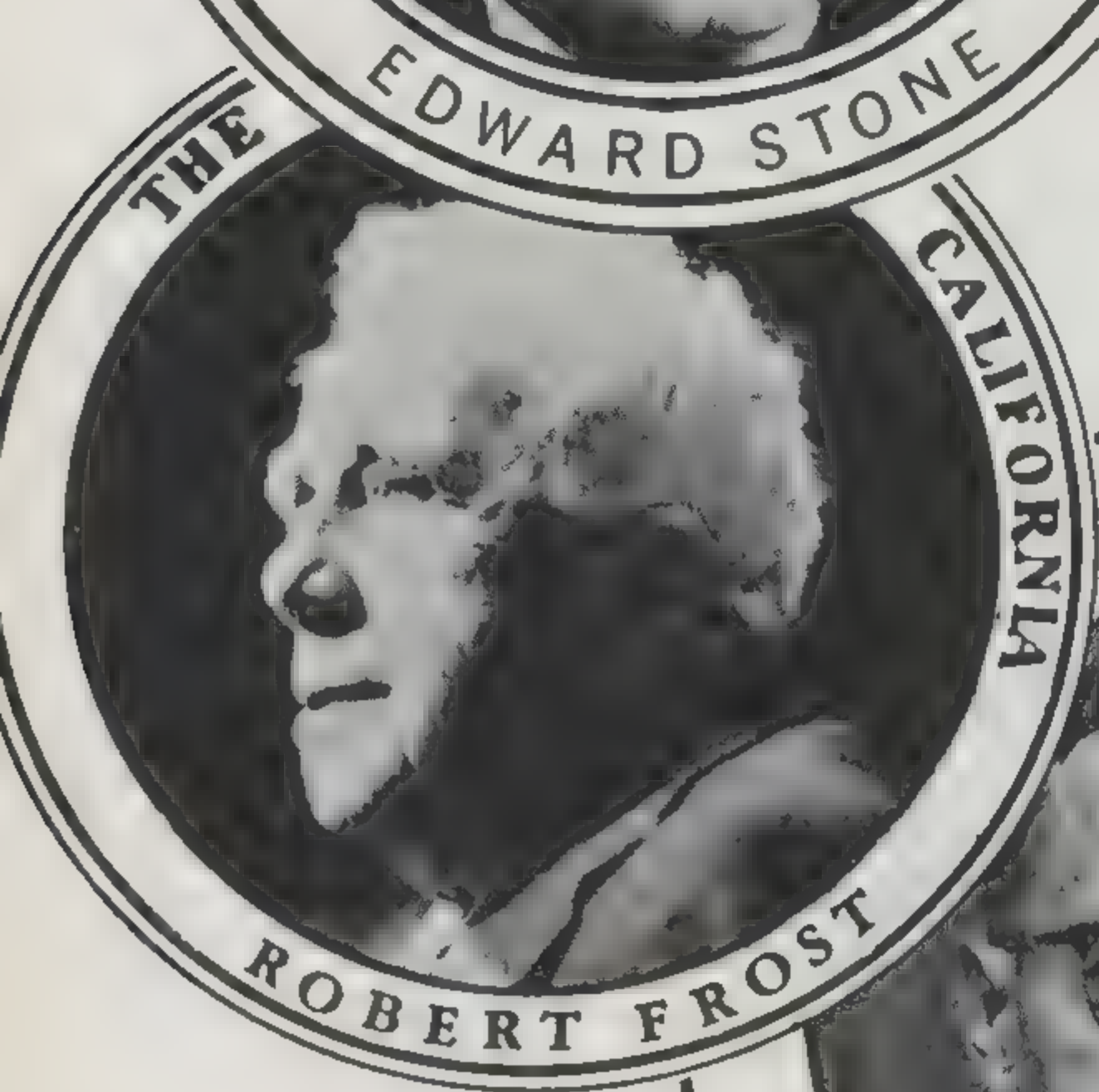
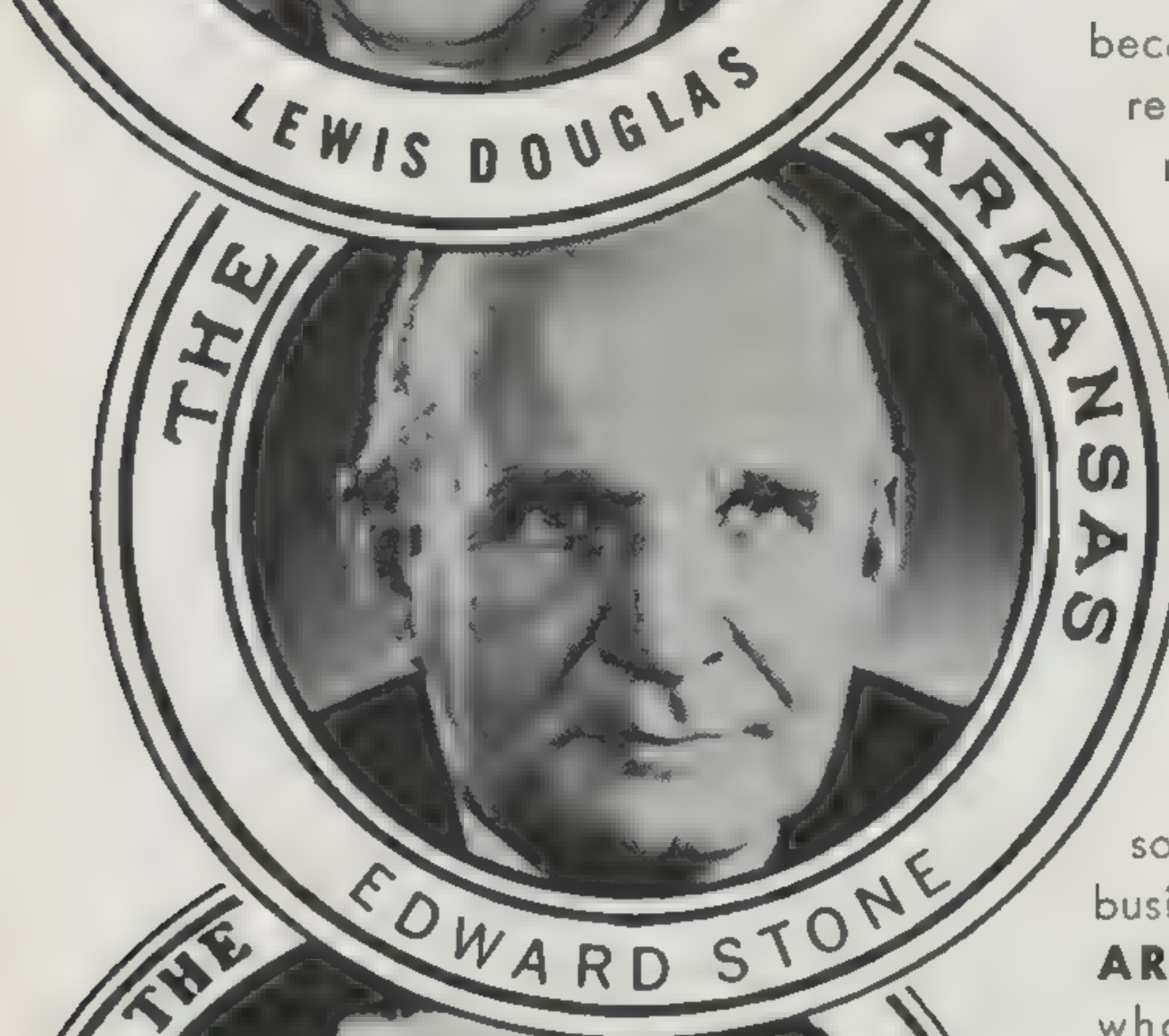
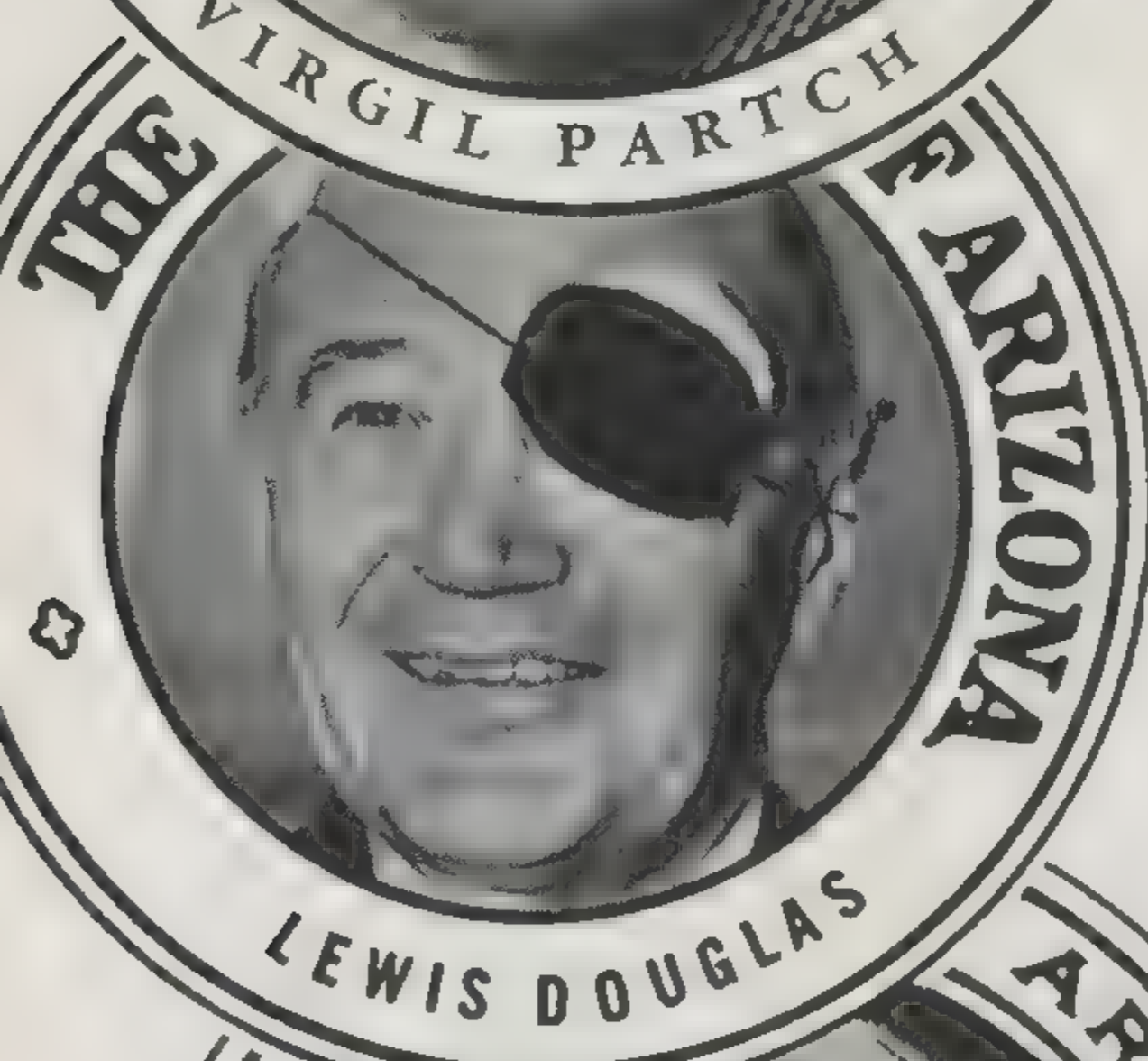
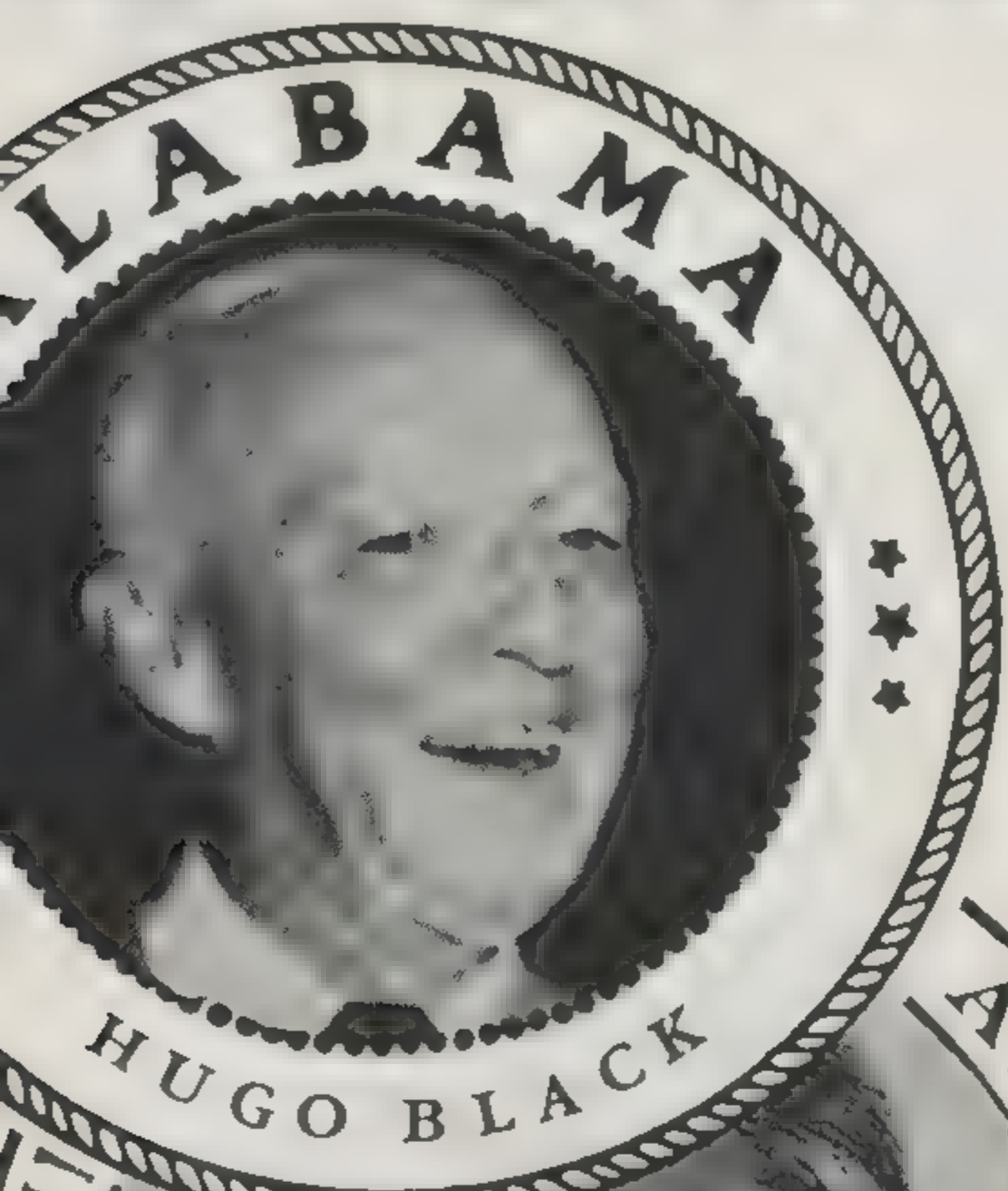
HAWAII: **Hiram Fong**, the first man of Chinese descent to serve in the U.S. Congress, a millionaire lawyer whose father earned twelve dollars a month, was born in Honolulu.

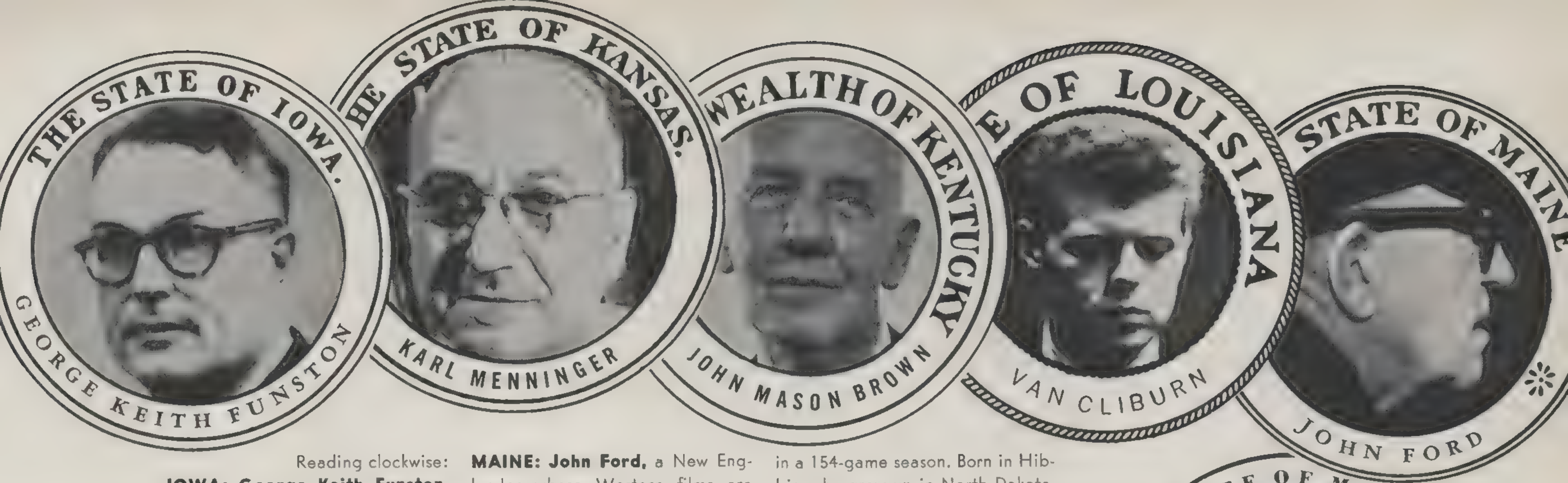
IDAHO: **Ezra Pound**, near Pisa, Italy, far from Hailey, the grass-roots Western town of his birth, wrote the Pisan Cantos that won him the Bollingen Award for the best poetry by an American citizen published in 1948. During that writing time in Italy, he was under U.S. arrest for treason.

ILLINOIS: **Mainbocher**, the Dalai Lama of U.S. fashion design, was born in Chicago, studied singing, began his fashion career in Paris. His "original aim as a dressmaker—which he attributes to his Middle Western background—was simply to dress women like ladies."

INDIANA: **Cole Porter:**

the elegant Hoosier from Peru, a small town on the Wabash River, has given musical comedy some of its most worldly and endearing hits. He also gave Yale its "Bull Dog" song.





Reading clockwise:
IOWA: George Keith Funston, from the prairie town of Waterloo, President of the New York Stock Exchange. His mission, it is said, is "to make every American a capitalist." His slogan: "Own a share of American business."

KANSAS: Karl Menninger, a compassionate, articulate psychiatrist, took part early in the great cross-country medical exchange. Hungry for the fruits of an Eastern university M.D., he left his birthplace Topeka, later returned to co-found the famous Menninger Clinic for mental health. It was, by the end of the forties, the training centre for about one third of the psychiatric students in the U.S.

KENTUCKY: John Mason Brown—his charming erudite book talks delivered with a Harvard overlay have been heard in lecture halls all over the nation. Although a New Yorker by choice, he said, "It is very important to escape from the ultimate parochialism of New York. Too many people try to speak to America and for America without getting into America." His home town is Louisville. ("Self-appointed Arbiter of Everything," an excerpt from his most recent book is on page 142 of this issue.)

LOUISIANA: Van Cliburn—from the birth state of jazz, a superb young concert pianist whose success at Moscow's International Tchaikovsky Competition in 1958 was a world-wide news item, has stimulated his homeland success. He was born in Shreveport.

MAINE: John Ford, a New Englander whose Western films are classics of their genre, has been obsessed with the direction of these wild American legends since the silent film days. He was born in Cape Elizabeth. His latest Western: *Liberty Valance*. Most famous masterpiece: *The Informer*.

MARYLAND: David K. E. Bruce, U.S. Ambassador to Great Britain, the extraordinary Southern statesman, lawyer, and banker with French tastes in history, wine, and food. Born in Baltimore, he is the first American to represent his country as Ambassador to France, Germany, and England, the big three of European diplomacy.

MASSACHUSETTS: Leonard Bernstein, first native-born American conductor of the New York Philharmonic, indeed, of any major American orchestra; has been called "the success story of American music." His birthplace: Lawrence.

MICHIGAN: Ralph Bunche, one of the U. N.'s most vigorous peace-makers, comes from the noisy tumultuous centre of the nation's automotive industry, Detroit, and has travelled to almost every place of agitation on the globe. A world-known expert on race relations and colonial peoples (for his Harvard Ph.D., he drove thousands of miles through primitive African settlements collecting data), he has played a major part in most of the important peace negotiations going on in the world over the past fifteen or more years.

MINNESOTA: Roger Maris, a record maker but not a record breaker. The New York Yankees' formidable prize outfielder from the Midwest made baseball history with 61 runs in this past 162-game season but failed to shatter the Babe's 1927 record of 60 home runs

in a 154-game season. Born in Hibbing, he grew up in North Dakota.

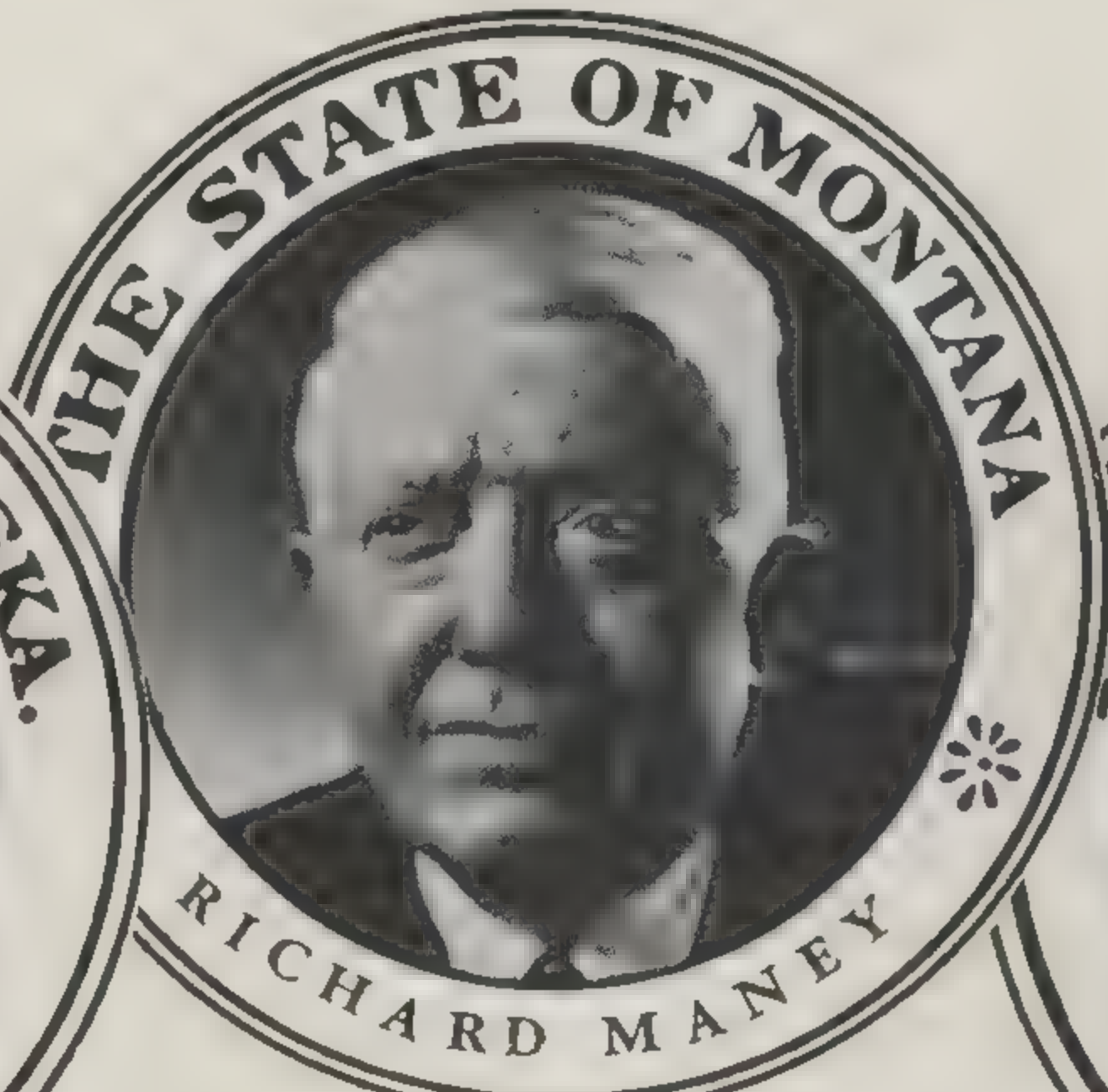
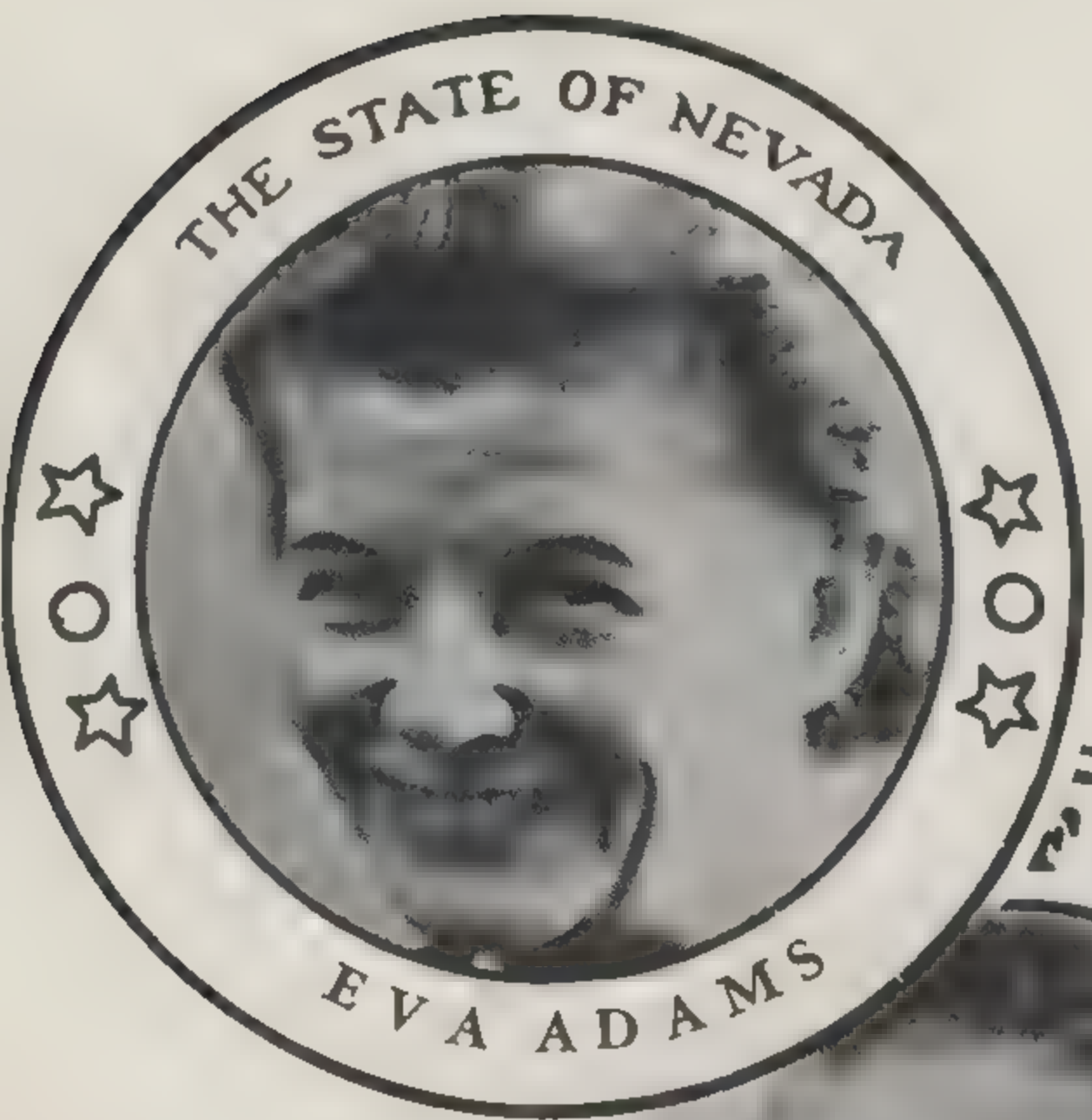
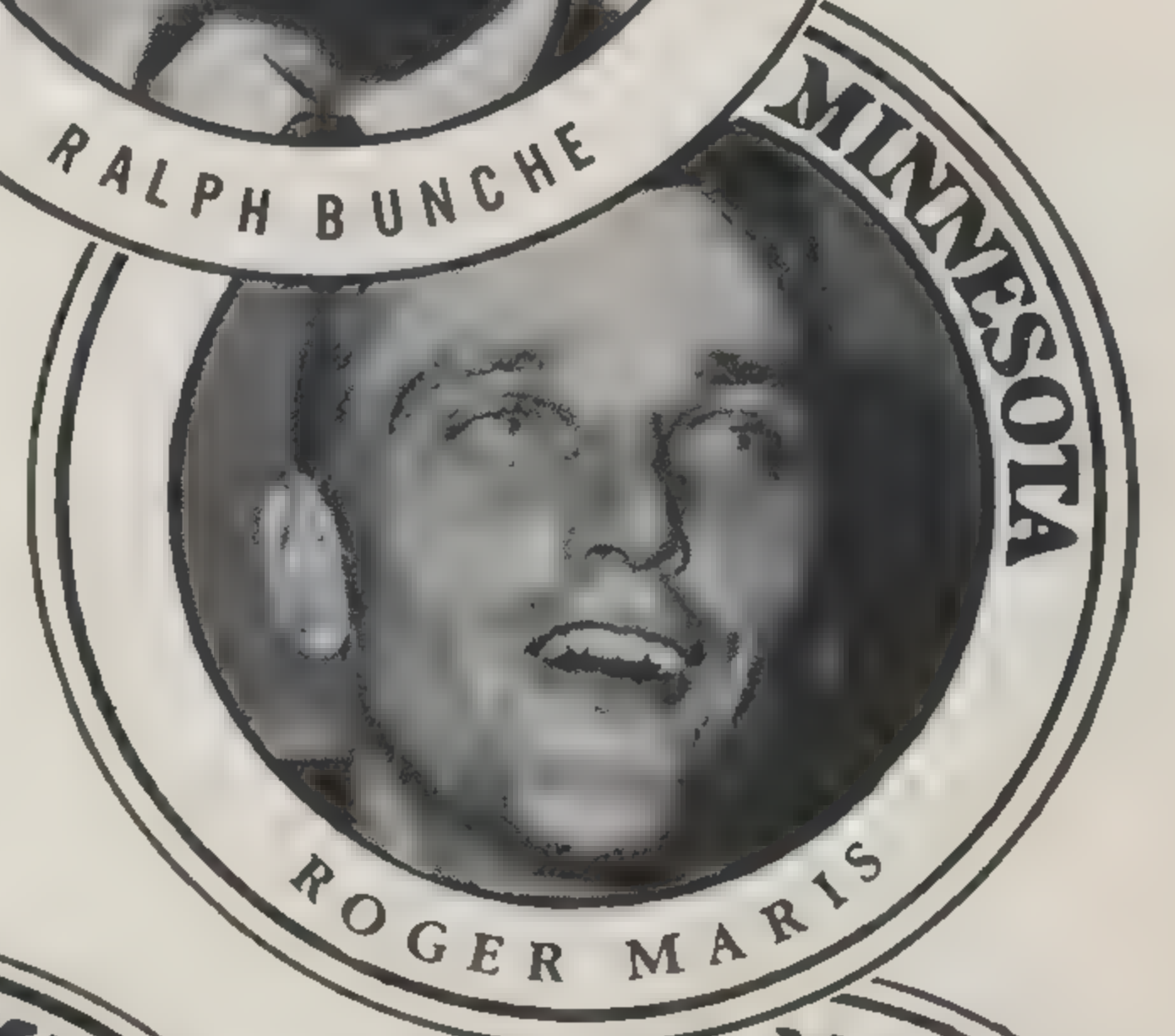
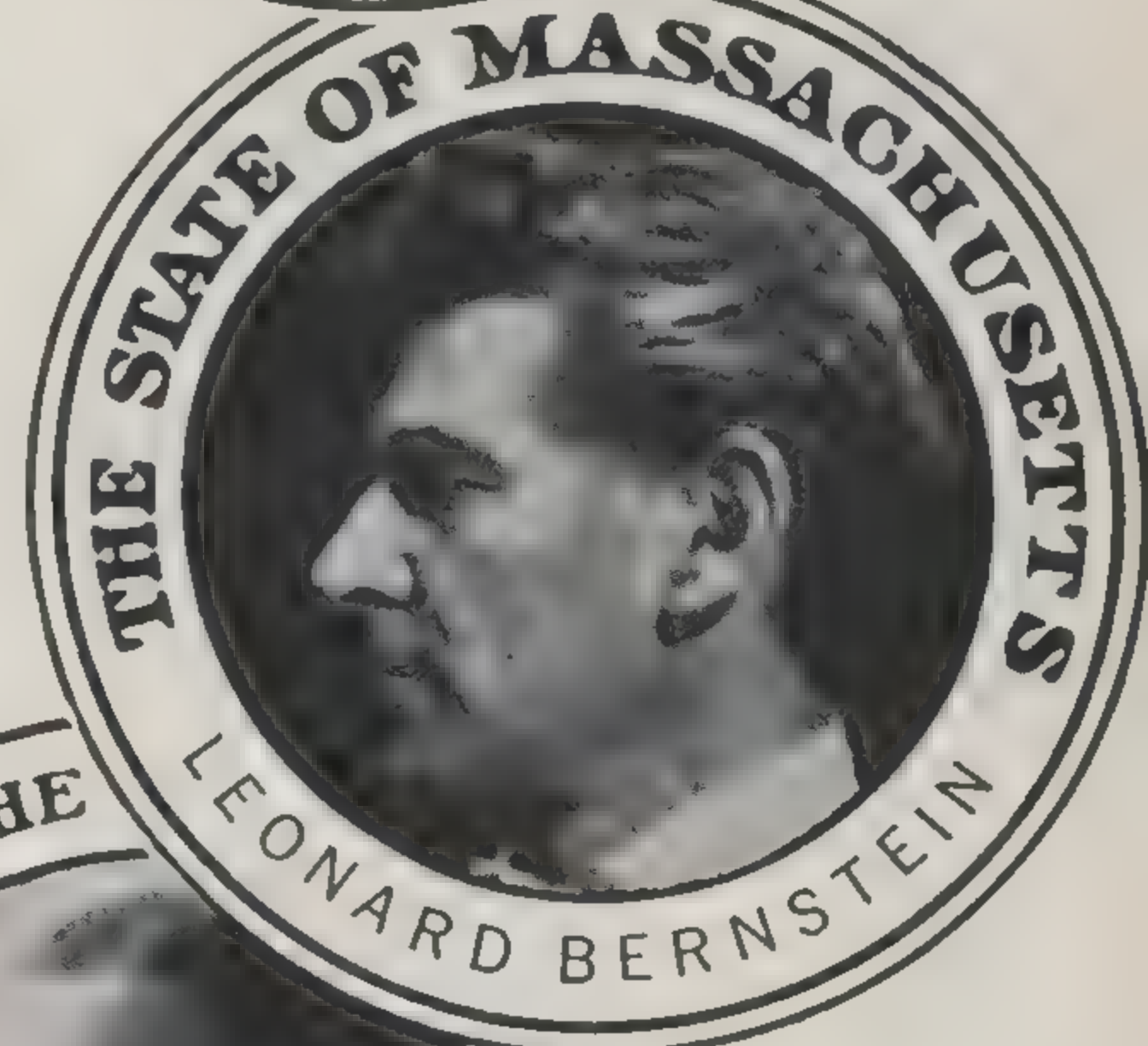
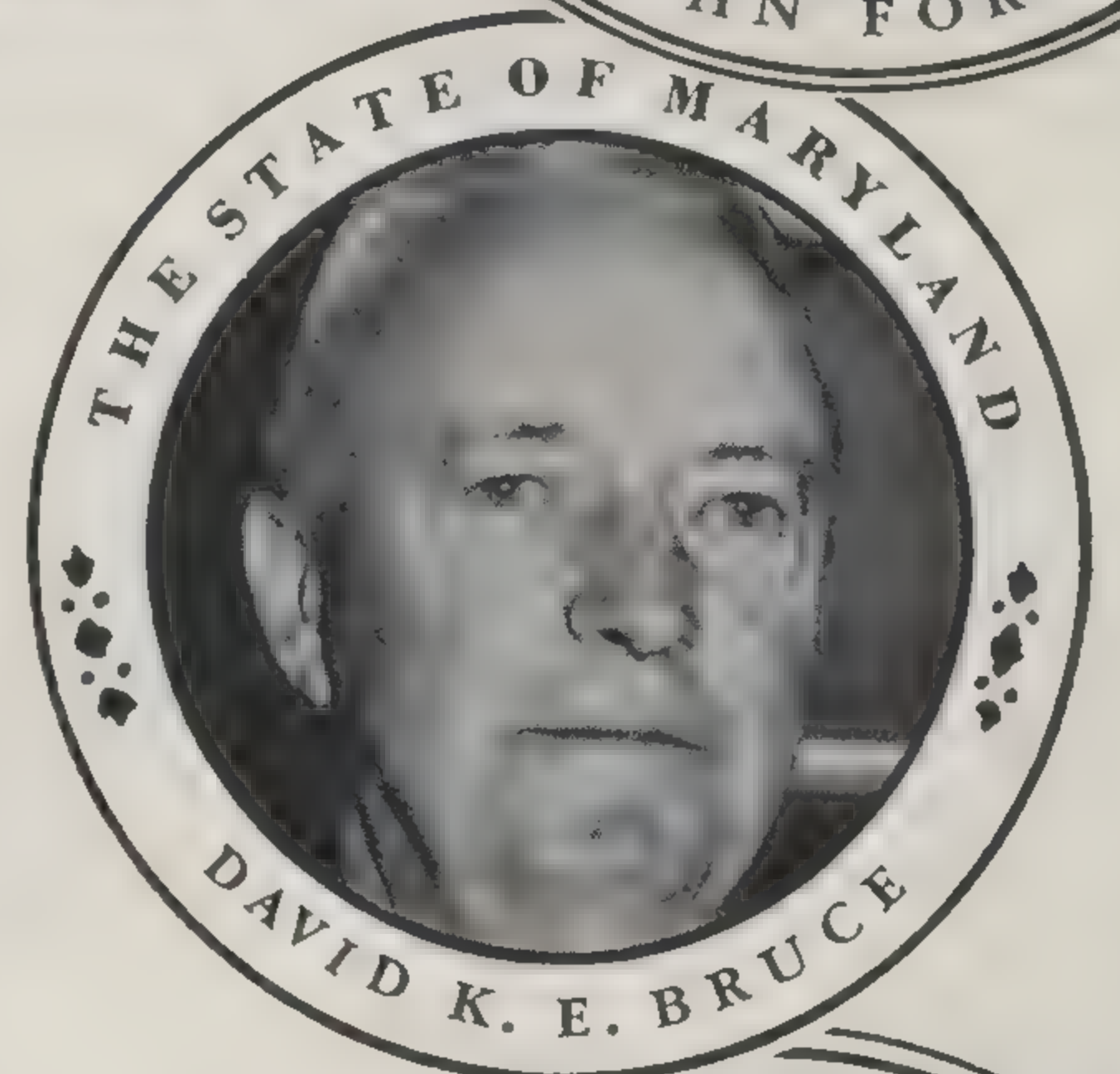
MISSISSIPPI: Fred Coe—a special eye for New York detail in a producer from as far South as the town of Alligator. One of the earliest, most inventive TV men, he produced that Bronx classic, *Marty*, also the Broadway hit, *Two for the Seesaw* with its Greenwich Village locale. Coe also started one of the first ninety-minute dramas on TV, *Playhouse 90*.

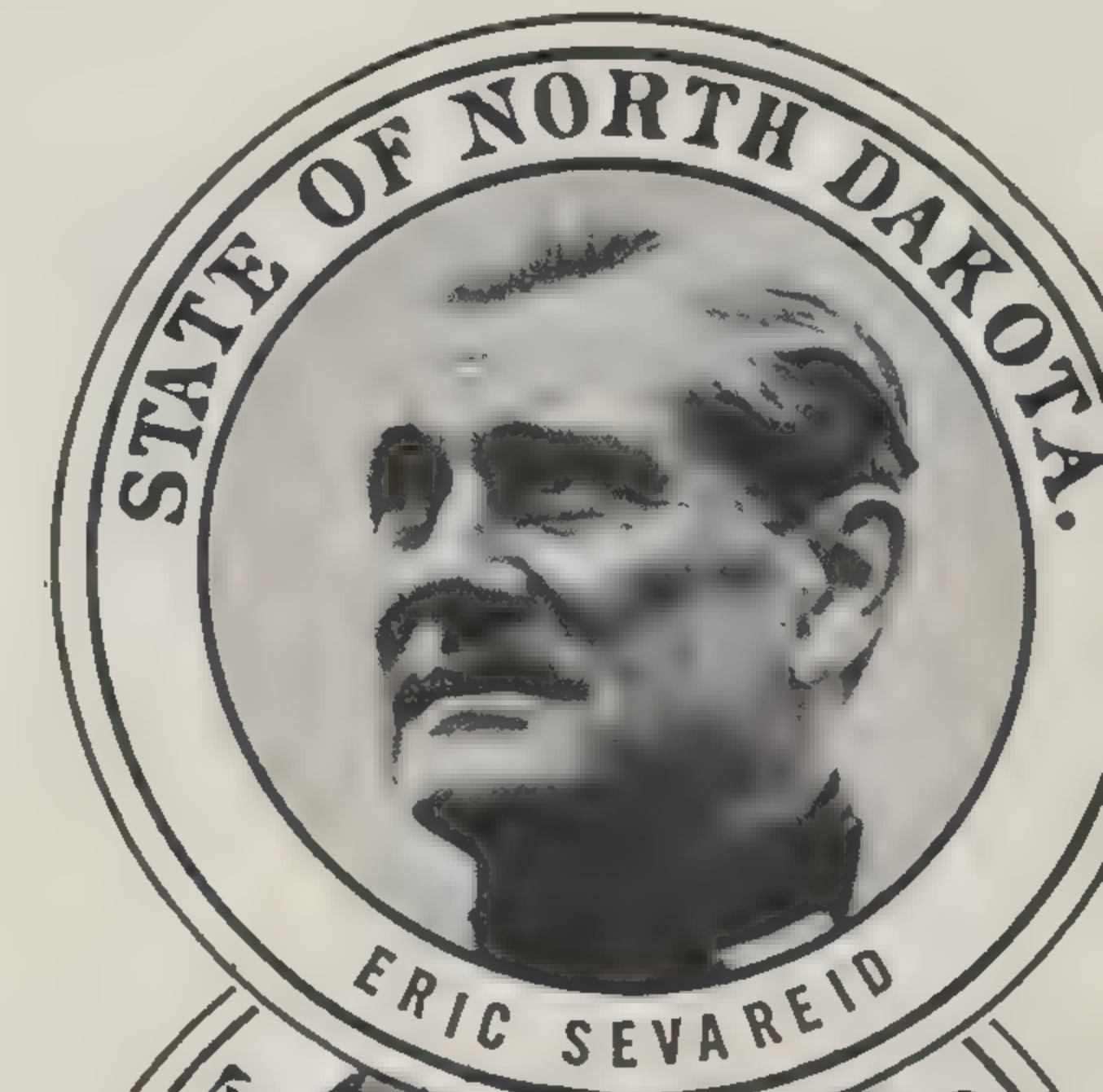
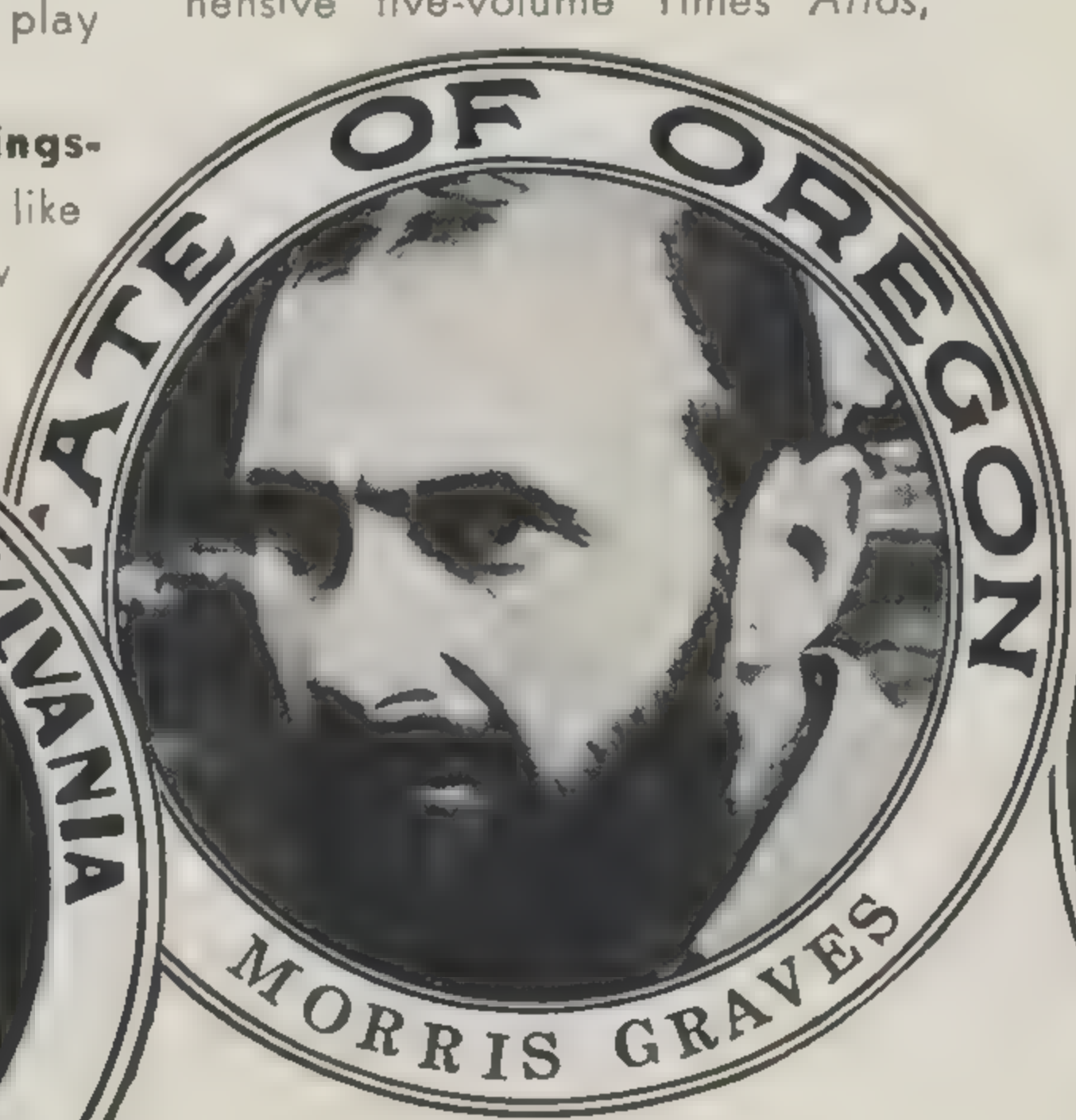
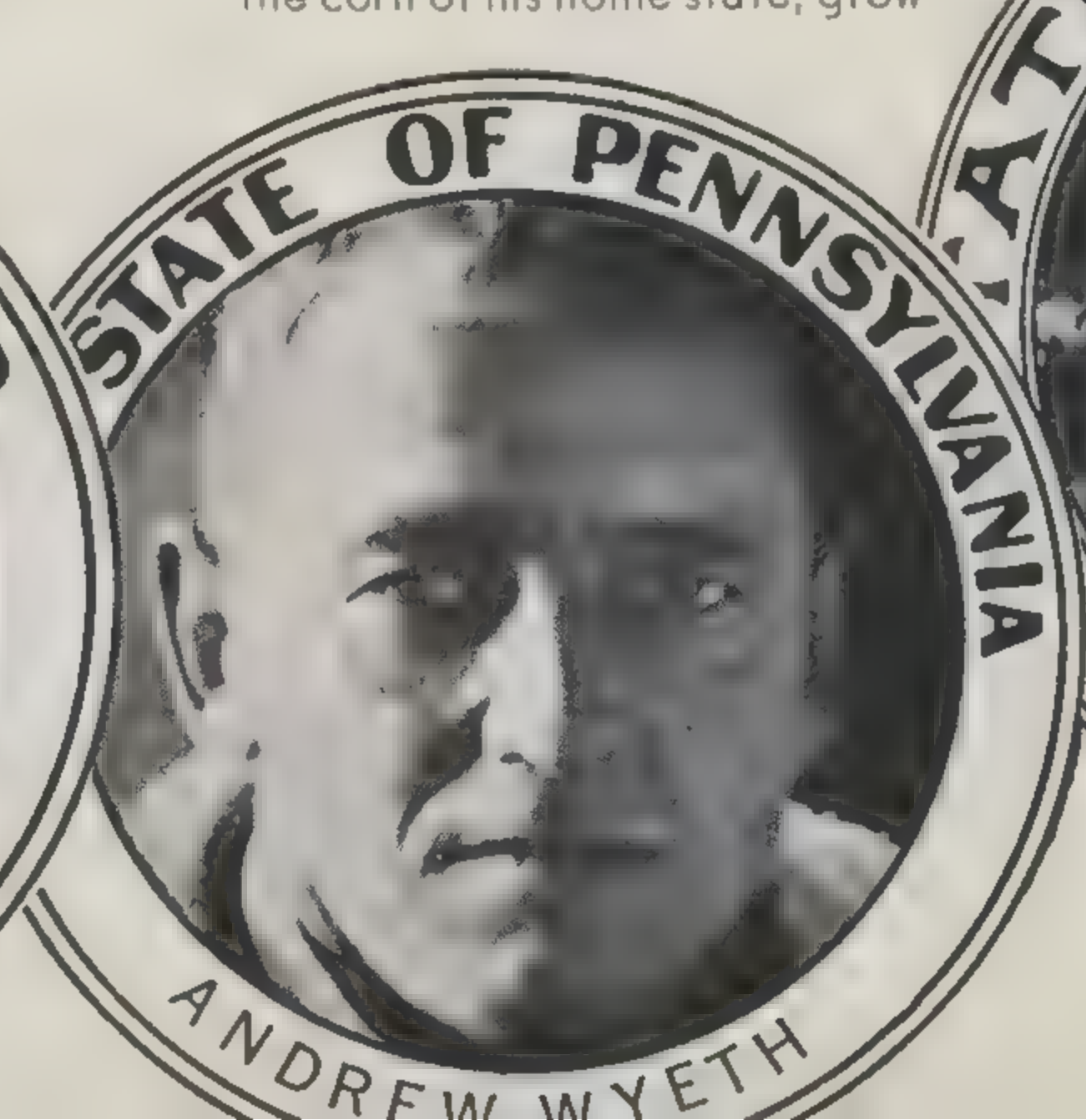
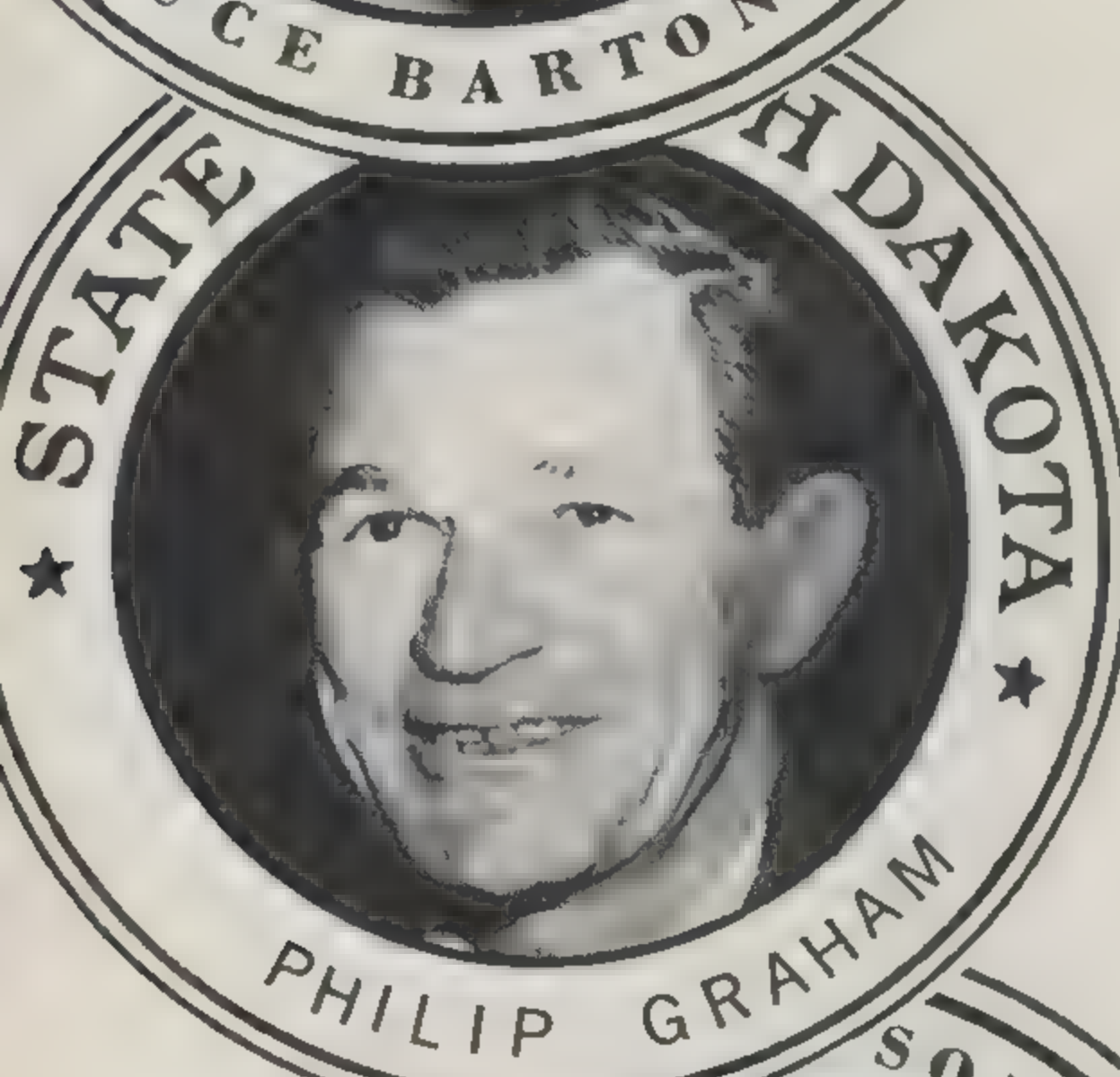
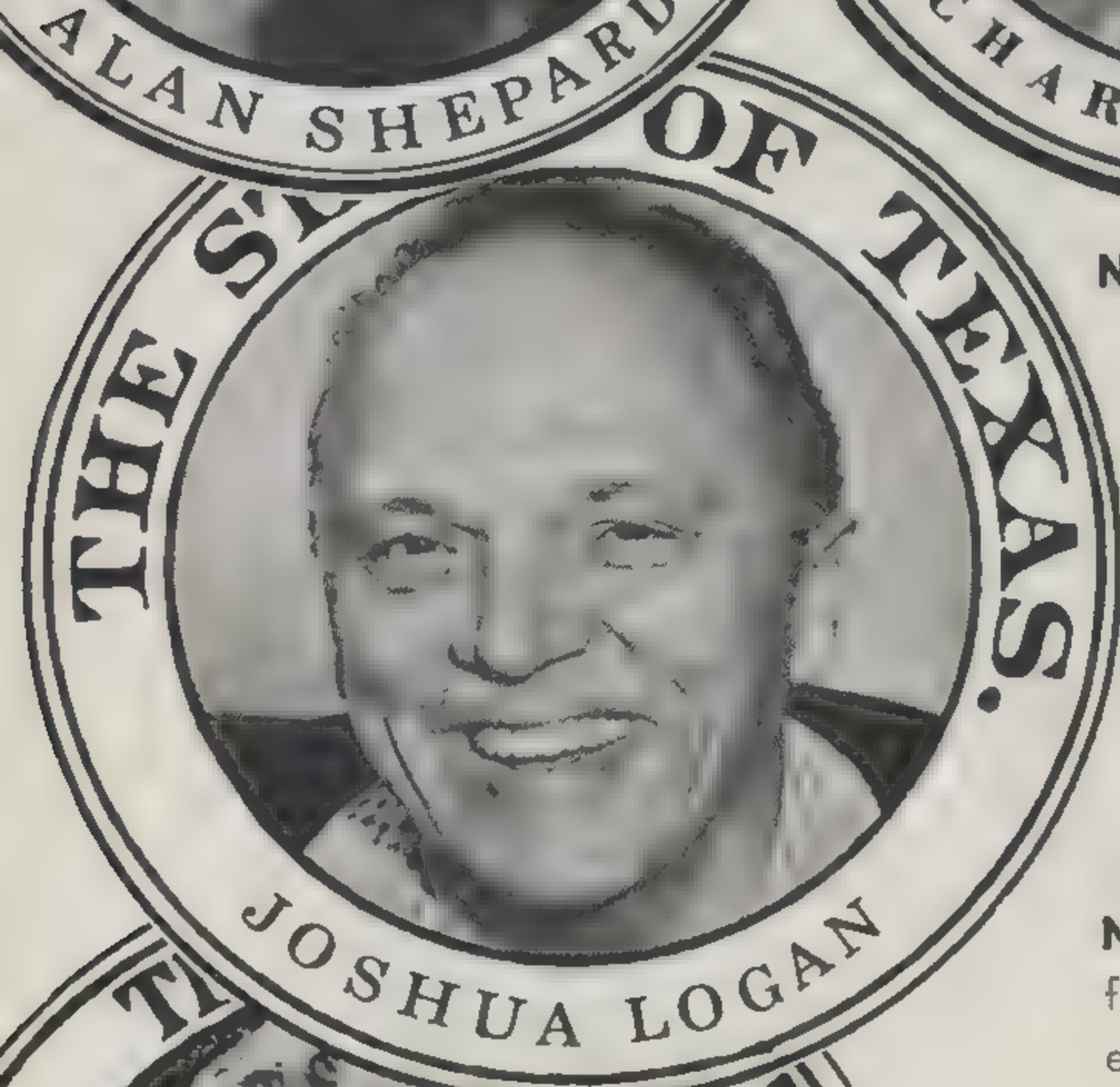
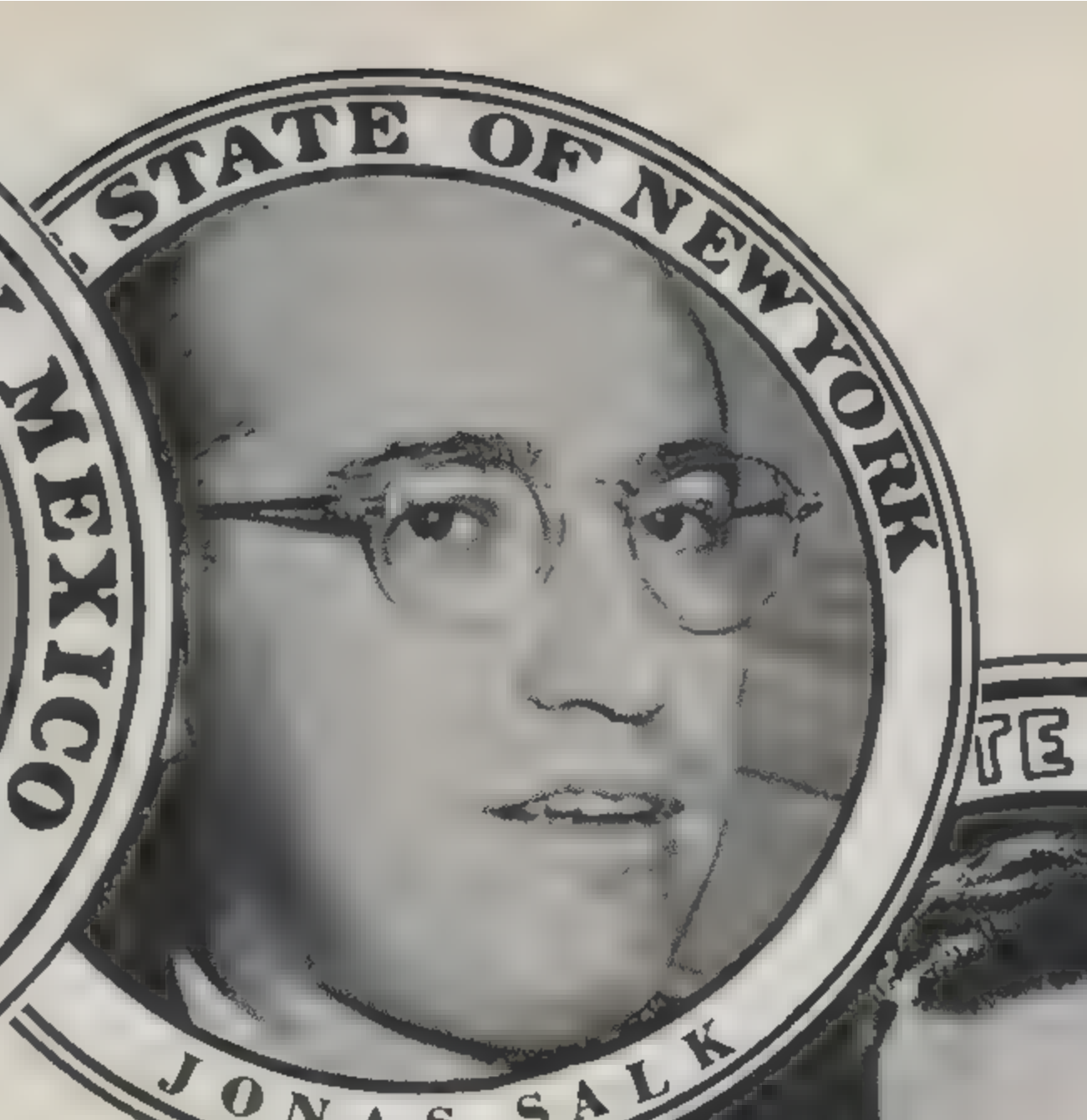
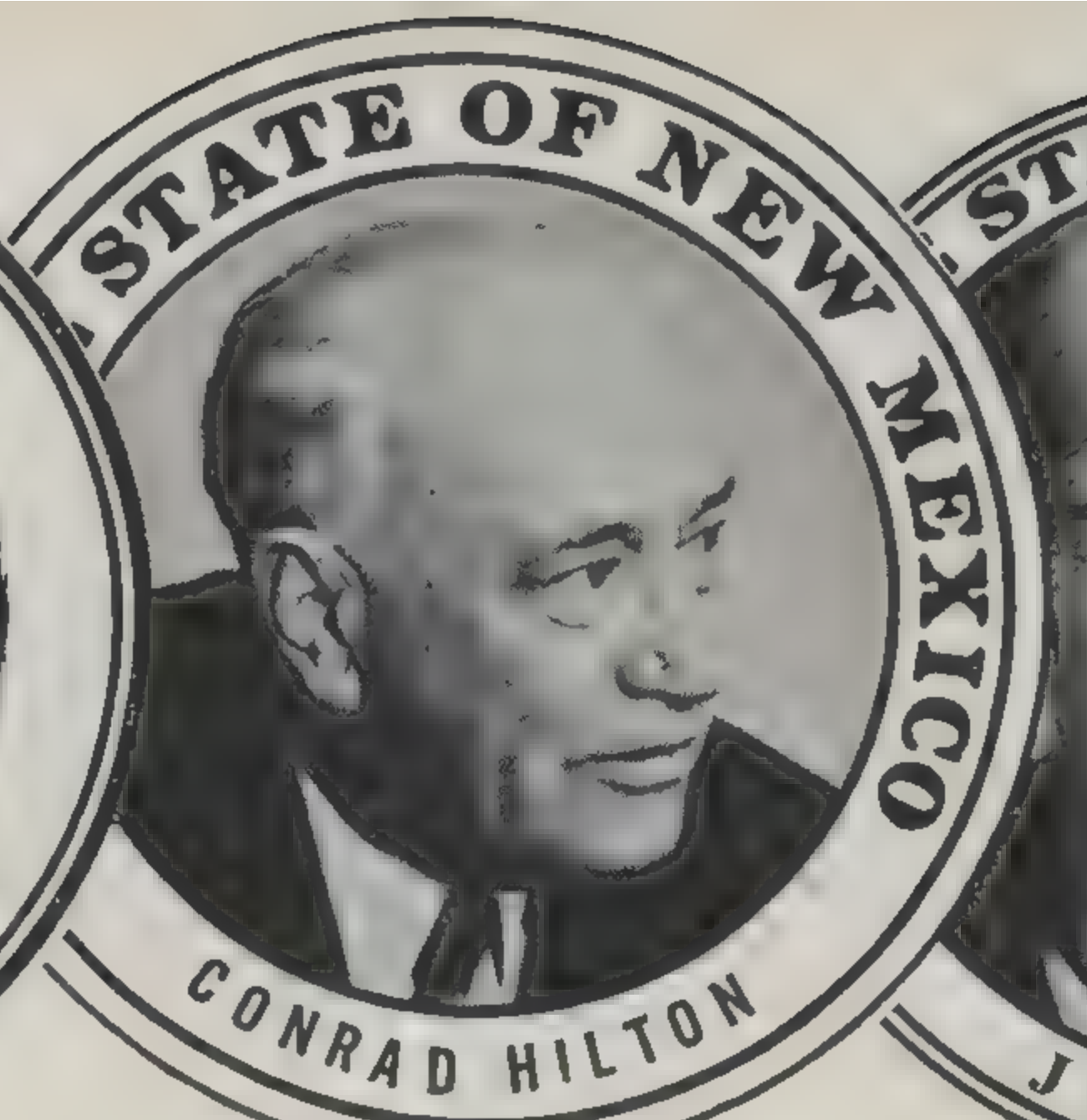
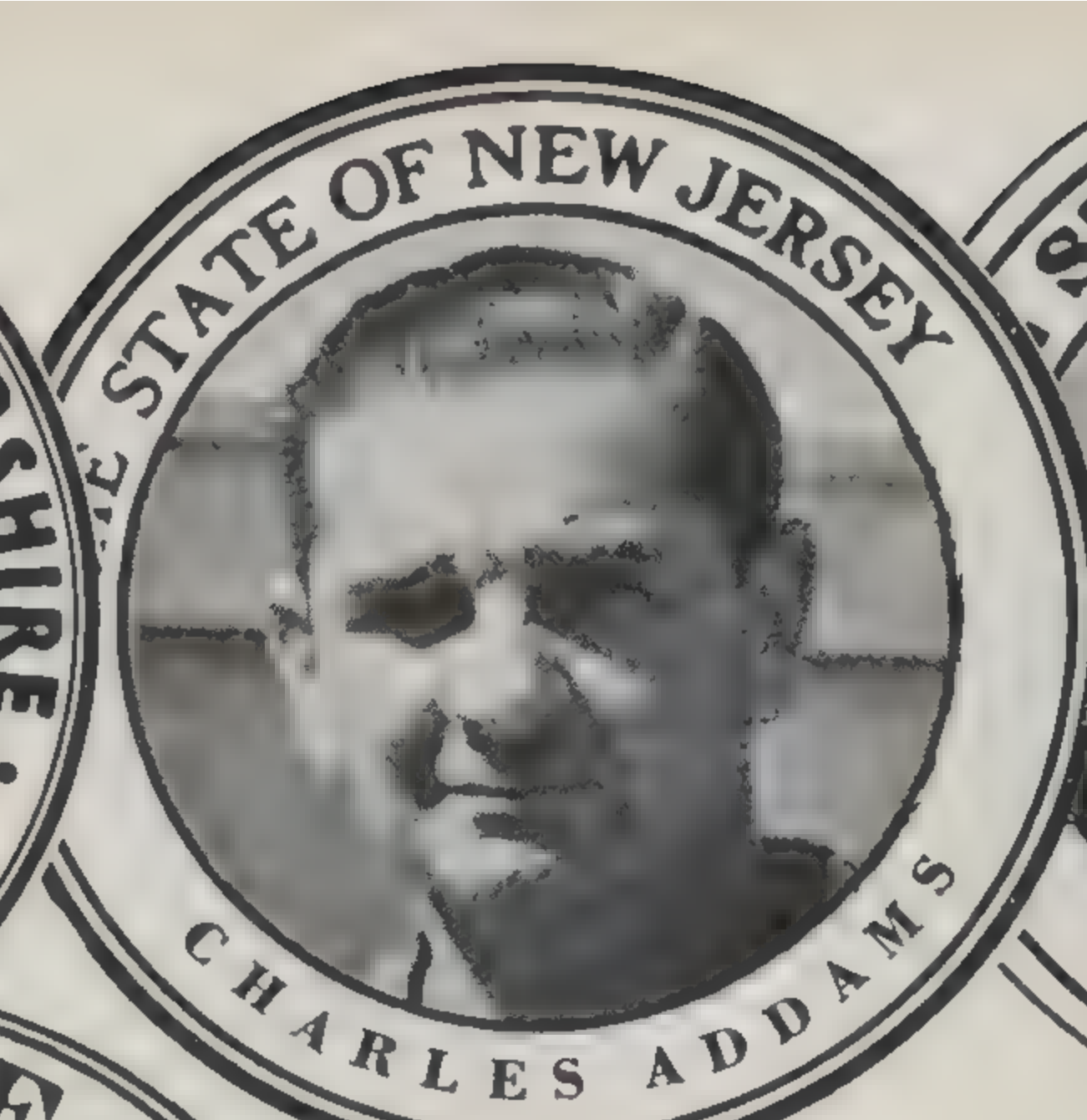
MISSOURI: Norbert Wiener, another prodigious Midwestern gift to the universities of the East, the great mathematician and founder of cybernetics. He comes from the town of Columbia, has taught at Harvard and the University of Maine; is now at M.I.T.

MONTANA: Richard Maney, the big chief of Broadway press agents, was born on a ranch in Chinook. Cynical, hard-talking, he is, however, said Tallulah Bankhead, one of the only two men in front of whom she wouldn't use profanity. He has handled all sorts of performers from trick artists to Katharine Cornell.

NEBRASKA: Fred Astaire, who turned the straw-hat hooper into a white-tie-and-tails man, danced his soigné, easy way out of the meat packing, grain marketing, railroad centre of Omaha.

NEVADA: Eva Adams, the only native daughter in these pages. Her recent appointment as Director of the U.S. Mint is a national as well as Nevada excitement. The daughter of a gold miner from the silver state, she has taught English; is a member of the Supreme Court and Nevada bars; and has been the right hand of Nevada senators in Washington for some twenty years.





NEW HAMPSHIRE: Alan Shepard, an eighth generation Shepard in New England, belongs to the first generation of men in space.

NEW JERSEY: Charles Addams, born in Westfield, normsville suburbia, U.S.A., has given birth to the most outlandish family of ghouls in American cartoons.

NEW MEXICO: Conrad Hilton—from a little acorn of hotel experience, a rich forest of international hotels. He started out carrying luggage in his father's modest hotel in San Antonio, N. M.

NEW YORK: Jonas Salk, an East-West medical shuttler, helped develop vaccines for influenza at the University of Michigan, shuttled back east to the University of Pittsburgh to work some five years, sixteen to eighteen hours a day, six days a week, testing his famed Salk polio vaccine.

NORTH CAROLINA: David Brinkley, with his wry cat-that's-digested-the-best-of-the-news reporting, has also swallowed most traces of his Southern accent. Wilmington-born, he gets the 'kicks' and kinks out of world affairs, in succinct, non-dogmatic, amused coverage for NBC-TV.

NORTH DAKOTA: Eric Sevareid got his first look at the world, which he's covered with distinction and lucidity for CBS News, from one of its tiniest peepholes, Velva, his hometown. In another secluded spot, his own bed in the late morning, he claims to get some of his best ideas—the "think scoops."

OHIO: Eddie Arcaro—the *Racing Form* and *Wall Street Journal* are America's top jockey's breakfast reading. A millionaire investor, the only thing he wanted as a child in Cincinnati was to be the size to play baseball.

OKLAHOMA: Sherman Billingsley—whose realty ventures, like the corn of his home state, grow

"high as an elephant's eye," worked eastward from Enid to celebrity as proprietor of New York's Stork Club.

OREGON: Morris Graves—the Pacific Northwest and Zen, in a world of half-real, half-spirit landscapes, birds, and animals. Robert Coates has described his work "as a study of man's stubborn and dedicated efforts to combine two cultures that are usually taken to be antipodal..."

PENNSYLVANIA: Andrew Wyeth—in the winter, Chadds Ford, Pa., his birthplace; in the summer, New England. These two places, "their bare bones," are the subjects of this great painter who works closer to the tradition of American realism than any of his contemporaries. He refused to paint Robert Frost: "I love his work... I told him I thought I'd expressed more clearly in some of my landscapes of New England the way I felt about him, his work, than if I painted his features..."

RHODE ISLAND: Winthrop Aldrich—the Chase Bank, the Court of St. James's, Rockefeller Center, all have tasted the strong New England flavour of his character. He resigned as chairman of the board of Chase to become Eisenhower's first ambassador to England, in 1953, is now a director of Rockefeller Center.

SOUTH CAROLINA: Bernard Baruch, one of the South's most distinguished native sons, "the greatest living American" to some. Born in Camden, he went North to New York's City College, made his first million by the time he was thirty, advised some half a dozen U.S. presidents.

SOUTH DAKOTA: Philip Graham—from Terry, a spot too small to be listed in the comprehensive five-volume *Times Atlas*,

comes the publisher of *The Washington Post*, the paper that U.S. Congressmen and government officials read with their breakfast. Last March he acquired the controlling block of *Newsweek*.

TENNESSEE: Bruce Barton, Chairman of the Board of B.B.D. & O., evangelist defender of American advertising and Madison Avenue, inventor of such American images as Betty Crocker, was born in Robbins, the son of a circuit-riding mountain preacher.

TEXAS: Joshua Logan, a theatre maverick as flamboyant, original, and rich as the state he comes from. Playwright, director, producer, he made, during the year *South Pacific* opened, \$10,000 a week; came to Broadway via Princeton.

COMPOSITE PROFILE OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

By Adelaide Stedman and Adelaide Cumming

In January, the four hundred and twenty men and seventeen women making up the House of Representatives sat down again to take up their business of law making. Two hundred fifty-nine of them are Democrats, one hundred seventy-four Republicans. Two call themselves Democratic-Farmer-Labor. Another describes himself a Democrat-Liberal. Four are Negroes, and one an American Indian.

These men and women have, among other duties, the awesome job of deciding who shall be taxed and for how much, and how a tremendous amount of the national income shall be spent. "They hold the nation's purse strings."

How they vote is always news, but as human beings they are of all officials selected for national office perhaps the least known to the public. It is doubtful if most citizens could name ten Congressmen. And in the big cities, an embarrassing number can't even name their own.

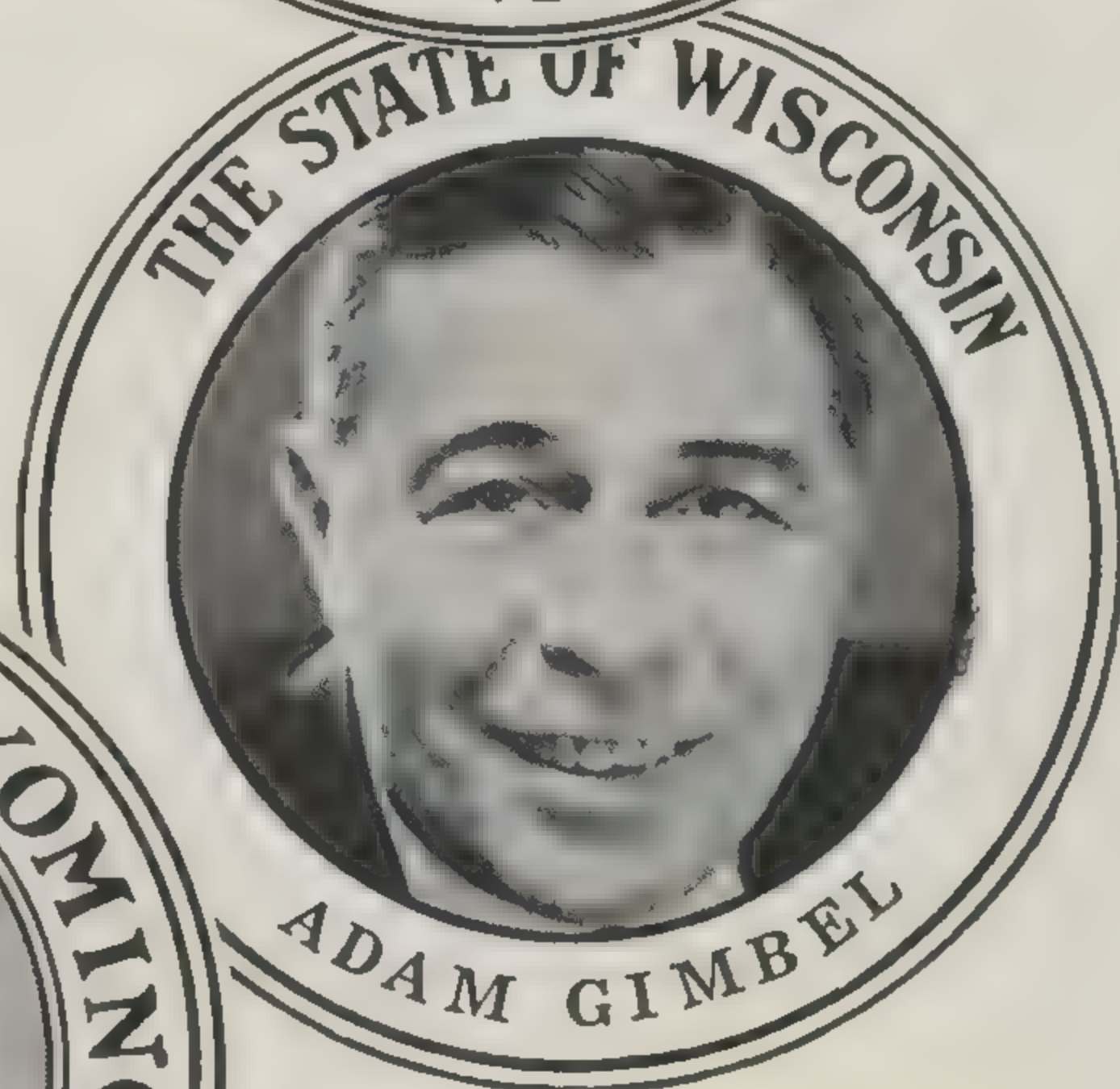
Here is the composite picture of an American Congressman. "He is around fifty. He represents the state in which he was born and has always lived. He is proud of it. His is the view of Main Street and the corner store. Even when city-bred, he is district-minded.

"He went to public school and on to college—often not a big, splashy college—but you had better think it is good. He is an educated man; not an intellectual, but he hasn't wasted his education. He is a successful man, though not a wealthy one. He professes some religion. He knows as much about war as you learn from at least having worn a uniform, but he is not military-minded. His greatest experience has been in meeting people. He is in a gregarious occupation. He hasn't travelled much.

"He is a married man who has stayed married. He has a couple of children of whom he is transparently fond. He loves the grass roots from which he sprang. He is shrewd and likable.

"Such is the picture of the men and women who give sketches of themselves in *Who's Who* and in the *Congressional Directory*, containing autobiographies of the members—masterpieces of unconscious self-revelation."

Vogue published these facts in 1944, and the astonishing fact is that it so accurately describes the men and women who are writing their biographies today. There is only one outstanding difference. Today's Congressman is a little older than he was then. Now his composite age is fifty-eight and a fraction. But then, (Continued on page 185)



UTAH: Ernest Wilkinson—a man of Indian affairs in the groves of academe. President of Brigham Young University, he was born in Ogden, went East as a young lawyer, to Washington, D.C.; obtained the largest Indian claim ever granted by the U.S. Court.

VERMONT: Rudy Vallee's maple-sugar voice had American housewives and teen-agers swooning as far back as the late twenties. One of the first of the idol crooners, he was born in Island Pond; again has audiences entranced as star of Broadway's biggest musical hit this season, *How to Succeed...*

VIRGINIA: Matthew Ridgway—from an Army post on Chesapeake Bay to Supreme Command in the Far East, and in Europe. Army Chief of Staff, exemplar of the highest tradition of the fighting general, he retired in 1955, became Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research.

WEST VIRGINIA: Walter Reuther, the Auto Union's dynamo, was born on the eve of Labor Day, in the steel centre of Wheeling. Austere-living, inexhaustible, he bicycled through Europe and the Orient studying auto plants and machine shops before organizing his UAW.

WASHINGTON: Bing Crosby—Hollywood great and business tycoon, born in Tacoma. He was one of the first of an increasing rank of Hollywood actors to develop keen business sense—a contrast to the mad fortune-making and -losing antics of the early idols.

WISCONSIN: Adam Gimbel, from the dairy state of the nation to fashion. President of Saks Fifth Avenue, he once studied architecture, speaks French superbly.

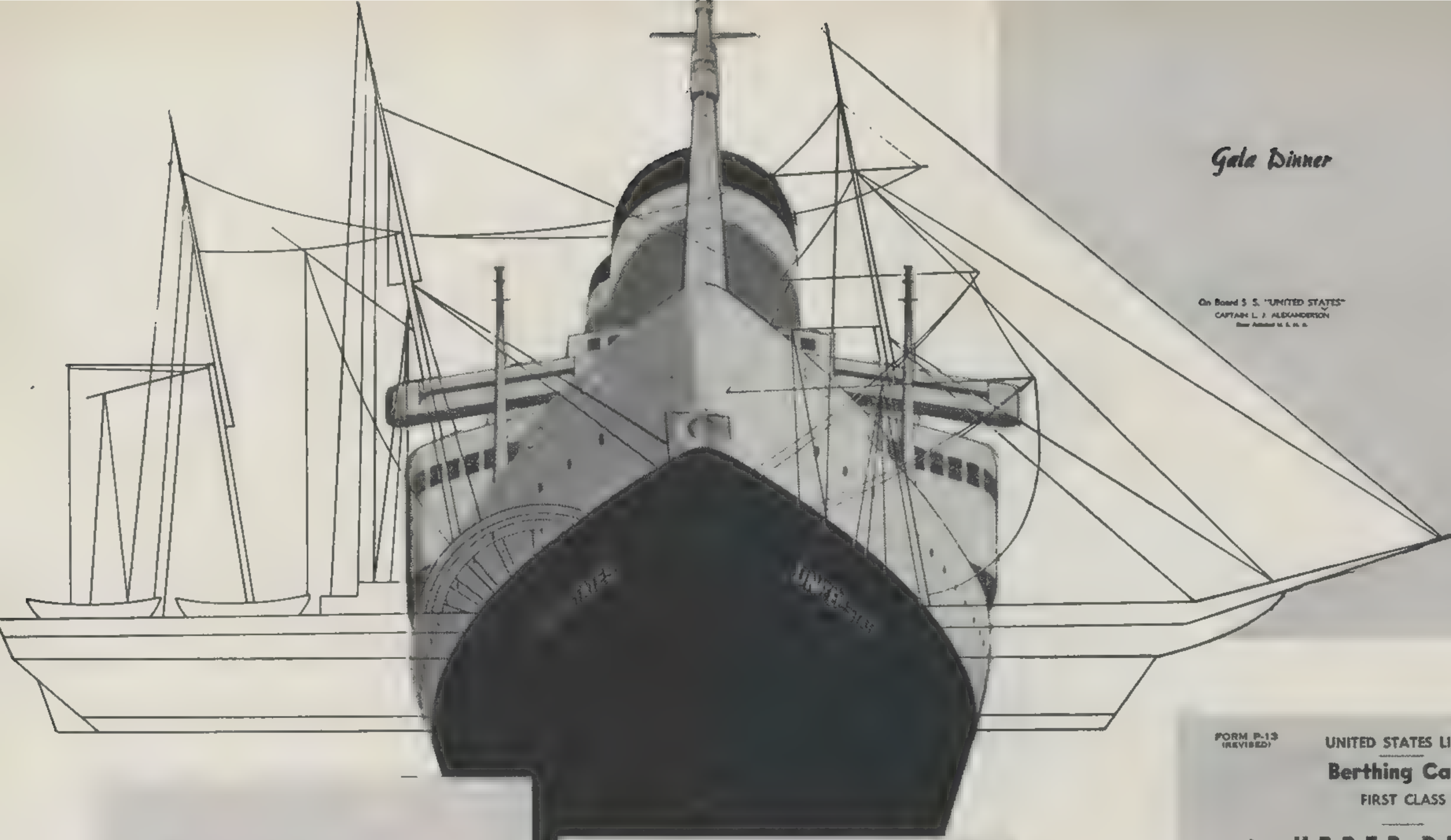
WYOMING: Harrison Brown, out of a once Wild Western state, a scientist who does bridge Snow's two cultures. A geochemist, he is known for his work with Einstein to inform the public on atomic power, as well as for his meteorite research.

Fashion funds— two shapes ahead

Taking clothes-buying on a what's-in-it-for-me basis, here are two bright ideas—a coat and a suit—for now and future seasons. What's in them for anyone: good looks that are fashionably sound, rewardingly wearable, contemporary as they come—at small prices. *This page:* A white wool coat with a hint of indented curve to suggest a high waist; this suggestion, followed by high-mark buttons, rows of stitching. By Lassie Junior Petite; about \$40. At Altman's; Dayton's; Hovland-Swanson; Frost Bros. Mr. John hat. *Opposite:* Black worsted suit with these rewards—a cardigan jacket with some mid-shaping at the front, a belted shape, and a white chiffon scarf. By Glenhaven; about \$60. Gloves by Superb. Both at Bloomingdale's. The suit also at Bamberger's; Woodward & Lothrop; Meier & Frank. The shoes by Palizzio. The hat by Mr. John.







Gala Dinner

On Board S. S. "UNITED STATES"
CAPTAIN L. J. ALEXANDERSON
Star Atlantic L. S. N. S.

Cape Cod Oysters on the Half Shell
Artichoke Cups à la Virginia
Fresh Fruit Cup au Kirsh
Fresh Crabmeat Cocktail
Jumbo Shrimp Cocktail
Cream of Mussels
Volauvé Blumenthal
Green Turtle "Wine"
Paupiettes of Dover Sole, Bonne-Femmes, Flançais
Jumbo Frog Legs à la Provençale, Saffron Risotto
Scottish Grouse à l'Anglaise
English Bread Sauce, Wild Rice, Sauté, Cornish Jelly, Glazed Mashed
Chartreuse Shortbread, Ice Waters
Roast French Pheasant, Giblet Sauce, Cranberry Jelly
Rock and Saddle of Lamb au Jus, Mint Sauce
Filet Mignon, Sauce Béarnaise, Fresh Mushrooms, Sauté
Burgundy Asparagus, Sauce Hollandaise
Fresh String Beans, Sauté
Baked Zucchini Squash in Butter
Baked Idaho, Candied Sweet, French Fried or Mashed Potatoes
Avocado Pear, Spiced or Riquart Dressing
Preserved Black Bing Cherries
Bamba Glace "Caprice"
Swiss, Saffron, Gorgonzola, Brin or Salmon Cheese
Crystallized Ginger
California Flap
Fresh Fruit Basket
Bismarck, November 11, 1961

Reminder Mrs. de
Cabin V 72
Facial appointment
at 4.30
Martha



Breakfast

FRUITS
Chilled Spanish Melon or Cantaloupe
Fresh Strawberry with Cream
Melon Balls
Fresh Fruit Salad
Preserved Fruits
Sautéed Fruits
Vegetable
Sliced Bananas with Cream
Frozen Peaches in Syrup
Baked Apple
Fresh Grapes
Figs in Syrup, Cherries, Peaches or Kumquats
Apricots, Pineapples, Pears or Mixed Fruit
Pineapple, Grape, Tomato, Orange, Apple
Grapefruit, Soufflé, Prune or Plum

CEREALS
Hot Oats with Milk
Puffed Wheat
Grape-Nut Flakes
Boiled Porridge with Milk
Sugar Frosted Flakes
Shredded Wheat
Puffed Rice
Raisin Bran
Stewed Prunes
Rice Krispies
Cocoa Krispies
Corn Flakes

FISH
Broiled Herring
Porgie, Sauté Mussels
Fried Haddock in Double Cream
Breadcrumbs with Potatoes

EGGS
Boiled
Scrambled
Omelette
Poached
Shirred
Buttered
Fried with Ham or Bacon
with Cheddar Cheese, Shrimp, à la Reine, à la Crème or à la Pluie

MEATS
Lepidote, Poached Egg, Aspic Cucumber
Veal Kidney, Soufflé, Sauce Maitre

FROM THE GRILL
Single Pork Chop
Veal Chop, Maitre d'Hôtel
Small Breakfast Steak
Wheat or Super-soufflé Yorkshire
Pheasant or Country Sausages
Bacon
Pheasant, Boiled, Mashed or Mashed Brown
Cold Blended
Beef Steak, Tartare
Omelette, Sauté or Boursin
Various Kinds of Fresh and Smoked German Sausages
Wheat or Buckwheat Grits with Maple or Coconut Syrup
Vanilla Waffles
Crisp Toast
Sweet Buns
Toasted English Muffins
Zucchini
Current Buns
French Muffins, Buttered or Dry Toast
White Rolls

DESSERTS
Jelly: Blackberry, Raspberry, Strawberry, Cherry, Apricot, Damson, Peach or Plum
Custard or Shredded Honey
Jellies: Red Currant, Guava, Strawberry or Bar-le-Duc Glaze
Pretzels

BEVERAGES
Coffee: American, Nescafé, Soufflé, instant Soufflé, Mocha or Kaffee Hag
Tea: English Breakfast, Mint, Orange, Lemon, Ceylon, Green, Oolong, Homogenized Milk, Skimmed Milk, Buttermilk or Yogurt
Elixirs: Chocolate, Instant Chocolate, Orange or Pinaise

Friday, November 10, 1961
UNITED STATES LINES

FORM P-13
(REVISED)
UNITED STATES LINES
Berthing Card
FIRST CLASS

UPPER DECK
Name: John J. Jones
Stateroom No. 72 Berth N
Please present this card to the Steward's Room
Reservation. Return Information Slip
FORM P-40
First Train
1961
PTD IN U.S.A.

UNITED STATES LINES

LONDON SPECIAL TRAIN

"THE STATESMAN"
Reservation

Pullman Car Letter A
Seat Number 10

"S. S. UNITED STATES"

How to use a boat as a beauty treatment

BY DESPINA MESSINESI



Sea-spray facial



Kicks in the pool

"A capital ship for an ocean trip" can be even more than that, if you really use all it has to offer. More than a swift and beautiful machine for whisking you from one side of the Atlantic to the other, a great ocean liner, such as the S. S. "United States," is also equipped to be a floating health spa, a 53,330-ton beauty salon, a rest-and-rehabilitation centre that slices through the sea at thirty-plus knots. It's a luxurious, delicious setting for a five-day regimen of diet, rest, exercise, and beauty-therapy that can be very pleasant, and can land you on the other shore bright-eyed, clear-skinned, trimmer-waisted, and full of bounce. (All done without your fellow passengers having the slightest idea of what you're up to.)

This, at any rate, was my theory, and I decided on my last crossing—on the same "United States," the speed queen of the Atlantic—to put it to the test. It couldn't have been a more opportune moment: I was pale and tired from the New York winter treadmill, three or four pounds overweight—mainly from under-exercising, rather than overeating—and generally flabby. The furrows in my brow were beginning to have an ominously built-in look. And, besides the bags the porters had carried aboard for me, there were a couple under my eyes that I carried myself. I wanted to lose, not only the excess pounds, the pallor, the dark puffy circles, but a good inch off my waistline. In fact, I had to, if I intended to wear my gold brocade sheath in London—and I did intend to.

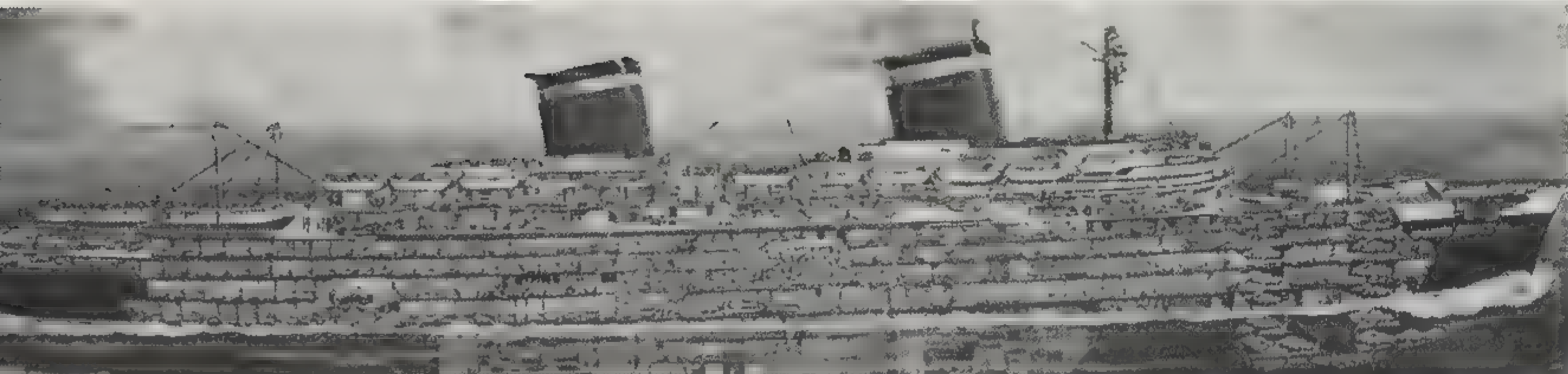
At this point, someone who has travelled on the "United States" is bound to ask, "But how could you possibly hope to diet on a ship that's famous for its delicious food?" Well, it's not always easy, but it can be done. Many of the most famous and delicious specialties of the "United States" cuisine are not fattening at all: the beef, the fresh vegetables and fruits, the salads, for which a low-calorie dressing is always available. Only the rich sauces must be skipped, and the non-fruit desserts, and the obvious traps like pastries at teatime. If it makes it easier for you to have your doctor jot down a diet for you before sailing, the ship's kitchen can follow it to the letter; in fact, they're equipped to do much harder things than that, such as

DRAWINGS BY
EVELYN MARCIL



all sorts of special medical and religious diets. (If wanted, food on board can be prepared using only distilled water—or it can be cooked by radar, which bakes a potato in three minutes.)

Except for the luxury of caviar (about fifty calories for two tablespoons), I avoided salty foods, eel in jelly—with regret; it is excellent on this ship—mint sauce, beets (because of their sugar content), Hollandaise and béarnaise sauces, creamed horseradish, chicken livers. I ate all I wanted of mushrooms, celery, carrots, string beans, trout, beef, and lamb chops (minus the fat). No desserts except fruit. Black coffee; tea with lemon; clear soups instead of thick, creamy ones. I also skipped lunch on the second, third, and fourth day, relying on tea to bridge the gap between a late breakfast and dinner, though



The 53,330-ton beauty salon: side view

First Day. We sailed at noon, ignoring the tide, while the band played “Over There” and “Bye, Bye, Blackbird”; then knifed down the glittering harbour past the Statue of Liberty. She seemed draped in Bibb-lettuce-green chiffon, and sublimely oblivious, as always, of her own ample curves. Even now, one of the great health-and-beauty-treatments of an ocean voyage was beginning to work on me—the fresh, damp, salty sea air; I felt, if not looked, better already. In the dining room, I had a quick, light, and reviving lunch of Spanish melon, celery, steak (without the béarnaise), watercress salad with low-calorie dressing, grapes, and coffee. Then I went to my charming grey-and-beige stateroom to unpack. (Somewhere in here there was a brief, painless indoor fire drill, with the smaller children looking like Michelin tire ads in their chubby orange life jackets.)

In the stateroom was a booklet giving the ship’s passenger list for that voyage, and, more important, a list of all the ship’s facilities, where they might be found, and what hours they were open: the ones that interested me most were the swimming pool, the massage room, the gymnasium, and the beauty salon. I instantly booked appointments for a massage and a facial for that afternoon, and set up a few more for the following days—it’s a good idea to do this as soon as possible after boarding the ship.

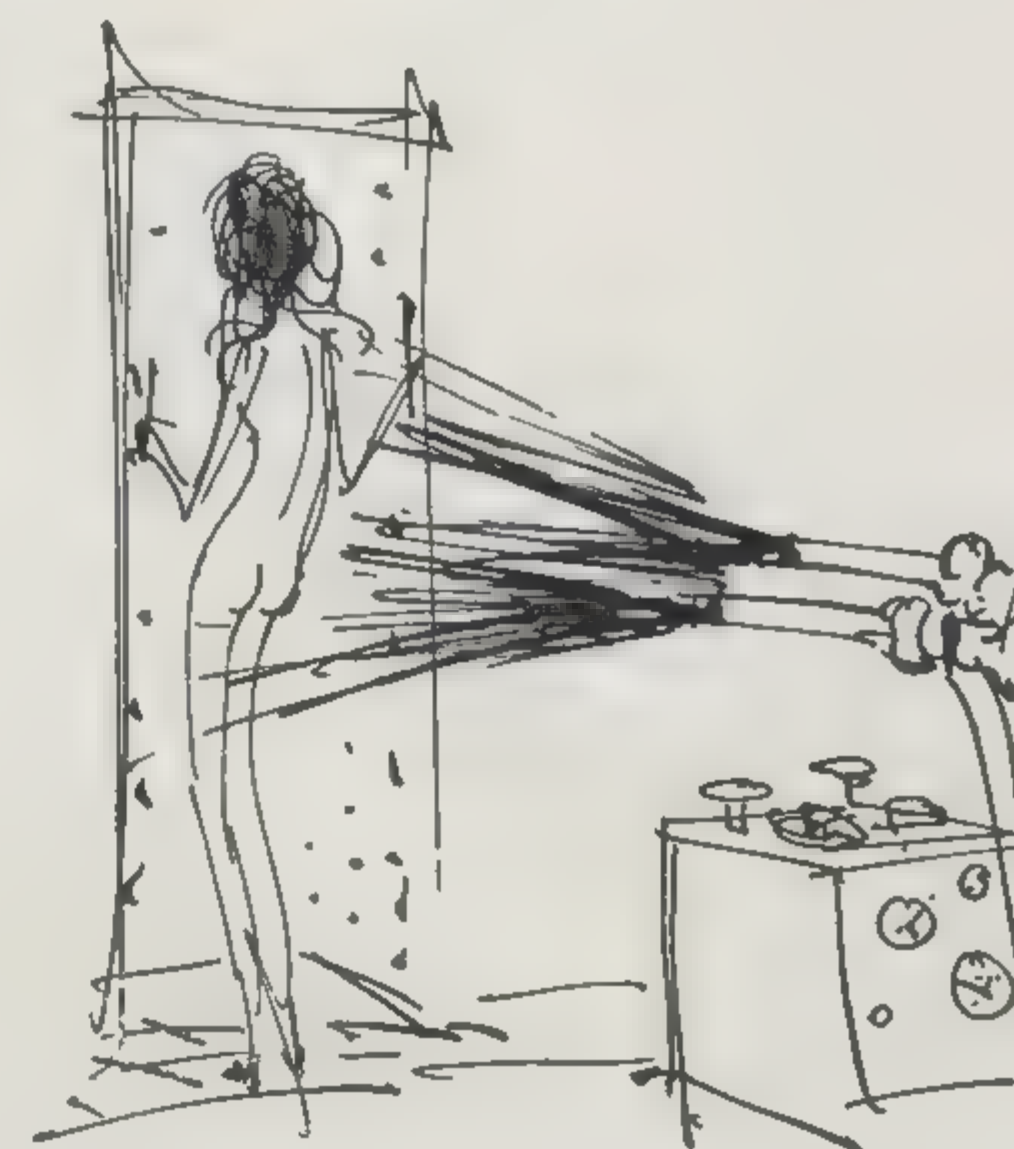
At 4:30, I descended, in a special elevator painted a cheerful orange, to the massage room, next to the swimming pool on “C” deck, and explained my figure problems to Penny, a robust girl dressed in a white T-shirt and knee-length culottes. She seemed unfazed and quite ready to cope. Penny’s method: first, to warm the muscles, a hot shower—a needle-fine attack from a battery of twenty-four nozzles. Then a thirty-minute massage with baby oil, Penny’s hands kneading the muscles in depth. Lastly, that rather startling, though enjoyable experience, the Scotch hose (Penny looking rather like Annie Oakley as she aimed the two seventy-pound sprays at my sagging muscles), after which she wrapped me gently in a huge warmed bath-towel. To finish, I rested a few minutes under the sun-lamp (and dozed off instantly). Penny decided I didn’t need the steam cabinet.

In the pale-pink beauty salon, on the main deck, I came to a quick understanding with Marthe, a fresh blond Norwegian. My problem: to plump up my face, “feed” my neck, soothe the furrows on my forehead. Marthe applied a mask, for this first day only, to start up the circulation; then suggested I leave my face bare of make-up until my next public appearance, at *(Continued on page 181)*

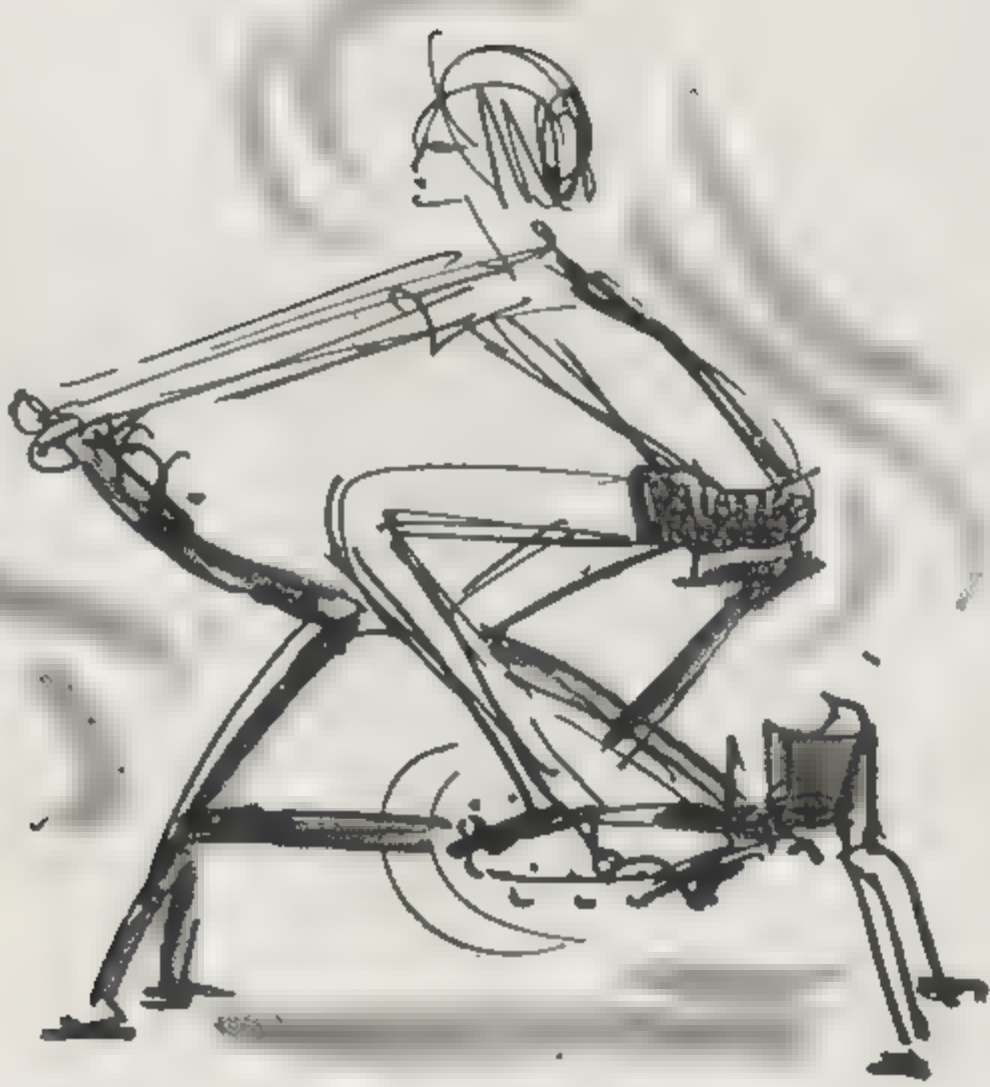
this system might not work for everyone. (I often skip lunch at home.) Now, for the day-by-day log of my voyage:



Sports deck: tennis, sun



70-pound hosing-down



Bicycling to Europe



Evening exercise: dancing

JOE CARTER WALKS OUT ON A PARTY

By Thomas W. Phipps

Joe Carter checked to make sure his hostess wasn't looking, then he silently eased himself to the door, grabbed his coat, and ran.

It was the third party in a row he'd left before midnight, and apart from the fact that such sneaking away always necessitated flowers the next morning (Joe had long since learnt that a hostess could forgive a guest almost anything but being the first to say goodnight), he was beginning to get a little worried.

What was happening? For years he'd been a late stayer, and now suddenly not only did he leave at the first possible opportunity, but nine times out of ten he didn't even want to go in the first place.

What was wrong? Tired blood, muscular aches and pains? All right, he wasn't getting any younger, and certainly his sense of adventure had lost some of its sharpness. He also was the first to admit he'd let up on his flirting, and in the past that had saved many a desperate occasion. (But, unfortunately, he'd realized somewhere along the line how much easier it was to start an "adventure" than to finish it.) And nowadays, as he was about to enter a room full of new people, it often seemed as if he knew far too many people already.

But none of these was the answer. The answer, surely, was the parties themselves. It had to be. But how had they changed?

Recently, of course, the Twist had come along, and at least for Joe that was enough to put a blight on any evening. In all his life Joe had never seen so much put out by so many for so little. Lord knows, the step itself was a harmless enough little tribal shimmy, and about as naughty as a fast handball game. No, the dreariness was in the humourless desperation with which everyone attacked it. Room after room all over New York throbbing with unmusical show-offs thrashing around, eyes glazed, brows furrowed. And, oh, the smugness of the victors, the odd one or two who thought they'd mastered it. They reminded Joe of small boys riding bicycles without hands for the first time. Searching anxiously for an approving eye, convinced they'd conquered the unconquerable.

The Twist had, of course, done away completely with the necessity of making conversation, like canasta before it: obviously that was its chief charm. You could now safely invite twenty-five people to your house, feed them coleslaw, turn on the phonograph, and relax in the sure knowledge they'd be blissfully happy shaking themselves silly till morning.

But what was this dread of having to talk? Certainly it had always existed in the "silly set," but now it seemed almost a general condition. At one recent party of bright and amusing people, Joe could swear he'd actually heard a sigh of relief go hissing around the room at the first sounds of the music. People turned from each other as if saved from a plague, eyes brightened, shoulders straightened; sentences were left dangling pathetically in mid-air, and from that moment on no contact whatsoever was made by anyone, either mental or physical, until well after three.

And thus, or so it seemed to Joe, party after *(Continued on page 188)*

U.S. SUIT LOOK, right: Suit-line for the woman who's stirred to the fashion marrow by the dash of red, white, and blue. Navy-blue wool suit, buttoned in brass over a silk surah wig-wag of blouse in red, white, blue. Lassoed over the jacket, this '62 suit-stamp: a scarf of blouse-colours caught at one shoulder by a cocarde. By Oleg Cassini, of Bellaine wool; about \$200. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Gus Mayer; Halle Bros.; Al Rosenthal. Sally Victor hat, a record-size cartwheel in red straw. Lipstick—in a high-stakes red—Scandia's Poker Chip.





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SANTA FE MARVELS:

MODERN ARCHITECTURE SIXTEEN CENTURIES OLD

How old is modern? Sixteen centuries old. Although the architecture around Santa Fe, New Mexico, looks as fresh as new-baked bread, nowhere in the United States does such a distant past project itself so visibly, so potently, into the present. The original makers of the look were Pueblo Indians, who started developing as early as 300 A.D. a kind of architecture responsible for the beyond-time feel of New Mexico today, a kind of architecture that first the Spanish and then the Americans found so right for the setting that they adopted it and adapted it rather than imposing a style of their own.

Pueblo architecture starts with adobe. Adobe is a mud mixed from the sandy desert clay, and from adobe the Indians shaped their houses—flat-roofed, thick-walled, square, archless, and domeless, with small windows and projecting rafters called vigas. The early Pueblo Indians lived in circular pit houses, partially or wholly subterranean, with saucer floors of adobe and walls of horizontal sticks and timbers fastened together with adobe mud. Later, during the Great Pueblo period 1050-1300, these unusual, peaceful, nonaggressive Indian farmers learned how to live together, as a democracy, in enormous complex groups of more than a thousand, using some of their leisure time for decorative pottery making. This was the era of the great cliffhouses and apartment-like structures. One Pueblo building completed around 1067 sheltered twelve hundred people—the largest “apartment house” in the world until the Dakota went up in New York in 1881.

When the Spaniards came to the Southwest in 1540, they brought with them a mould for making bricks, which simplified adobe building but did not change adobe ways. The arrival of the Spaniards put a full stop to Pueblo development, but not to Pueblo culture. Almost one with the land, a monotone of sands and beiges and wind-swept, sandswept silver-green trees, nineteen thousand Pueblo Indians live now in New Mexico much as their ancestors have for over a dozen centuries, an unbroken, living link with an old and everywhere-seeable past. Northwest of Santa Fe at Los Alamos, plumes of white steam are the only visible sign that the Atomic Culture proceeds full blast. Next pages: visible signs, old and new, of the Pueblo continuity.



BRUCE DAVIDSON

ON THE EAST SIDE OF THE RIO GRANDE and about twenty miles northwest of Santa Fe lies the pueblo village San Ildefonso. There Indians first built crude houses as early as 300 A.D. The present village is lived in now by some two hundred Tewa-speaking Indians whose ancestors began this pueblo about 1300, the end of the Golden Age of Pueblo culture. Two of the ancient ceremonial chambers, known as kivas, appear in the village's South Plaza, *above*—the circular one traditional and partially below ground with an entrance ladder; the rectangular one, rising behind it, recent and two storeys above ground. When Pueblo domestic architecture moved above-ground, the ceremonial kivas stayed under and have remained there for the most part ever since—an example of the generally universal conservatism of religious architecture.

To the right of the kivas in the photograph stands a modern two-family adobe and, in the photograph *below*, a brilliant example of a modern architect's adaptation of the pueblo house ways: the Santa Fe adobe of Alexander Girard, who designed a complex that grew from two houses constructed about two hundred and fifty years ago. The Girards, who settled in Santa Fe eight years ago, gradually built on, and now a quadrangle enwraps a central "plaza" garden. The Girard additions follow the same structural pattern as the old, with stone foundation, block walls, and round, carefully directed vigas, which extend beyond the wall of the house. The old part of the Girard adobe is built of adobe block with a top coating of adobe mud, but the additions are of cement blocks with a stucco coating. The old adobe buildings required a yearly re-coat of adobe—stucco obviates this need. Cement blocks cost less now than the Indians' once cost-free adobe. Although pueblo materials have changed, the pueblo look continues, timelessly.

(Continued on page 170)

Two kivas and an Indian modern house in the South Plaza of San Ildefonso Pueblo.

The Alexander Girard Santa Fe house—an Indian adobe, mostly new, but partly old.



THE PUEBLO AT TAOS, lived in by some nine hundred Tiwa-speaking Indians, lies sixty-five miles north of Santa Fe and seven thousand feet above sea level, hunched against a snow-patched mountain. Of Taos, a 1540 Spanish visitor, Alvarado, wrote: "The houses are very close together and have five or six storeys." The present houses, rebuilt in 1700 after the original village was burned, have four and five storeys. The North House, shown in part here, is the only extant five-storey pueblo in which people live as their forebears did, the only pueblo surrounded by a wall, and the only Rio Grande pueblo with covered passageways. Built of adobe block and freshed, after the rains each year, with a new pat of adobe, the pueblo has a long-worked sculptural quality. On the sun-soaked terraces, pueblo penthouses reached by ladders, much of daily life takes place. The small rooms get some of their dim light from smoke holes. What's new and non-pueblo here: the metal stove-pipes sticking out of the chimneys in the foreground, and the modern wood-framing of the doorway on the right. New, too: the way of coming by the white blankets worn by the two Indian men leaning against the wall. In the old days men wove these blankets in their kiva clubhouse-and-prayer chambers (the women meanwhile did such chores as replastering their houses). Now the blankets are, as often as not, ordered from Sears Roebuck. (*Continued on page 172*)





BRUCE DAVIDSON



Above, inside an old Puye kiva, entered by a ladder through the smoke hole in the cribbed roof. Encircling the room, benches for the men who practised religious rites here. In foreground, a traditional fire pit. Below, a bake oven and a modern-doored old house in the San Ildefonso Pueblo. Pueblo rooms were mainly for sleeping, weather-escaping. Cooking took place outdoors in conical, communal adobe ovens.





BRUCE DAVIDSON

Above, in the new living room of the Alexander Girard house, these pueblo points: the long narrow slit of a window in a massive wall, the ladder-like stairs, and beyond them, the wide doorway, unframed. *Below*, in this detail of the pink-beige adobe buildings of the Swan Lake Ranch of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Garland, these pueblo points: protruding beams and a chimney splaying at the base like a buttress.





A Puye cliff dwelling, lived in circa 1507



The mission church of St. Francis at
Ranchos de Taos

The Robert McKinney house—Pueblo,
Spanish, twentieth-century.



THE PUYE CLIFF DWELLING *above left*, towers above the Pajarito Plateau, looks south to the mountain that houses Los Alamos, and illustrates stunningly how sixteenth-century Pueblo Indians excavated caves in the volcanic ash rock and expanded their living quarters by adding dwellings of adobe block to the fronts of their caves. The Gaudi-like openings in the cave shown here are partly due to erosion, but the two small round holes were drilled to hold the beams which supported the roof outside.



A magnificent example of adobe material, shapes, and surfaces adapted to Spanish colonial architecture, the mission church, St. Francis at Ranchos de Taos, *above*, built around 1780, has a monumental look unknown in pre-Spanish Pueblo architecture. The buttressed back of the church recalls such disparate-in-time buildings as a Neolithic earth sanctuary and Le Corbusier's 1955 Church of Notre-Dame-du-Haut, while the front façade is Spanish Renaissance with an Indian accent.

The entrance gate, *far left*, opens on a plaza, surrounded by buildings that comprise the New Mexican house of Robert McKinney. Traditional Pueblo architecture is evident in the adobe block walls, the flat roofs, the *viga* beams. Spain's one-time occupation of this territory is reflected in the gates, eighteenth-century Spanish-inspired. And Americanization shows in the addition of picture windows to the old houses. Pueblo architecture, like Pueblo houses, will never be finished. Nor will it be outdated.

Of all the provender that man in his long peculiar history has decided to swallow—from birds' nests to Brie—eggs are without any question the most versatile.

You get up in the morning, read *The New York Times* and conclude the world is coming to an end; you sit around at midnight, secure with a drink in the notion that all considered life is a pleasant business: and, what do you eat? An egg. In the morning you want it Spartan, boiled; at midnight you don't mind if it is bubbling in a champagne sauce or maybe stuffed with *foie gras*.

And you will eat anybody's egg: a turtle's, a plover's, a sturgeon's, a turkey's, a shad's; but most of all you will eat a hen's.

A hen's. Think of it. Is it not surprising that a hen—the most stupid and irritating of living things—should produce such a prize? Such beauty: nature's most elegant envelope, framed in so fearful a symmetry that even Brancusi must pale at the sight of it, and filled with a meat that—well, you've had eggs, command your own superlatives.

Here now follows a cycle of eggs, from morning till midnight. Although on the whole easy enough to prepare, eggs are not a docile food, they require your constant attention, they have almost without exception a critical moment, and you must be around to seize that moment.

EGGS FOR BREAKFAST. So far as anything fancy is concerned: in the morning, no. A sensible person will not trust himself with anything so hazardous as a knife before eleven o'clock, so save the chopped up mushrooms and the peeled tomatoes for later. The following recipes can be made with only one eye open.

Boiled eggs: This is the best way: put your eggs in a pan, cover them with cold water, set them on the fire, and let them come to a boil. Then turn off the flame and let them sit in the hot water for one minute. This makes them about perfect. A variation of this, and a good one, is to use beef bouillon instead of water.


Fried eggs: These are always a hazard, but here are a few hints. First use a skillet that has a lid. Melt a pat of butter in the skillet, drop in the eggs, then flick a few drops of water off the end of your fingers onto them and put on the cover. When they seem done take them out. If you can be trusted at this hour to find the vinegar bottle pour a couple of drops into the remaining hot butter and swirl it around until the mixture is black, then pour it over the eggs.

Scrambled eggs with bacon: In a skillet put a pat of butter, melt it, and then lay in three or four strips of bacon. When the bacon is cooked, take it out and pour off almost all of the grease. Put the skillet back on the fire, turn the flame very high for about a minute, then turn it off. Now pour in the eggs which you have beaten very lightly—hardly more than just mixed them—and swirl them around in the pan with a fork. The instant they (*Continued on page 180*)

What to do with an egg

BY GEORGE BRADSHAW
AND RUTH NORMAN






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THE COWBOY INFLUENCE

(Continued from pages 117, 119)

Suit with a cowboy blazer

The following is a list of stores across the country where the Handmacher suit on page 117 may be found.

Albuquerque, N. M.	Nellie Bartley	Little Rock, Ark.	Gus Blass
Anchorage, Alaska	Northern Commercial	Louisville, Ky.	Stewart Dry Goods
Asheville, N. C.	Bon Marché	Milwaukee, Wis.	Smartwear-Emma Lange
Atlanta, Ga.	J. Regenstein	Minneapolis, Minn.	Dayton's
Birmingham, Ala.	Burger-Phillips	Mitchell, S. D.	Baron's
Boise, Idaho	Carroll's	Montclair, N. J.	Helen Bick
Boston, Mass.	Wm. Filene's Sons Co.	New Haven, Conn.	Fred Phipps
Burlington, Vt.	Abernethy-Clarkson-Wright	New Orleans, La.	Godchaux's
Casper, Wyo.	The Kassis Dept. Store	Oklahoma City, Okla.	Rothschild's
Cedar Rapids, Iowa	The Killian Co.	Philadelphia, Pa.	John Wanamaker
Charleston, W. Va.	Polan's	Providence, R. I.	The Outlet
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Miller Bros.	Rapid City, S. D.	Baron's
Chicago, Ill.	Chas. A. Stevens	Reno, Nev.	Gray Reids
Claremont, N. H.	Houghton & Simonds	Richmond, Va.	Miller & Rhoads
Cleveland, Ohio	The Halle Bros. Co.	St. Paul, Minn.	Dayton's-Schuneman's
Columbia, S. C.	The James L. Tapp Co.	Salt Lake City, Utah	Makoff
Dallas, Tex.	Sanger-Harris	San Francisco, Calif.	H. Liebes & Co.
Denver, Colo.	May-D & F	Seattle, Wash.	Bon Marche
Grand Forks, N. D.	Norby's	Topeka, Kansas	Palace Clothing Co.
Great Falls, Mont.	Buttrey Associates	Tucson, Ariz.	Levy's
Honolulu, Hawaii	The Liberty House	Washington, D. C.	Frank R. Jelleff
Indianapolis, Ind.	The Wm. H. Block Co.	West Palm Beach, Fla.	Norman's
Kansas City, Mo.	Harzfeld's	Wilmington, Del.	Kennard-Pyle

Navy-blue knitted suit

The following is a list of stores across the country where the David Crystal suit on page 119 may be found.

Aberdeen, S. D.	Marie O. Simmons Shop	Kansas City, Mo.	Woolf Brothers
Anchorage, Alaska	Betty Faris Apparel	Knoxville, Tenn.	Conley E. Morris
Augusta, Ga.	Carr's	Lincoln, Neb.	Miller & Paine
Austin, Tex.	Marie Antoinette	Little Rock, Ark.	Gus Blass
Bangor, Maine	The Rines Co.	Logansport, Ind.	Viola's Dress Shop
Baton Rouge, La.	Rosenfield's House of Fashion	Louisville, Ky.	Stewart's
Billings, Mont.	The Gregory Shop	Milwaukee, Wis.	MacNeil and Moore
Birmingham, Ala.	Porter Clothing Co.	Missoula, Mont.	Piccadilly Shop
Boston, Mass.	C. Crawford Hollidge	Morgantown, W. Va.	Finn's
Boulder, Colo.	Brooks-Fauber	Natchez, Miss.	Ullman's
Bozeman, Mont.	Angionettes	Norfolk, Va.	Rice's
Burlington, Vt.	The Old Beehive	Oklahoma City, Okla.	John A. Brown
Chicago, Ill.	Chas. A. Stevens	Philadelphia, Pa.	The Blum Store
Cincinnati, Ohio	Jenny Company	Providence, R. I.	Shepard Company
Des Moines, Iowa	Younkers	Reno, Nev.	Joseph Magnin
Detroit, Mich.	B. Siegel	St. Matthews, Ky.	Ballerina
Duluth, Minn.	Arthur A. Silver	Salt Lake City, Utah	Makoff
Eugene, Oregon	Bon Marche-Russell's	San Francisco, Calif.	City of Paris
Fargo, N. D.	Store Without A Name	Sheridan, Wyo.	Angionettes
Hanover, N. H.	Town & Country Shop	Spartanburg, S. C.	The Aug. W. Smith Co.
Hartford, Conn.	G. Fox	Summit, N. J.	Miss Nellie
Honolulu, Hawaii	Carol & Mary	Topeka, Kan.	Harry Endlich
Jacksonville, Fla.	Levy's	Washington, D. C.	Julius Garfinckel
		Wilmington, Del.	Jo Robinson

FLOWERED NIGHTDRESS, FLOWERED SHEETS

(Continued from pages 148-149)

Following is a list of shops across the country where the Trillium nightdress and Fieldcrest sheets and pillowcases on pages 148-149 may be found.

Boston, Mass.	Filene's	Miami, Fla.	Burdine's
Cleveland, Ohio	The Higbee Co.	Phoenix, Ariz.	Goldwaters
Columbus, Ohio	F & R Lazarus	Portland, Ore.	Meier & Frank
Kansas City, Mo.	Emery, Bird, Thayer	St. Louis, Mo.	Stix, Baer & Fuller
Los Angeles, Calif.	J. W. Robinson	Tulsa, Okla.	Vandevors

"SELF-APPOINTED ARBITER OF EVERYTHING"

(Continued from page 143)

sufferers, for our coachmen are not dressed as are the Russians, in fur from head to foot."...

"Fiction should be a life above everyday life, a rainbow glinting the clouds."... "We should take the best ideas of all nations in regard to the progressive art, the art of entertaining."... "The hostess should, in furnishing her house, provide a number of bathtubs. The ones shaped like a hat, are very convenient, as are also the India-rubber portable baths."... "Novels of society are the novels which society loves, and particularly those of Mrs. Humphrey Ward. She makes no mistakes in describing the great world. Her heroines are real. They know their trade.... Nor has she that socialistic nonsense to promulgate that because a man is dirty and badly dressed therefore he is a hero. Labour is sufficiently honourable in its own place. It should not be transplanted—not at least unless it has washed its hands."

As a society woman M.E.W.S. also knew her trade, which was society, embodying it, defining it, improving it. She thought of herself as a crusader for better taste, better living, the social graces, and higher standards of culture and beauty, and fought arrogantly and voluminously for the best as she often misunderstood it. Yet she was not merely foolish, in spite of her frequent successes at being so. In her exceptional way, she was representative of a certain manner of life and of certain values, however misplaced, in American society at a particular period in our emergence. From Polk to McKinley she had seen that society change, as money multiplied, châteaux sprouted on Fifth Avenue, and the older simplicities had been expanded into contests in display. Her fight was to codify the correct, to lead common people to fashion, and to equip parvenus to enter precincts which she held sacred.

People read her because she spoke for their hungers when she spoke for herself. She was no gaudier than the society in which she moved and of which she wrote. If she was a snob, her readers

were bigger snobs since what she never doubted that she knew was what they were eager to learn. The untravelled turned to her to take trips they had never taken, the less privileged for meetings with the great, the unfashionable for fashion. Having acquired fortunes, or dreaming of doing so, her followers hoped to learn from her how to use them, and move from their expanding little worlds into her great one. Propriety, decorum, the chic, the proper, the ultimate in the modish and elegant, and gossip from the highest pinnacles were what she peddled as surely as Hollywood columnists, writing of a very different aristocracy in a later age, were to sell "Glamour" to their quiet readers who yearned to feel close to those, the gilded and the publicized, who led lives of noisier desperation.

Sherwood never forgot how M.E.W.S. told him when he was a child about being taken by her father to the White House to see Lincoln. As a very proper lady from Keene, she was mortified because the President of the United States was wearing ragged old carpet slippers. "I have been inspecting troops all day and my feet hurt," was his explanation. "My grandmother," said Sherwood, "confessed that she had been kicking herself ever since because all she noticed about Abraham Lincoln was those slippers. It may be that these old anecdotes led me eventually to try to make atonement for my family by writing *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*."

Sherwood had to smile at M.E.W.S. She was as easy to smile at as to like. Yet in her, his life touched briefly the overstuffed, gold-plated, rococo America, before Deals, Square, New, or Fair, were thought of, which was a part of the many changing Americas he was to know. He also owed his mother to M.E.W.S. because M.E.W.S. was zealous in arranging things so that her sons saw much of Rosina Emmet. After all, the Emmets, different as they were in their values and way of life from the Sherwoods, were highly acceptable socially—even to M.E.W.S.



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ALSO IN CANADA

WHAT TO DO WITH AN EGG

(Continued from page 176)

are set—this operation shouldn't take more than thirty seconds—scoop them out with a spatula.

The last resort: Let us not forget the Prairie Oyster. On that unhappy morning when your head is only too evidently but sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal and feels as if it had been removing mountains, try this: into a champagne glass break an egg. Salt and pepper it. Douse it with Worcestershire sauce. Put the glass to your lips, and with one gulp, swallow. If it stays down, you will live.

Eggs for lunch. There are a million, but let's start off with cold ones.

But first a couple of words on Eggs Mollet, for they will be used in many of the recipes. You start off Eggs Mollet, as boiled eggs, in cold water or bouillon, bring to a boil, then turn off the heat and let them lie in the hot liquid for three minutes. You then take them out and plunge them into cold water. In fact keep water running over them until they feel completely cold. Now comes a slightly delicate operation. You must gently crack these eggs and peel them. The shells will not come off easily, as the shells of hard-boiled eggs do, so take care.

Eggs in aspic: For these you need ramekins.

In a cup of bouillon, either chicken or beef or a mixture of the two, empty two envelopes of plain gelatin. Let this soak for three or four minutes and in a saucepan heat three more cups of the broth, and empty the gelatin into it. Give this a stir and set it aside to cool.

When it is cool put a tablespoon of the gelatinized broth into the bottom of each ramekin and let this harden in the icebox. When it is jelled, place on top of it a round of something you like, *prosciutto* perhaps, or cooked ham, or *pâté de foie gras*. Or you can make a design with tarragon leaves or slices of black and green olives. Then on top of this put the Egg Mollet and fill up the ramekins with the remaining broth.

Then into the icebox until they are hard set. This will take three or four hours.

Other cold eggs: Buy a couple of

cans of tuna fish, mash them up and mix them with a couple of tablespoons of good mayonnaise. Make this into a mound on the centre of a platter, surround that mound with as many Eggs Mollet, covered in tartare sauce, as you will need. Of course make some decorations with water cress and slices of tomato.

The variations on such a dish are infinite. For instance, in the asparagus season centre your platter with cold asparagus in a vinaigrette sauce, surround it with Eggs Mollet and then cover the eggs with a Chaud-Froid sauce. Chaud-Froid: In a cup and a half of chicken broth soften and dissolve two envelopes of plain gelatin. You then make a white sauce—three tablespoons of butter melted in the top of a double boiler (oh, the problems a double boiler solves in making white sauce) with three tablespoons of flour added, blended and cooked a bit. Into this you pour a half cup of cream and the cup and a half of gelatinized chicken broth. Stir constantly until the sauce is thick, then take it off the stove and cool it. When it is chilled you spoon it over the eggs. Let the whole thing set in the ice box.

Hard-boiled eggs: The best thing to do with a hard-boiled egg is to take it out on the beach, crack it on your head and eat it with salt and a bottle of ice cold beer. But barring that ideal circumstance, here are some other things to do with it.

1. Halve the hard-boiled eggs, take out the yolks, mash them with either red or black caviar, add a dash of fresh lime and onion juice, a little salt and pepper, and pile that mess back into the whites.

2. Hard boil a half-dozen eggs, peel them, slice them in two lengthwise, and take out the yolks. To these yolks add three or four mashed anchovy fillets, or about a tablespoon of anchovy paste and also a little cream—enough so that when you beat this all up you have a fairly liquid mixture. Put the halves of egg whites into a shallow baking dish, spoon the anchovy mixture over them, and run them into a medium oven until they are bubbly.

Quiche Lorraine: I hesitate to include a Quiche because it calls for

pastry, and pastry requires a really expert hand. If you do not know how to make a pie shell I recommend you to page 414 of Mildred Knopf's *Cook, My Darling Daughter*. Follow her recipe for incomparable Cream Cheese Pastry and your troubles will be minimized. Anyway, line a nine inch pie pan with quarter-inch rolled-out pastry dough. Do not prebake it. On the bottom lay narrow strips of either Swiss or Gruyère cheese. Criss-cross these with strips of crisp bacon which you have cooked in butter. Now in a bowl beat four eggs, a tablespoon of flour, some salt, a dash of cayenne, and two cups of light cream. Strain this over the cheese and bacon. Cut up a couple of tablespoons of butter into small pieces and dot the top of the Quiche with them.

This now goes into a preheated 375° oven and it is cooked until it is lightly browned on top, which will be almost forty minutes. Take it out and let it cool.

Pipérade: Chop two ripe tomatoes, a clove of garlic, a tablespoon of parsley. Put them in a skillet with a tablespoon of butter and one of olive oil. Add a half teaspoon of celery salt, a half teaspoon of salt, and a dash of pepper. Cook these slowly until they are very tender and the liquid from the vegetables is cooked away. Stir in five eggs lightly beaten and let them set—but only just. The eggs should not be fried hard. Slide the whole thing onto a hot platter.

Eggs Florentine: These can be made without much trouble because you can buy creamed spinach frozen in a cellophane bag. So, buy a couple of these bags, prepare them according to directions and then dump the contents into a shallow baking dish. Poach eight eggs, and when they are done, drain them and carefully arrange them on top of the spinach. Then make a rich white sauce: two tablespoons of butter, melted and mixed with two tablespoons of flour—in a double boiler—with a cup of cream, a cup of chicken broth, and a half cup of grated Parmesan cheese added and stirred until you have a thick, smooth mixture. Pour this over the eggs, sprinkle with a little more Parmesan and shove it into the oven until it is slightly brown.

(Continued on page 183)

HOW TO USE A BOAT AS A BEAUTY TREATMENT

(Continued from page 163)

dinner. I had almost two hours to rest and bathe, before I put my face on—and sea air is an excellent complexion tonic.

Actually, as it turned out, I didn't have quite that long, because an invitation had been delivered to my stateroom in the meantime to a cocktail party at seven, given by the ship's purser, in the Navajo Room. For this I wore a simple, covered-up cocktail dress—perfect also for dinner the first night out—a little fur wrap, and gloves. (These are nice for clutching at railings as you go about the ship.) After one cocktail at the purser's party, I had dinner: caviar, celery, Chateaubriand steak (again, no béarnaise), carrots, mango sherbet, and coffee. Then, a few turns around the deck—six laps are a mile—and off to bed.

Second Day. Woke up at ten-thirty—actually nine, as the ship's clocks had advanced ninety minutes, but it seemed dashing late. Breakfasted in bed, tenderly propped up with pillows by my stewardess, Mrs. Anderson (who preferred to be called Andy). Read ship's newspaper.

Shortly after eleven, dressed in slacks, sweater, and flat shoes, and carrying my bathing-suit, bathing- and shower-caps, I plunged down to the gymnasium on "B" Deck for a short workout on the bicycling machine. Don't know how many miles I actually logged, but I could feel those thigh muscles getting less flabby by the minute. Also did some stretching exercises on the bars, supervised by Mr. Kaufman, the helpful attendant.

Then, down another deck to the swimming-pool—bright-blue water, bright-blue walls hung with gaily-coloured signal flags, bright lighting. The water is fresh sea water, which is constantly pumped in and out, and is heated. As we were sailing through the Gulf Stream, it tasted like lobster bisque. The rolling of the ship makes the water surge around a bit, so Pete, the lifeguard, showed me how to do a sort of stationary swimming—holding onto the alu-

minum steps with my hands and kicking with my legs, then hooking my legs around the steps and exercising my arms.

After that, another treatment with Penny—shower, massage, Scotch hose, sun lamp. Feeling wonderfully relaxed but surprisingly un-hungry, I skipped luncheon and joined friends to bet on the ship's pool; then on to the two o'clock movie in the comfortable little movie theatre. Tea at four o'clock, nobly avoiding the delicious pastries—the crisp, scaled-down Danish was hardest to resist. At four-thirty, a second facial with Marthe.

Returning to my stateroom, I found another of the ship's folded invitation cards: "Cocktails at seven." Rested, bathed, dressed, and went to the party, sticking to my one-cocktail rule. At eight o'clock, a delicious dinner, my first real meal of the day: consommé, lamb chops, mushrooms, fresh fruit, coffee. After dinner, walk, talk, and bed. In my stateroom, I ate an apple from a huge bowl of fruit.

Third and Fourth Days: Same pattern. I noticed that the pool water no longer tasted like bisque, just salt. My dinner the third evening: grilled grapefruit, brook trout, salad, fresh fruit, coffee.

On the fourth evening was the Captain's gala dinner. The invitation read, "Cocktails at six forty-five in the Captain's Quarters." At precisely six-forty, my stateroom bellboy, enchantingly named Lord Humming Bird, appeared to guide me along the intricate corridors to the cocktail party. (On the "United States," bellboys answer all stateroom bells, then relay orders to the steward or stewardess. Stewardesses serve women; stewards, men and couples.)

For the gala, the men wore black tie; the women, long or short evening dresses with a matching stole or jacket, or a small fur wrap. Of course, evening bags, gloves, and jewels. My diet-conscious version of the gala dinner went like this: caviar—minus

(Continued on page 182)

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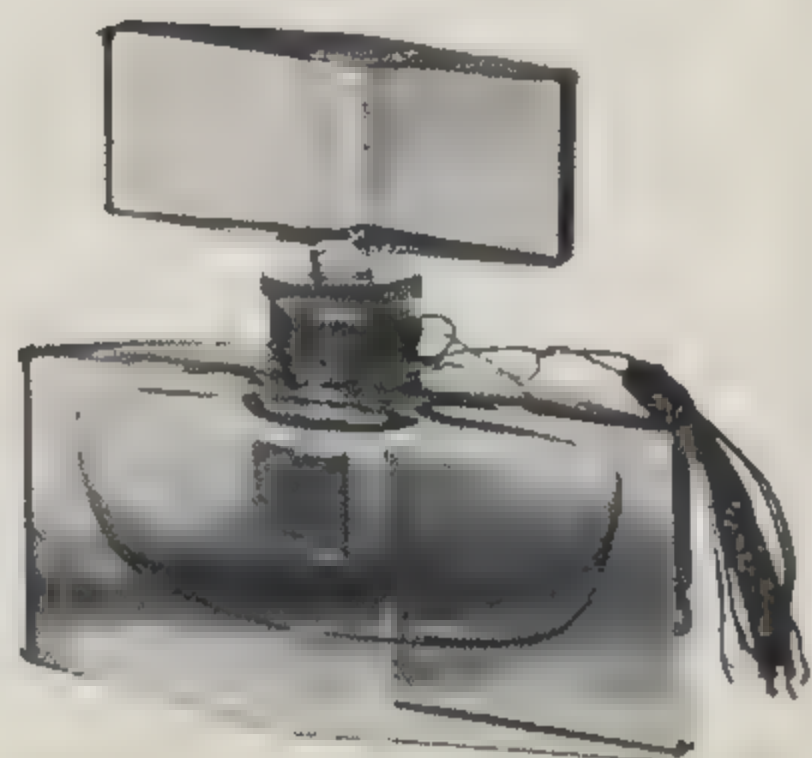
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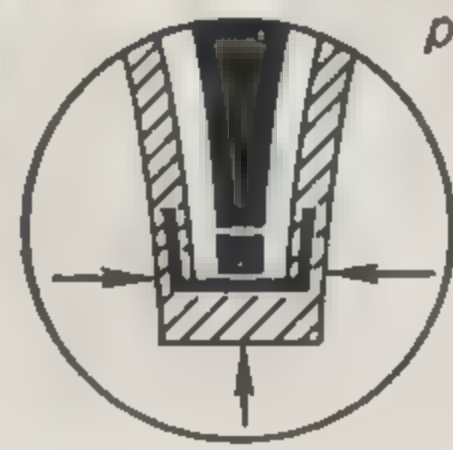
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HOW TO USE A BOAT

AS A BEAUTY TREATMENT

(Continued from page 181)

the blinis and sour cream; consommé of kangaroo tail en tasse; filet mignon—minus the béarnaise; plain, not sautéed, mushrooms; asparagus without Hollandaise; and black cherries. I skipped the cheese and nuts, but not the fruit and coffee. My table companions and I shared my bon voyage bottles of 1952 Dom Pérignon champagne (earlier that day, Lord Humming Bird had delivered it to the wine steward, who had had it chilled). Late dancing. No walk.

Fifth Day: Here I must explain that the "United States" actual crossing time, four and a half days, is measured from Ambrose Light to Bishop Rock—but as passengers don't get on at the first or get off at the second, they get an extra day or so of ship-board life; less if they're going to Le Havre, more if they're going to Southampton, as I was. On this day, the people bound for Le Havre were packing, and everyone was discussing the tipping situation. Someone discovered that the purser had a supply of small envelopes to put the tips in—a pleasant system.

My enclosures: to the room stewardess, \$10; room steward, \$5 (couples give \$20 to each). Two stateroom bellboys, \$2 each; wine steward, \$5; two dining-room stewards, \$5 each; two dining-room bells, \$1 each; bootblack, \$1. Swimming-pool attendant, \$5; gym attendant, \$3; Marthe, for facials and hair, \$8; Penny, my masseuse, \$6. (Cost of each treatment—massage, sunbath, and Scotch hose—was \$4.)

On this day, my gym-and-pool routine proceeded as usual; but in the beauty salon, instead of a facial, I had a shampoo, set, rinse, manicure. Sea prices: facial, \$4; shampoo, set, and rinse, \$5.

There was a cocktail party before dinner, as usual; then dinner, at which, for the first time, people refused caviar (a saturation point can be reached, although I never thought it possible). I had shrimp cocktail with lemon, but without sauce; roast French poularde—no to the gilet

sauce and cranberry jelly; fresh artichoke cups, sans Hollandaise; cottage cheese cake, and coffee.

The maître d'hôtel, Monsieur de la Motte, told me that on the voyage to Europe, the favourite foods of passengers were caviar and crêpes Suzette; on the return trip, plain foods were the most popular—roast beef, baked potatoes, and bushels of celery.

Sixth Day: The ship docked almost silently at Le Havre at four A.M.; disembarking passengers got off at seven-thirty. In slacks and a sweater, I went ashore to see some friends off, and to smell France again—what I got was a wonderful mixed scent of good bread, gas fumes, and damp earth. For passengers with cars on board, picking them up was absurdly simple; they had been unloaded, gassed, and oiled, and were waiting in neat rows on a covered drive.

Later that morning, when the ship sailed for England, I had my sixth session of massage, Scotch hose, and sun lamp with Penny. Then, mainly to hand out my tips, I had lunch: Le Havre sole, a salad, and coffee. I had discovered when I packed and dressed for lunch that my suit-skirt hung much straighter than it had when I boarded the ship, and that my waistband didn't pinch. I knew for certain that my yellow brocade would fit comfortably. I felt wonderfully relaxed; I'd lost the extra pounds, the extra inch at the waistline; I glowed with health and rest.

The ship reached Southampton about three in the afternoon, and glided smoothly in to a pier where three flags waved—the British, the American, and the blue-eagle-on-a-white-ground ensign of the United States Lines. Formalities went smoothly; the boat-train waited. In my already-reserved compartment aboard the train, the tea-table was set in front of my window seat. I immediately rang the bell to order tea—then watched, bravely, while the woman sitting across from me ate butter-dripping scones. It wouldn't do to let down now!

WHAT TO DO WITH AN EGG

(Continued from page 180)

Eggs in cream: In ramekins pour about half inch of boiling heavy cream. Then into each ramekin break an egg. Add salt and pepper. Put the ramekins into a shallow baking dish half filled with boiling water and simmer for a couple of minutes on top of the stove. Then put the whole thing into the oven for about three more minutes until the eggs look set. These are messy but good.

Omelets: The professionals would have you believe there is a certain mystique about the making of omelets: there is not, all that is required is a little skill. In the first place to make a decent omelet you must have a proper pan with curved sides. Once you have it, take care of it—never use it for anything else and never wash it, just wipe it clean with paper towels.

It is possible to make large omelets, but the best are two-egg ones. In a bowl break two eggs, add a small splash of water, not quite a teaspoon, some salt and pepper. Now beat these eggs lightly with a fork—I mean lightly. The eggs should be no more than mixed. Heat a pat of butter in the omelet pan. The pan should be hot, but not roaring. Now pour in the eggs.

Here is the moment where a little skill is required. You remember the old game of rubbing your stomach and patting your head? Well, what you do with an omelet is something like that. You rotate the skillet an inch off the fire and with the fork you pull in the eggs from the edge of the pan. Continue this until all of the mixture has come in contact with the hot bottom of the pan, then for just a moment you allow the omelet, untouched, to set.

Now you take the pan, tilt it over the hot plate on which you will serve it and from the top you begin to roll it. This is easily enough done, the omelet is not hard, you simply roll it up and slide it onto the plate.

That's the plain omelet. You can stuff omelets with almost anything your heart desires. When you do this you merely place the stuffing in a line along the centre of the omelet just before you begin to roll it.

What do you like? You can have crumbled bacon, finely

chopped onions, creamed mushrooms, Parmesan cheese, diced ham, shrimps, creamed spinach, well whatever.

The thing to remember is this: omelets must be made quickly, never allowed to get hard, the surface, in fact, before you roll them should be almost semiliquid, still with a shine—and, of course, they must be eaten at once. There is nothing docile about an omelet.

Eggs for dinner. Maybe the best thing you can do with an egg for dinner is let it grow up and become a nice plump tender chicken. If you do, here are a few ways to attend to it.

For a barbecue: In a big heavy skillet put a cut-up chicken, pour over it a cup of white wine, add a sliced onion, a squeeze of lemon juice, a tablespoon of olive oil, salt and pepper, and a small pinch of rosemary if you like, but better a pinch of tarragon. Now let this marinate, all day if possible, turning the pieces of chicken so they will be well soaked. When you are ready to cook place the skillet over a low fire and let the chicken stew in its marinade for a good half hour. It will be by this time almost cooked. If you intend to use an outside barbecue you need only roast the chicken on the grill until it is well browned and crisp. The same goes if you are cooking it on a rack in an oven under the broiler. No long and tedious basting.

Broiled: This is simple enough. Lay a broiler cut in two, skin side down, in a shallow pan big enough to hold it. Squeeze half a lemon over each half and rub all over with plenty of butter. Put extra pats of butter in the cavities. Run the pan under the broiler, as far from the flame as you can get it. Now watch this chicken. Baste with the butter every five minutes until the side is well browned. Then turn the halves over, baste again all over with butter and broil them until they are a good colour.

At this point they may not be quite done, so now put them up above in the oven for another ten or fifteen minutes. Of course continue the basting.

With duxelles: Have your butcher

bone and cut in two four breasts of chicken. Buy a pound and a half of mushrooms, wash them, and chop them into very fine dice. If you can find shallots chop up four of them finely. If not, chop a half-dozen little green onions.

In a heavy skillet melt a quarter of a pound of butter, throw in the shallots or onions first, let them sizzle a moment, then pile in all the mushrooms. Turn the flame down low. The mushrooms are to be reduced. This will take something over an hour. They will then be about half the bulk they were in the beginning, and all their water will have been driven off.

Now you must stuff the boned breasts with these duxelles. You will find a flap on the other side of the breasts, and you will be able to put about a tablespoon of the mushrooms into this. Arrange the eight half breasts, not too close together, in a large shallow glass baking dish. You will have some duxelles left over, pile some on each breast. Into the dish pour a cup of chicken broth, squeeze over all the juice of two lemons, and add another couple of tablespoons of butter. Shake some salt over each breast and give each a grind of black pepper. Put this into a 350° oven, baste it every ten minutes. At the end of an hour you will have a superlative dish.

Chicken hash: With a sharp knife chop up whatever left-over chicken you happen to have around. But don't bother unless you have at least two cups. Blend into this three or four tablespoons of heavy cream and about the same amount of purée of *foie gras*. (Purée isn't particularly expensive.)

Now cook some noodles and take them out of the water just before they are done and mix them with butter.

Put the noodles around the edge of a large shallow buttered baking dish, heap the chicken in the centre, and then grate over all some fresh Parmesan cheese, dot with butter, and brown in an oven. Pour a little extra cream over everything.

With grapes: You can use either a freshly boiled chicken or left-overs, but you need two or three cups of coarsely chopped, cooked

(Continued on Page 184)

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WHAT TO DO WITH AN EGG

(Continued from page 183)

chicken to begin with. Make a very rich white sauce with three tablespoons of butter, three of flour, a cup of heavy cream, and a cup of strong chicken broth.

Mix this with the chicken, dump it into a baking dish, and then cover the whole thing thickly with little white seedless grapes—washed and stemmed, of course. This will take thirty minutes in a 350° oven.

Cold with mustard: Split young broilers, salt and pepper them, rub them with soft butter, and bake them in the oven until they are done. This is an irritating direction I know, but chickens vary and you will have to find out for yourself by testing with a fork. In any case it should be something under an hour.

Take them out, spread them with prepared mustard, sprinkle them not too heavily with some dried bread crumbs and put them under the broiler for a few minutes until they are nicely finished—that is until the crumbs are brown. Actually these are very good hot, but somehow they are better cold, served on a slice of ham.

You can do exactly the same thing and achieve quite a different effect by spreading the chickens with a purée of *foie gras* instead of the mustard.

Boiled: No one ever boils chicken. Too bad. They are very good.

Put a chicken in a pot, almost cover it with a mixture of half chicken broth and half beef bouillon. Add to the broth a chopped onion, a chopped carrot, a couple of stalks of chopped celery, and some sprigs of parsley.

Boil the chicken for an hour, take it out, drain it and serve it with a heavy white sauce made with cream—chicken broth, and flavoured with sautéed mushrooms.

Some egg desserts. Pot de crème au chocolat: Very easy and very good, but you need a blender.

Into a blender dump a six-ounce package of semi-sweet chocolate bits. Add to this one square (two ounces) of Baker's unsweetened chocolate, chopped up a bit. Now heat a half-pint of light cream—it must be light—plus two tablespoons of milk until it is hot—but not boiling. While the cream is heating separate four eggs.

Add a dash of salt to the chocolate and pour the hot cream into the blender. Turn on the motor and let the blades go until the racket has stopped and the mixture sounds smooth. Take the top off the blender and slide in the four egg yolks and let the cream go for another minute.

Pour now into four ramekins and set in the icebox. About an hour before you will use these pots of cream take them out of the icebox. They should be eaten at room temperature.

Caramel custard: In a small heavy iron skillet or saucepan melt a half cup of sugar, stirring it constantly until it is a rich brown. Pour an equal amount of this into six custard cups. Tilt each cup so that the caramel coats the side.

Beat three eggs with a half teaspoon of salt, a quarter of a cup of sugar, and a half teaspoon of vanilla. Now scald two cups of milk and gradually pour it over the eggs, stirring all the time. Fill the custard cups with this and set them in a pan of hot water, and bake for thirty minutes in a 350° oven. When they are done chill them.

Zabaglione (for two): In the top of a double boiler beat together four egg yolks, four teaspoons of sugar, and four tablespoons of Marsala. You have to cook this slowly and beat it constantly. When it thickens pour it out into a couple of nice big champagne glasses. It is a pleasant, if somewhat overrated, dessert.

Chocolate Bavarian crème: This is synthetic but none the less it tastes all right. Make the *pot de crème au chocolat* as directed above but instead of pouring it into ramekins pour the whole thing into a large bowl. Whip a half-pint of heavy cream until it is very stiff and then carefully fold it into the *pot de crème* mixture. Spoon this into some likely looking bowl and put the whole thing into the icebox. It works.

Boiled custard: If you're sick, and who isn't during these hard winters, this is the perfect dessert to have after that broiled lamb chop and baked potato. In a bowl beat four egg yolks with a quarter of a cup of sugar and a

(Continued on page 187)

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

(Continued from page 159)

our population has grown older.

When President Kennedy looks into the faces of the Representatives in the House, this year, he will see few as young as his own. The New Frontier up to the present still is manned by the middle-aged plus. Of those who give their ages, there are:

Over 80	4
Over 70	21
Between 61-70	74
Between 51-60	133
Between 41-50	121
Between 35-40	54
Under 35	7
No information	23

Among the seventeen women Representatives, only five give no age.

In the Directory's biographies the Congressmen tell as much or as little as they please—from the single line running: "Democrat, Brooklyn, elected consecutively 75th to 87th Congress"—to three-quarters of a page by a member who feels that his most private concerns are of public import.

A handsome majority, once they get there, stay in the House a long time. (Seventy-two have spent twenty years there—over ten terms. Only fifty-five are freshmen who came in with the Kennedy Administration.) Only if there is a dramatic party change-over is there a noticeable shake-up. Even then, the Solid South changes very little; man after man will announce that he has been elected without opposition.

Two hundred ninety-seven Representatives were born in the state they represent, with thirty-four more born in neighbouring states. Only six are foreign-born, and only two fail to tell where they came from. We have one Representative born in India; one in Bulgaria; one in Italy; one in Poland; one in Wales; one in England. For the rest, they have worked and lived with the home folks.

They write with affection about the land. A countryman wants you to know that he has been a dirt farmer for thirty-five years. There are the names of unknown small towns and little villages. There is life lived within the narrow circle of the home town, the County Seat, and the State Capital, with only the small break which came from going away—but not far—to college, and the great break of the days when so many went to war.

Contrary to what many people imagine, more than one-half of our Congressmen, judging by names of unmistakable English-Scottish origin, are from Anglo-Saxon stock:

English-Scottish names	250
Germanic names	66
Irish names	51
Scandinavian names	16
Italian names	11
Polish names	12
Japanese names	1

Sometimes one person from a group mentions his background. Now and then there is a glimpse of a boy cycling a newspaper route, or working his way through college; a member notes that he is a Son of the American Revolution. On the whole there is a picture of the great, not-so-poor, not-so-rich middle class.

Only thirty-one Congressmen list private or religious preparatory schools. The overwhelming majority just went to the local "high."

This is the college file:

1962	1944
403 College Men	335 College Men

Here is a more detailed list:

Small local college or state university in their own or a nearby state 316

Ivy Leaguers	40
Big colleges in other parts of the country	47
No college education	19
No information	15
Master Degree	14
Ph.D.	3
M.D.	5
LL.D	3
Phi Beta Kappa	7

Three want you to know that college education came to them through the G. I. Bill of Rights. The one Representative born in India has a degree from the University of the Punjab as well as a Ph.D. from California.

One had graduate study at Leeds and Oxford, in England—one of the three Rhodes Scholars listed. One attended the University of Montpelier, in France.

Of the women in Congress:	
College graduates	10
Finishing School	4
Business School	1
No information	2

Although erudition is rare, education is valued and stressed.

Among the revealing oddities is the detail given by one non-college member who lists his

wife's degree. Another announces that he graduated from a school of mortuary science. One non-college man lists half a page of honorary degrees.

Here is another appealing bit. This Congressman reveals that he completed a four-year high school course in three and one-half years, graduated with honours from law school three months before the end of the regular term, and lacks one hour credit for a Master Degree.

One of the curiosities is that few mention any athletic skills. The football hero either does not go to Congress or doesn't believe that mention of his triumphs helped him to get there.

Only seventy-four are fraternity men, as against one hundred thirty-one in 1944, but the few listed are mainly legal fraternities. Only one of the forty Ivy Leaguers lists a fraternity.

Now, what jobs did they graduate into?

1962

241 list themselves as having a legal degree

1944

179 were in this category

In 1944, eighty businessmen were listed; today, eighty are businessmen.

Here is a more detailed list:

	1962	1944
Lawyers	241	179
Just Businessmen—		
no details	23	80
Advertising and		
Public relations	5	
Auto Salesmen	2	
Bankers	7	19
Brokers	3	
Caterers—		
Restaurateurs	2	
Clerical Workers	2	
Construction Men	1	
Druggists	2	
Funeral Directors	2	
Insurance	9	20
Lumbermen	3	
Merchants	1	
Oil Men	1	
Publishers and		
Printers	8	45
Real Estate Dealers	8	
Accountants	6	
Appraiser	1	
Broadcasters	5	
County Clerks	1	
Doctors	6	
Engineers	4	
Farmers	20	32
Government Workers	2	
Journalists	8	

(Continued on page 186)

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HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

(Continued from page 185)

Ministers	5
Organists	1
Politicians	8
Postmasters	1
Teachers	26 58

Of the two hundred forty-one lawyers, probably only half are practising lawyers, or were, until they were elected to Congress. The rest list themselves as lawyer-teacher; law-farming; law-banking; realtor-lawyer; all sorts of combinations.

There are *no* scientists.

Only twenty-six give their occupation as teacher, but many more combine teaching with some other activity or used teaching as a springboard.

By their own record, many of our Congressmen started other careers, rewarding perhaps, but not absorbing enough for life work. These are the men, by and large, who find their niche and greatest satisfaction in politics.

It is interesting—as part of an American reluctance to announce oneself as receptive to office—that a mere handful state their occupation as politician, although they have been in politics for half a lifetime.

Many had city, county, and state jobs before they became Members of Congress. One hundred seventeen were members of State Legislatures. Many more were mayors, sheriffs, city councilmen, selectmen, district judges, assistant county attorneys, governors and lieutenant governors, police magistrates, and superintendents of education.

Thirty-two were elected to fill a vacancy by death or resignation. Eight of the seventeen women were elected to their husbands' jobs. A number noted that their fathers or grandfathers were governors, senators, or congressmen. Politics runs in families.

Two hundred forty-seven of our Congressmen have been to war, and they record the lists of famous battles from World War I through Korea. (We still have one Spanish-American War veteran.) Few who have them resist mentioning Bronze Stars, Purple Hearts, and battle stars, through the long list of decorations and honours. One tells with pardonable pride that he entered World War II at forty-six. Another informs that he is one of the few living combat officers to wear eight campaign stars. Still another served under Patton. One more

left Congress the day war was declared to enlist as a private.

If they have no war record, they tell about the son who was killed in combat, the grandfather who was wounded at Antietam, the five boys who fought in World War II and the parts they played; and if they went to war, they usually belong to the long list of veterans' organizations.

As to marital status:

Married	401
Single	2
Widowers	7
Widows	11
No information	16

Among the married, the average is two and one-half children apiece. Only sixty-one of those married do not list children. On the whole, they want you to know about their offspring. One records that he has four daughters: Mary-Alice, Margaret, and the twins Dorothy and Sydney. Perhaps the outstanding human touch in the whole compilation is the obvious pride in and affection for their children. Again and again you read of the son who is in business with his father, and other details which haven't much to do with politics.

And what names appear. Mothers, wives, or daughters called Oello, L'Moore, Albra, Thursba, Matalie, Talise, Clarine, Etna, and Keke. Many of the Congressmen want you to know with what chumminess they face the world by confiding to you that they are known as Bob or Tic or Billy. One, with a French name, even gives the pronunciation.

Contrary to popular opinion, a Congressman is not necessarily a joiner. One hundred fifty-three are Masons; twenty-one are Knights of Columbus. One Representative lists himself as a member of eighteen organizations—but many list none. Few record membership in any of the three great lunch groups, Rotary, Kiwanis, or Lions.

In 1944, one hundred forty-eight did not list any religious affiliation, but in 1962, the number is one hundred sixty-six. These announced Church preference:

Protestant	238
Roman Catholic	26
Jewish	7

Of the one hundred sixty-six not listing their faith, however, at least thirty are Roman Catholic, judging by their schooling and membership in exclusively Catho-

lic institutions. In the South, many more Congressmen tell about their religious beliefs than in other sections of the country. The outstanding fact, as it was in 1944, is that in the *Congressional Directory* less than one-fourth list their church at all.

These men and women are much the same as were their fathers, and probably their grandfathers. But politically there are two or three elements in the picture which stand out. Labour unionism is not sending its people to Congress. Only a handful list union affiliations.

Neither the proletariat nor the old families provide many Representatives. The great common denominator is versatility and adaptability. One of the curiosities of the record is how this aggregation of human beings, with little specialized training for the jobs on Congressional Committees to which they become assigned actually make themselves experts by doing the work. This obviously is one of the advantages of seniority.

Although there are only seven bankers in Congress, unquestionably some twenty-five or thirty men have made themselves experts on fiscal affairs.

Although practically no Congressman has held high military rank, we have Representatives who have made themselves super-efficient about the doings of the Pentagon.

Not a single Representative lists himself as a trained scientist. What about the new kinds of knowledge which can not be self-taught, knowledge which will be needed when he is called upon to make decisions based on the conflicting views of experts? When the whole world of science is becoming so complicated that even a scientist may have difficulty communicating with a fellow in another branch, will it be necessary gradually to get men into elective office who are trained educationally for this kind of service?

Another question which arises is how to give these men, who have had small opportunity to travel, the necessary breadth of view.

These days, to be an American Representative means that one must not only understand the needs of the folks back home, but the needs as well of a world and of a universe.

WHAT TO DO WITH AN EGG

(Continued from page 184)

pinch of salt. Into this stir in slowly a pint of hot milk.

Pour it all into the top of a double boiler and keep stirring until the custard coats a spoon—just a few minutes. Take it off the fire and stir in a teaspoon of vanilla or maybe a little grated lemon rind, then cool it in the icebox. Great, as I said, if eaten in bed with a fever. Or drunk, rather. Use a cup.

The midnight egg. If you are up at midnight and in the mood for eating, nothing simple will do. Try these:

Eggs in champagne sauce: Chop up finely a couple of medium onions and a half-dozen mushrooms. Sauté them gently in three tablespoons of butter and a little salt and pepper. When they have melted sufficiently—about ten minutes—take the skillet off the stove and rub into the mixture a tablespoon of flour. Return then to the fire and cook again for a couple of minutes. Now add a half cup of cream and a cup of champagne. Stir up well until it begins to thicken a little.

This is a good moment to transfer the sauce to a chafing dish (top pan over simmering water). Now lay into the sauce a half dozen Eggs Mollet—or hard-boiled eggs will do—and let them remain until they are warmed. Keep stirring, naturally.

Serve the eggs on toast with the sauce over them.

Eggs with shrimp: Chop up a half dozen mushrooms and boil them for five minutes in two cups of chicken broth. Add then three-fourths of a pound of cooked shrimp and three or four sliced artichoke bottoms (*bottoms*, not hearts. You can get them in cans, remember?). Add a good dash of cayenne and a lump of *beurre manié*—a tablespoon and a half.

Turn down the heat and, stirring all the time, let the liquid thicken. You can now use a chafing dish and proceed with Mollet or hard-boiled eggs as above, but a good thing is to poach the eggs.

Put each egg on a piece of toast and spoon the hot shrimp stew over it.

Eggs in eggs: This is a trick, but

it always seems to amaze the simplehearted.

Prepare a cheese soufflé to the point where you are ready to slide the whole thing into a soufflé dish. That is to say, the beaten egg whites have already been folded into the cheese mixture.

At this point you must have four poached eggs ready. You can have made them a half hour before; there is no particular reason for their being hot, but they must be *dry*. Be sure you drain them on a towel.

Spoon two thirds of the soufflé mixture into the soufflé dish. Then carefully lay the poached eggs in a circle on the soufflé, and cover them with the rest of the mixture.

Cut out four round pieces of cheese—about the size of nickels—and place one directly above each egg, so you will know, when the soufflé is cooked, where the eggs lie.

Put the soufflé into a preheated 350° oven and bake it about eighteen or twenty minutes.

Each serving should be one huge scoop of soufflé, so that each eater will discover an egg in his portion. There will be a lot of headshaking about this, but I can't think why. It isn't all that good.

Finally: If all you really want is to come home from the theatre and eat some cold eggs and drink a glass of champagne. Have your cook do this: hard boil some eggs, peel them, split them lengthwise, scoop out the yolks.

Then have her mix the yolks with an equal amount of *pâté de foie gras* and enough cream to make the mess workable and then overstuff the eggs with it.

When you come home, have your butler set out the dish of eggs and open a bottle of champagne.

This, of all the recipes, is my personal favourite. Not so much the eggs, need I say, but that cook and butler.

For if I have learned one thing, it is this: Get a cook. No matter what the sacrifice involved: *Get a cook.*

Kitchens are all right to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there.

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JOE CARTER WALKS OUT ON A PARTY

(Continued from page 164)

party went on following the same grim, predictable formula. Invited for eight, arrive eight-thirty, dine ten. Twist eleven. And now that fewer and fewer people had enough servants of their own to handle a whole party, you saw night after night not only the same guests but the same butlers, so that half the time unless you were really on your toes it was hard to remember where you were.

In thinking about it further, Joe had come to the conclusion that that was the whole trouble. Every apartment seemed like every other apartment; the food, the décor, the atmosphere, were interchangeable—and the larger the apartment, the greater the similarity. (The only hope was to remember which Matisse belonged to whom.) In over three months, Joe couldn't honestly remember going into one single room which had a quality—a texture—or a flavour sufficiently special to distinguish it from any other.

And yet, or so it seemed in retrospect, how refreshingly personal parties used to be. Joe remembered a house in Washington Square. An enormous room, with a piano at one end, an open fire, and great bowls of freshly cut flowers, and the old family maid who eagerly waited and watched while you took your first taste of her special cheese-something.

These evenings started around seven. A couple of children were usually still up, and when you arrived the room was full of action, not untidy, but certainly far from immaculate. You didn't get the feeling that as you stepped into the sitting room life was just about to start, with all the cushions poufed up and the ash trays glitteringly empty, but that it was a sort of continuing process, and you'd just happened to join in on this particular occasion. You'd come to these people's house on this night—and this was how it was.

The children usually greeted you hospitably, staying around long enough so that they'd be sure to know you next time, and then they were gone. The husband took a long time over the drinks. Joe always remembered he made a point of having fresh limes for his special daiquiri, but if that didn't appeal, whatever you chose he made with infinite care, till finally when he handed it to you, you knew you were in for something a little special, a little gala. In the

meantime, his wife might have shown you a couple of swatches of new chintz she was considering. So that, when at last you sat back in an armchair so deep and soft it was almost anti-social, you knew beyond any shadow of a doubt exactly whose house you were in.

As a rule there were never more than eight or ten people. Not particularly chosen—at least, you were never aware of it; the only prerequisite seemed to be that the host and hostess liked them and hoped you would too. Occasionally, a visitor from another city or another country would be there, and then he would be given a moderate amount of exceptional attention. The whole object of the exercise, though, seemed to be the sharing with you of the host's and hostess' life, *their* tastes, *their* idea of an agreeable evening. The important part was that the whole thing was extremely personal, and surely, in the final analysis, that's what distinguishes a dining room from a restaurant, a sitting room from a lounge. But how rare it is now to go into a room which reveals instantly something about the people who live in it. And really what is the point in spending more than fleeting moments in conventionally over-decorated rooms with neither character nor surprise?

When the husband from Washington Square produced a box of cigars they were, perhaps, Ramon Alones, nothing outstanding, but he told you what he knew about them—"strong but not too strong"—and he certainly hoped you'd enjoy them. The wine, rarely esoteric—maybe a simple Beaujolais Brouilly, or a Meursault Charmes—but always chosen after considerable experimentation, was discussed and commented on. The only faintly pompous touch was a handwritten menu in front of each guest. The idea being that the wife, a trifle calorie-conscious herself, realized that if you were a light eater, knowing what was coming could help you decide what to splurge on and what to leave alone.

The food was always something to look forward to, because you knew, if nothing else, some thought had gone into its planning, and it would never be commonplace. Sometimes it might be simply a super steak-and-kidney pie with a salad so fresh and irresistible that when you looked at it your nose quivered like a ravenous

rabbit's, but under no circumstances was the menu self-conscious or tricky.

Coffee was a ritual for which everyone stayed at the big round table. (The hostess was firmly convinced that breaking up a dinner party when people were really starting to talk was barbaric.)

And then, when dinner was over, it was one of the few houses where Joe got his glass of port—and no nonsense either about which way it went around the table. The fire was stoked up and then there'd be talk.

Sometimes—and Joe can imagine how the Twisters would go for this—the host might read aloud, something new or something familiar that he wanted to share with you. Joe could remember wonderful passages from E. M. Forster and Dickens, and Edith Wharton, and one whole evening devoted to Isak Dinesen. And there might be a new record to play. And, on one occasion, believe it or not, Joe had spent a spellbinding evening looking at colour pictures on a small screen that the hostess had taken of a motor trip through Scotland and Wales—breathtaking views of glorious country—close shots of fascinating birds and flowers, and natives with such character in their faces they almost walked right off the screen.

Whatever happened, it was never prefabricated. It came out of the host's and hostess's enthusiasm. They'd discovered something and they wanted to share it with you.

Often, the conversation at the dinner table was carried right on into the sitting room without a break. The host, a man of violent convictions, and highly persuasive, had the rare and invaluable gift of stimulating the whole room so that everyone took sides, and you had the luxury of feeling always just a little bit brighter than you actually were. Almost always the party stayed intact—the conversation general. But if a couple got sidetracked on their own, they could amble off to a corner and stay there undisturbed till they left around midnight.

And that was something else: the evenings always finished at a civilized hour. When you got home, not drained but pleasantly glowing, you felt alive and rewarded.

Joe thought wishfully of a



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whole other school of party he'd liked in a memorable apartment with high ceilings on the west side, overlooking the Park. An evening there meant a succession of games—panic for some; delight for others. But, again, it was the interest, the enthusiasm, of the host and hostess which made it all come off. They must have taken hours to prepare some of the games, such as the hiding of simple, everyday objects around the room—all of them visible, nothing need be moved, but camouflaged with such ingenuity you'd find yourself staring for fifteen minutes at a fire screen where a paper clip was hidden. Naturally, *no one* was asked to these evenings if he was known to be anti-game. When you arrived you knew you were among fellow addicts.

One of the senior partners in Joe's law firm, Mr. Frederick Cranshaw, now retired and living in Virginia, had a rather surprising party enthusiasm. He was a bowler, and the alley he enjoyed was in Brooklyn. The ritual for his evenings was an early fish dinner at Lundy's (Mr. C., for some inexplicable reason always wore old-fashioned plus-fours), and then a two-hour session at the game. (Joe remembered it was always particularly irritating to him when the following day he'd be stiff as a board while F. Cranshaw, Esq., would be as sprightly as ever.)

Another evening which Joe looked back on fondly was the

monthly dinner with his Uncle Eric—one of the few men to have a full-sized billiard table in his apartment. Uncle Eric, a normally conservative man, had delusions of grandeur (sadly misplaced) about his billiards and had been known on more than one occasion to bet five hundred dollars on a single game. He never won, but he loved to get the best possible players he could find, feed them an excellent meal, then go to work. The peace of that panelled room, softened by a snifter of Uncle Eric's oldest brandy, was something not to be forgotten.

And then there was his cousin Arthur Landsdown, who had the penthouse and the extraordinarily powerful telescope. Dinner for six—and then two hours on the terrace (in winter, bundled up in old Navaho rugs), taking turns to study Virgo and Andromeda, and Canis Major, and Joe's special favourite, the fascinating Betelgeuse, with Cousin Arthur discussing them as if they were intimate old friends.

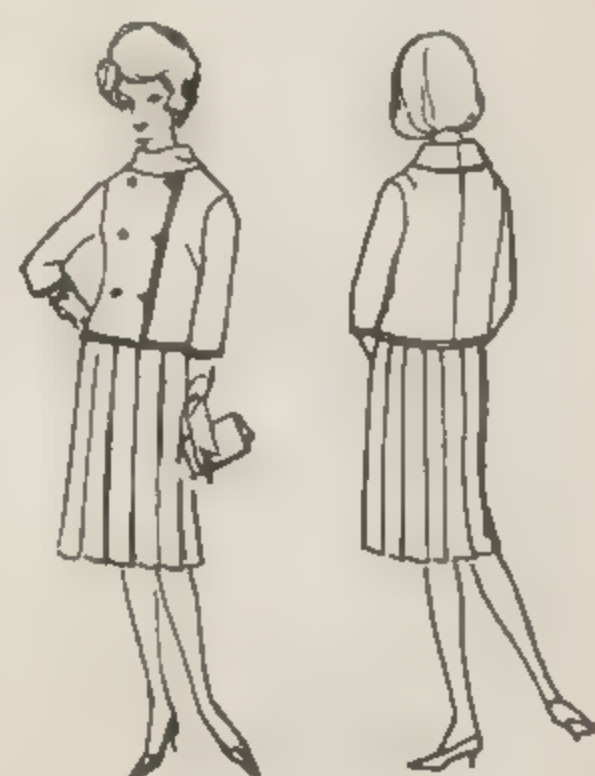
These, and maybe half a dozen others equally varied and low-gear, were evenings to savour, to look back on with warmth and pleasure and a curious sense of fulfillment, for these weren't simply painless ways of filling in time; these were occasions. And when you got home, just before you went to sleep, you knew in a quiet and glowing way you hadn't just had a dinner—you'd had "an evening out."

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Other views, sizes, yardages of the Patterns shown on pages 146-147)

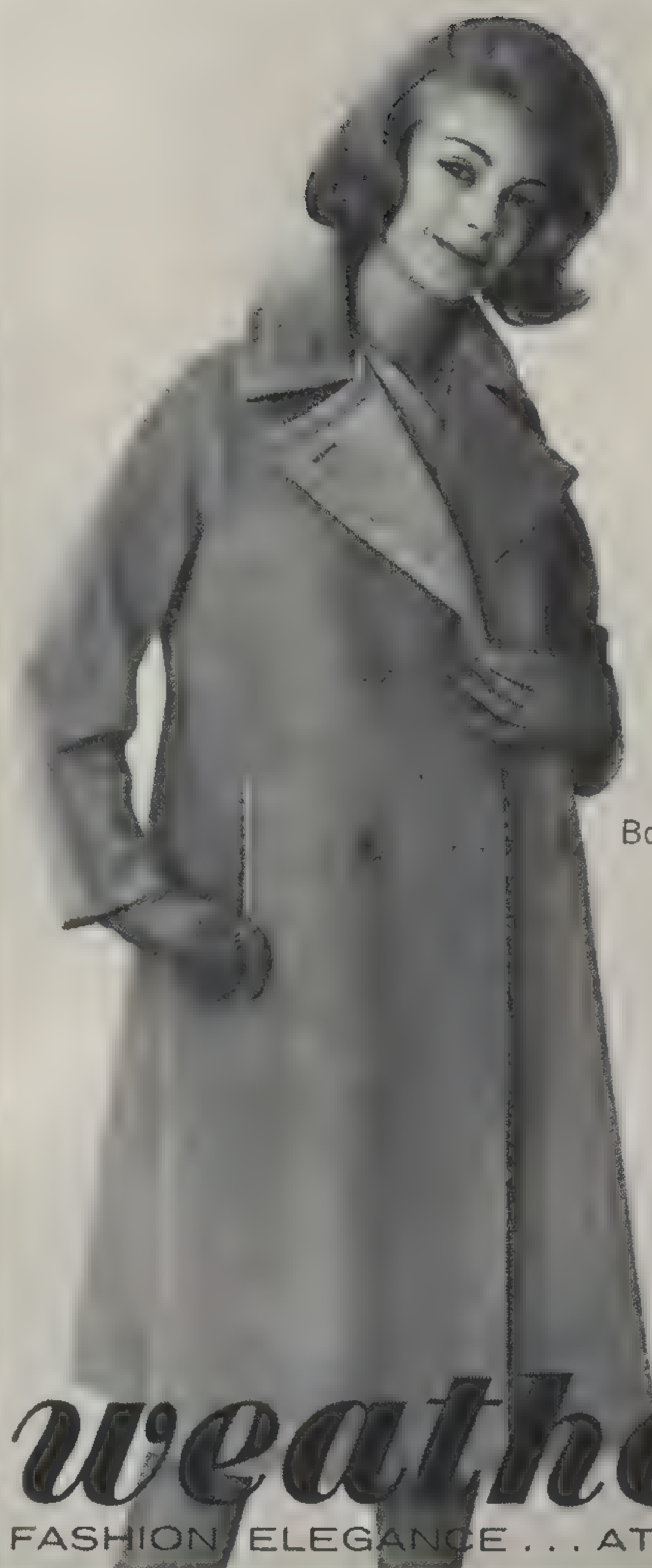


Left: Cardigan-minded suit and blouse: Vogue Pattern 5462; 10 to 20 (40 and 42). For size 14: 2 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 56" suit fabric; 2 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 45" blouse fabric; 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 39" jacket liner; 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39" skirt liner; and 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 1" braid trimming. The pattern, \$2.



Right: Double-breasted suit with put-over: Vogue Pattern 5459; 10 to 18. For size 14: 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 56" suit fabric; 2 yards of 45" blouse fabric; 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 39" jacket liner; 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 39" skirt liner. The pattern costs \$2.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL (POSTAGE PREPAID), FROM DEPARTMENT V, VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, P. O. BOX 549, ALTOONA, PENNA.; AND IN CANADA, AT P. O. BOX 4942, TERMINAL A, TORONTO 1, ONTARIO. (Some pattern prices are slightly higher in Canada.) Note: California and Pennsylvania residents please add sales tax. Patterns will be sent first-class mail. Please add 10¢ for each pattern ordered.



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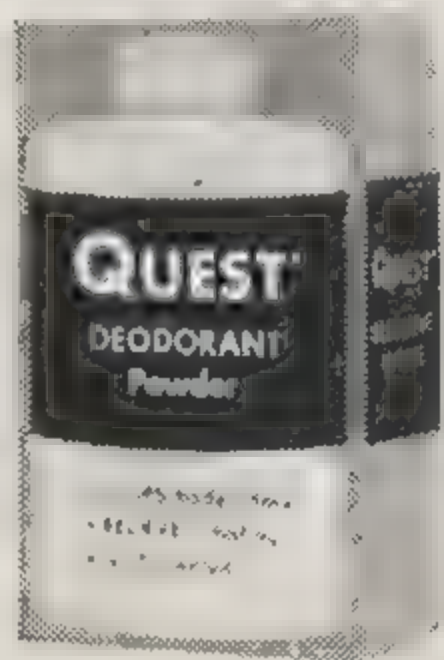
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SHADOWS

BY CLAIRE NICOLAS WHITE

When I was five years old we went to live in my grandparents' house. Although it was one of the more elegant dwellings in a provincial small town in the South of Holland, it was uncomfortably cold and filled with awkward furniture and dark paintings of a now frowned upon period.

How can I explain the personality of that house? Probably ugly, it had so strong a mood that it seems ridiculous to me now to apply standards of taste to it, just as it would not occur to me to say that I was either happy or unhappy there, only that when I imagine climbing the broad stone steps to the front door, peeking through the mailbox which was then at my eye's level, seeing the front hall paved with black and white stones and beyond it, the door open on the garden, my heart beats faster and I feel, as then, on the verge of unveiling the entire secret of life.

The entire neighbourhood was dominated by the Cathedral. It seemed to crouch over the streets clustered around it, to spread its brooding shadow protectively and when the great bells boomed, their vibration seemed to fill the house. It was a quiet, Catholic town, and the house of my grandparents, too, was filled with the mysteries of religion.

My father, as his father and grandfather before him, was a stained-glass painter, so that in the windows of the parlour, the dining room, even the bathrooms, fragments of angels and saints, drawn with calligraphic simplicity, filtered the light. There was a small parlour, a kind of reception room near the front door where unexpected visitors were made to wait.

On Fridays, the only day of the week when hurdy-gurdies, street singers, and less professional beggars were allowed to invade the town, my grandmother would distribute her charities in this room to her personal mendicants. It was here, too, that my sister and I were made to play if my grandmother was out. On these

occasions a gas fire was lit which glowed bright red in imitation of an open fireplace. A spinning-wheel with a red ribbon tied around the flax stood in one corner, and dominating the room with oppressive realism were two paintings by my great-grandfather: one an Ecce Homo, the other the Mater Dolorosa. The face of Christ, under its crown of thorns, drops of blood trickling down, had an expression of ineffably sweet sadness and that of the Virgin, red-eyed, streaming with tears, was the very image of suffering.

I rarely went into my grandparents' room but its content was nonetheless vivid in my memory. The dressing table was an old washstand with a pitcher of water set in a blue and white china bowl, the slop bucket beside it. The wardrobes were brown with squeaking doors, the vast bed loomed in the centre of the room like a sacrificial altar, its four posts nailed upon the four corners, rosaries draped over the head, and under it, a flowered chamber pot. At the foot of the bed stood a *prie-dieu* covered with purple velvet on which my grandmother would say her morning and evening prayers to an ivory crucifix.

Most of our time we spent in the dining room, where my grandparents sat endless hours, each in a brown armchair, flanking an enormous radio with a vast number of buttons to be adjusted. My grandfather, whom we called Bompa, would read the papers while Bomma knitted and we played with boxes of buttons or bags filled with remnants of wool.

The dining-room table was covered in the Dutch fashion with a heavy Persian carpet on which dominoes or blocks would simply refuse to balance. The passage of time was marked only by the entrance of Anna, the maid, who would put coal in the stove, remove the Persian rug, cover the table with an oilcloth, a felt pad, and then a white tablecloth.

At this table we underwent

tortures as well as delights. On Fridays, the dreadful convention was to have hot buttermilk soup with molasses, but on Sundays the tantalizing smell of broth hung over the house. It was my grandmother's specialty and she knew that, as her three sons came by on their way back from church, this smell would draw them to her for a prolonged visit. At twelve o'clock they would be served a cup, simply as an advertisement for the evening meal.

There is something dreary yet soothing about family gatherings. The jokes and quarrels were as monotonous and yet irresistible as the menu of broth with marrow balls, homemade bread, smoked beef, *pâté*, and salad, followed by fruit compotes or enormous rice-pudding tarts.

Before the evening was ended my grandfather and his three sons would start hurling insults, napkin rings, forks, and spoons (nothing breakable, they were too stingy for that) at each other. At the head of the table sat my grandmother, dressed in black, resigned and bewildered under her snow-white hair. To her this was all part of the vale of tears into which man was born to love, and love implied suffering and death.

Into this life of shadows my mother must have entered like a blaze of light. Impatient with conventions, imposing her will to be happy on whatever she touched, she soon introduced subtle changes which made the house more pleasant. Gas stoves were installed in the bedrooms, so that the water no longer froze in the washstands; the dust covers were removed from the parlour furniture and the wooden shutters opened to let in the day. The maid was given a blue uniform instead of her eternally sweaty black dresses, and in the garden, a rather formal dank daedalus of little gravel paths bordered by low box hedges, a rock garden appeared, a pond with goldfish and a statue spouting water.

My mother must have seemed wickedly worldly to the

town, for she was slim and well-dressed, spoke French and wore lipstick. I remember walking with her through the oppressively quiet streets, being followed by boys throwing stones and shouting insults, as if she were a sinful woman. This filled me with indignation and I would have fought them off if I had been bigger and less shy.

On Sundays, sitting at High Mass beside my mother, I would be too distracted: I would watch anxiously for the moment when, her head nodding ominously, she would wake up with a start, and lifting her hand to wipe away the little drop forming at the tip of her nose because of the cold, she would send the change which she held ready for collection flying with an unseemly clatter across the church. This embarrassing incident repeated itself Sunday after Sunday until I managed to convince her to let me hold her money.

It was not mother but Bomma who watched over our colds and whooping coughs. When I was critically ill with bronchopneumonia, she sprinkled Lourdes water over my bed and slipped a relic of St. Thérèse of Lisieux under my pillow. My mother seemed annoyed. It implied that there was cause for worry, that my life was in danger. She brought me not relics but flowers, toys, and exotic fruit, performed puppet shows at my bedside, and when I was delirious, laughed and said: "You're talking nonsense!" (I got worried, pulled myself together and soon got better.)

My mother was just beginning a subtle campaign to introduce some grey, flowered dresses in Bomma's solid black wardrobe when, without warning, Bompa fell dead at the breakfast table. That day, as we were rushed home from school, all the shutters were once more shut, the dust covers returned to the parlour furniture and my grandmother, in deepest mourning, was this time the image of the Mater Dolorosa. Significantly, it seemed to me, there was nothing mournful about Bompa

who, laid out in a starched, pleated nightshirt, looked as peaceful as if he had finally reached that haven of light which is the only reward suffering mankind can hope for.

After this setback it took my mother a good two years to convince Bomma that the pale, flowering dresses and the open shutters would not be judged frivolous by the town. The garden now became her centre of operations. A long, lazy lawn replaced the stiff little paths and flowers appeared everywhere, grouped casually in the English manner. In summer, tea was served daily under the plum and apple trees and the fruit used to rain about us with prodigious abundance as we sat around Bomma, whose expression of sad resignation gradually changed to one of peaceful happiness.

One by one the rooms were painted in pale pastels (my mother subscribed to *Marie Claire*, a French woman's magazine full of decorating ideas), the carpets disappeared from the tables, the bunches of Judas penny from the bedrooms, the buttermilk soup from Friday's menu. It is true that the house lost most of its character, as my mother herself pointed out to me later with a puzzled expression, but it was at least up-to-date and in the best of taste. Parties with Chinese lanterns were given in the garden, cars drove up to the house from Brussels, Paris, and Amsterdam, and visitors paid their respects to the gentle old lady whose house was now filled with noise, children, dogs, piano music, and light.

When I was twelve I was sent to boarding school. Although it seemed a most unnecessary exile, I was resigned, already familiar with the idea that heaven is not meant to be on earth.

While I was away, Bomma became very ill. It became apparent that she would not survive an operation and I was allowed to come home and take my leave of her. My mother explained this in

(Continued on page 192)



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SHADOWS

(Continued from page 191)

the gentlest possible way, so that nothing should seem harsh or at all disagreeable about this death. It was as if she were fitting it all in with the interior decoration. But as soon as I entered the house I was aware of untidy undercurrents, conversations behind closed doors. My bearded uncle Louis, much given to histrionics, received us with exclamations of despair.

"It's that impossible maid of hers. She took *all* the letters to the hospital, imagine!"

"What letters?"

"The one from cousin Charles!"

"How could you be so careless!" My mother was furious. She had always rather despised this ineffectual brother-in-law who had a gift for going bankrupt or getting into subtle entanglements with the law. The one pale, gangly, with his untidy black beard, actually crying sentimental tears, my mother straight, elegant, proud, her eyes flashing now with indignation.

"Don't you know what it said? I'll quote to you word for word what that foolish old man wrote: 'Is it really true that there is no more hope? Is she really doomed to such a cruel, painful death?'"

"I know, I know! But how could I foresee that that maid would take it to her with yesterday's mail?"

"You should have burnt it, torn it up, anything. Has the girl come back yet?"

"No. . . . She went on the bus."

My mother put her hat back on and grabbed me by the hand.

"It may not be too late yet." She sounded determined and off we drove at full speed to the hospital in our American car, one of the first ten automobiles in town.

In her little room Bomma lay very quietly as the sun streamed onto the flowers which I recognized as one of my mother's helter-skelter bouquets. Her pink, pretty face was framed by the foam of white hair and she wore a pale blue bed jacket trimmed with lace, obviously something my mother had pro-

vided for the occasion. Above her head, however, hung a container from which a tube disappeared mysteriously inside the bed. My mother started talking with a cheerfulness which embarrassed even me.

"How well you look today! And that jacket looks so fresh! Claire has come to see you. She had an unexpected vacation from school!"

She pushed me gently from the back and I approached the bed with the usual dread of disease, but to my relief Bomma's face was the same unassuming one I loved and her cheek had the same flabby silken consistency. She did not speak but looked at me with her tired eyes that glistened darkly behind the drooping lids and I stood awkwardly in front of her while my mother chattered on.

"The doctor says you can come home next week. Isn't that wonderful? We're having a double door put on your bedroom so the children won't disturb you. Anna's sister will come to help out and take care of you until you're up and about again. Oh, you should see the garden now! I had a bed of those red and yellow tulips you love planted under your window . . ." I could see my mother's hand moving stealthily towards the letters on the bedside table, then, casually: "Have you seen your mail yet? Would you like me to read it aloud to you?"

Bomma looked at her with a sad, gentle smile and with a voice that seemed infinitely fatigued she said at last:

"Why do you keep pretending I am not going to die? Don't you know I want to be prepared to meet my Maker?"

Startled, my mother looked up. She seemed confused; she blushed. Suddenly she looked like a little girl to me, lost, defeated. And Bomma's slight smile seemed to indicate that she was the winner in this match between light and darkness, life and death. Flustered, my mother got up and pulled me out of the room. As she strode ahead of me down the echoing hospital hall I could see her wiping away tears with her coat sleeve.

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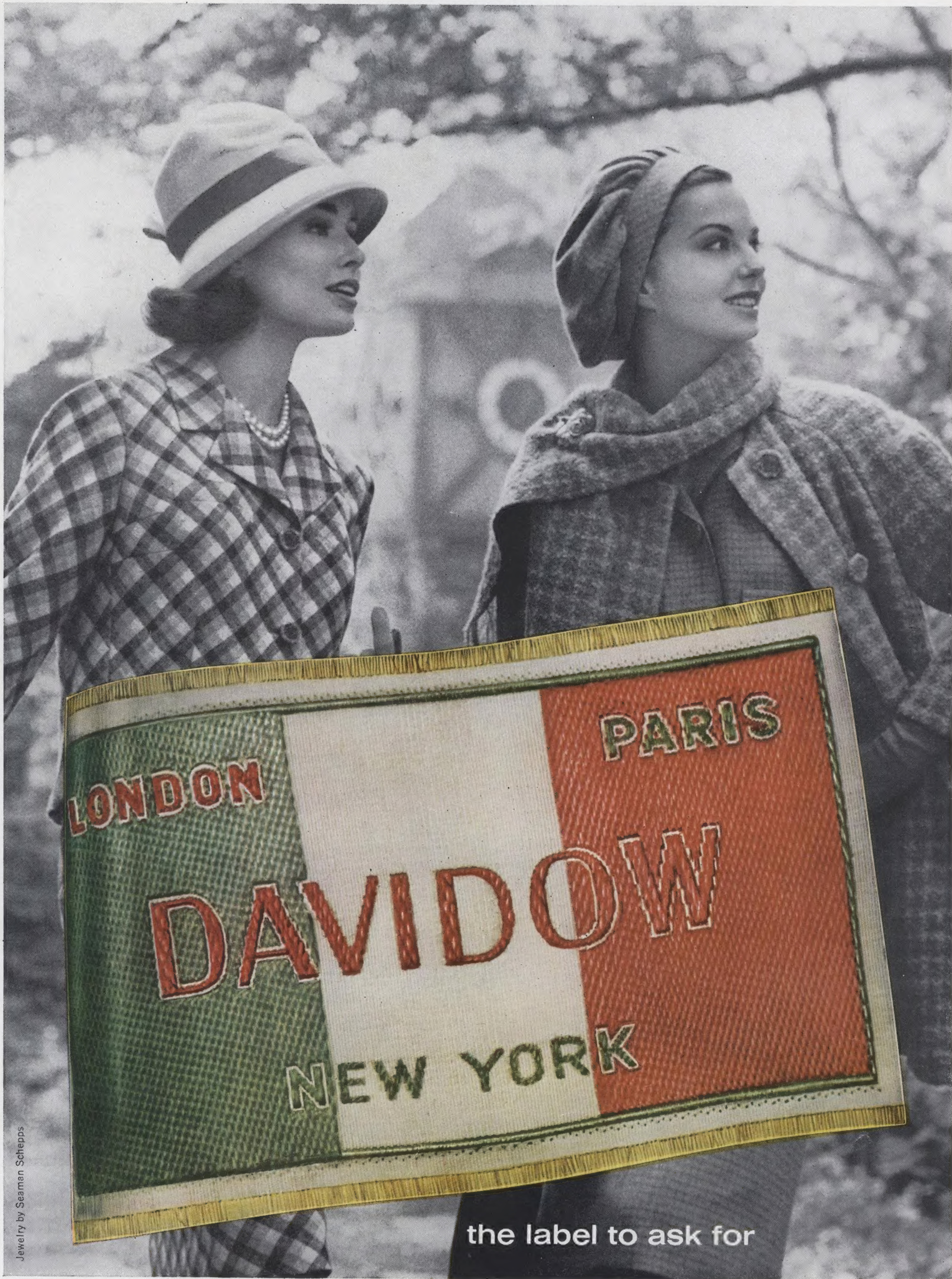
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